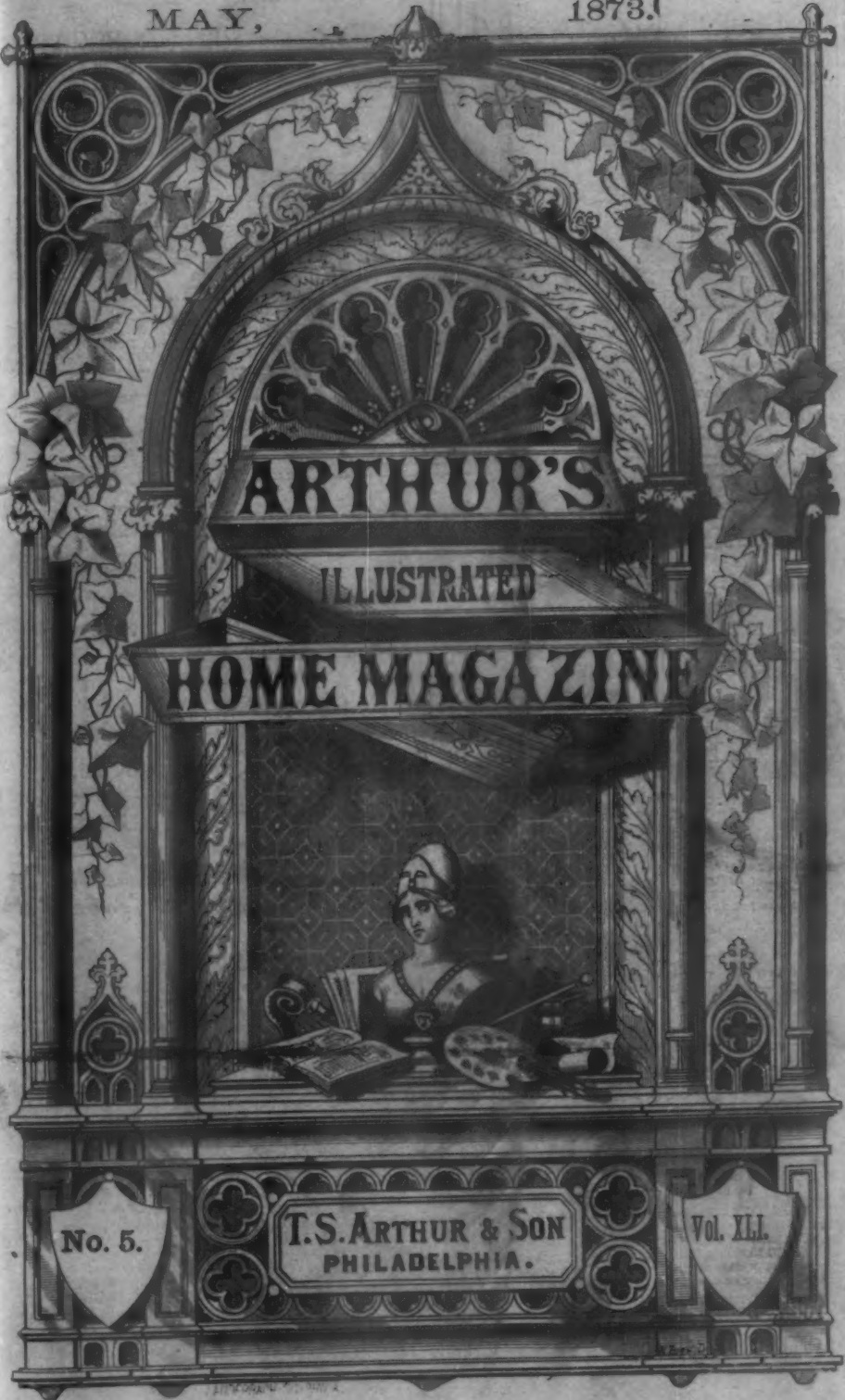


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MAY,

1873.



No. 5.

T.S. ARTHUR & SON  
PHILADELPHIA.

Vol. XII.

GEORGE W. JACKSON'S ICE CREAM and DINING ROOMS,  
For Ladies and Gentlemen, 19 South Eighth St, below Market, Philada.

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HANDKERCHIEF.

A DELICATE SOAP  
FOR THE  
TOILET.

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THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END

Thy ripe lips stand apart,  
And the light measured breath upheaves thy bosom.  
How beautiful! how beautiful thou art!  
My babe! my bud! my blossom!

Thy mother bends above,  
Waiting with mother-longing for thy waking;  
Waiting to see a look of answering love  
From opening eyelids breaking.

Yearning to clasp thy hand,  
To feel the tender touch of baby fingers.  
Only a mother's heart can understand  
How this touch thrills and lingers.

Longing to gather thee  
Close to her breast, and feel thy smooth cheek pressing  
Against her own, while small arms wander free  
With cruel, sweet caressing.

But not such peace as this is,  
Even to feel warm lips upon my breast,  
Can I disturb—nor for reward of kisses;—  
So sleep and take thy rest.

Then sleep, sweet baby, sleep;  
Thy mother's shadow o'er thy head shall hover,  
And mother-eyes shall loving vigils keep  
Till thy sweet sleep is over.

#### THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

BY E. CHARDON.

IT almost seems as though there might be found a justification of the Darwinian theory of the descent of man, when one turns his attention to the savage races of mankind. Or, if we hesitate to believe that man has actually descended from apes, it yet seems as though there were regular gradations from the brute to the human family with scarcely a lacking step.

The Digger Indians of California are described as being exceedingly low in the scale of humanity; but the stories of travellers in Africa lead us to believe that some tribes of negroes are still lower. Yet, lowest of all, we must regard the people who live at the southern extremity of the American continent—the Fuegian Indians. The Indian of the North and the negro build themselves huts—rude enough, of course, but still dwelling-places after a fashion. They even practice agriculture in a rude way. The inhabitant of Terra del Fuego builds his house by sticking a few branches in the ground in the form of a semicircle, and then drawing their tops together into a sort of hood. It is not high enough to stand up in, nor large enough for any purpose save to squat or lie in. The fire is built before the open point of this hut. These huts are all the same. Generation after generation the dwelling-places of these savages—if they can be called dwelling-places—have been built like this, without improvement or variation, as regularly as the bird builds her nest. They are not so good as some habitations built by beasts and birds. For instance, there is a monkey in Africa which

builds itself, in a tree, a house with a floor and a roof, infinitely superior to the Fuegian hut.

The little clothing which the Fuegian wears consists of a few scanty skins depending from the shoulder. Idea of agriculture he seems to have none; but depends upon mussels and other shell-fish to keep him from starvation.

Yet the climate does not justify these fragile and unprotecting huts, or this scanty clothing. According to Darwin's own idea, the necessities of their being, ought to have developed their inventive faculties sufficiently to find means to protect themselves against the rigors of their climate. Terra del Fuego lies between 50° and 60° south latitude, and is a land of disagreeable and uncertain weather. The wind is keen and almost unrelenting, and not at all tempered to those shorn lambs of humanity.

They display one human trait, however—a love for tobacco. But even this can hardly be set down as an evidence of superiority over the brute creation, for we all know that horses relish tobacco, and I have just read that a monkey in the Zoological Gardens at London has learned to smoke, and seems to enjoy the practice.

Mrs. Agassiz, who has recently made a voyage through the Straits of Magellan, gives, in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the following description of a visit their party had from a company of Fuegian Indians:

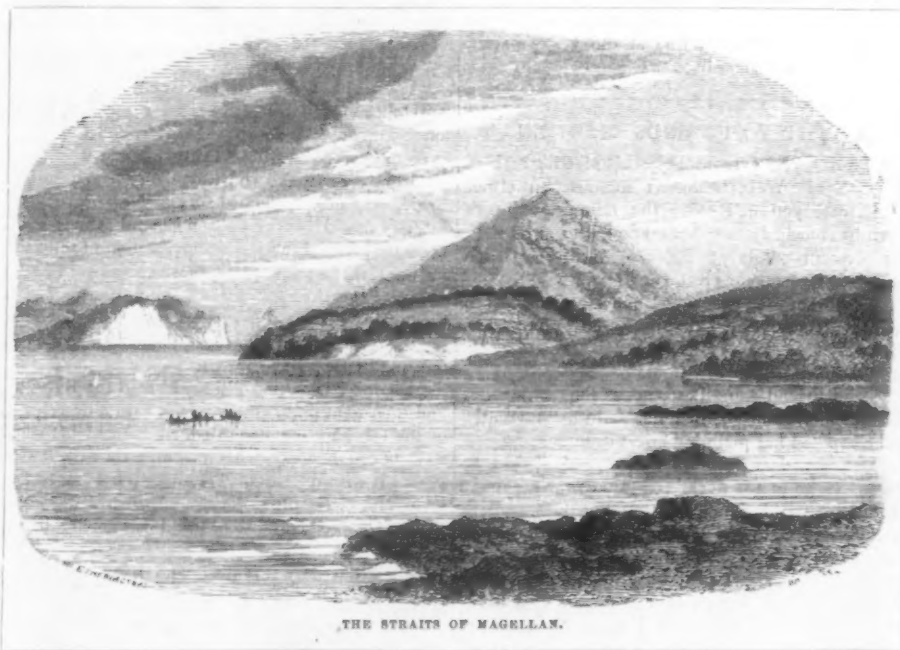
"Toward the middle of the day we all strayed in, one by one, from our wanderings, and assembled around or within the tent for lunch. All luxuries and superfluities had long dropped off from our larder—mussels roasted on the shell, salt pork broiled on a stick and hard-tack formed our frugal meal; but, such as it was, we were called upon to share it with a numerous company. A boat rounded the point of the beach, and as it approached we saw that it was full of Indians—men, women and children. The men landed (they were five or six in number) and came toward us. I had wished to have a near view of the Fuegians, but, I confess, that when my desire was gratified, my first feeling was one of utter repulsion and disgust. I have seen many Indians, both in North and South America, the wild Sioux of the West, and various tribes of the Amazons, but I had never seen any so coarse and repulsive as these; they had not even the physical strength and manliness of the savage to atone for brutality of expression. Almost naked (for the short, loose skins tied around the neck, and hanging from the shoulders, could hardly be called clothing), with swollen bodies, thin limbs, and stooping forms, with a childish yet cunning leer on their faces, they crouched over our fire, spreading their hands toward its genial warmth, and all shouting at once, 'Tabac, tabac!' and 'Galleta!'—biscuit. We had no tobacco with us, but we gave them the remains of our hard-bread and pork, which they seemed glad to have. Then the one who appeared, from the deference paid him by the rest, to be chief, sat down on a stone and sang in a singular kind of monotone. The words were evidently ad-



dressed to us, and seemed, from the gestures and expression, to be an improvisation concerning the strangers. There was something curious in the character of this Fuegian song. It was rather recitation than singing, but was certainly divided into something like strophes or stanzas; for, although there was no distinct air or melody, the strains was brought to a close at regular short intervals, and ended always exactly in the same way and on the same notes with a rising inflection of the voice. When he finished, we were silent with a sort of surprise and expectancy; his blank, disappointed expression reminded us to applaud, and then he laughed with pleasure, imitating the clapping in an awkward way, and began to sing again. I do not know how long this scene might have lasted, for the

are water defiles between sunken chains of mountains. Along the shore the mountain-sides are wooded, and abound with beautiful and luxurious vegetation. Here the fuchsia grows in the native soil, and is seen as thick and as abundant as the laurel in our Atlantic States. Other exquisite flowers are also found. Higher up are dense and sombre forests, and above these are the regions of perpetual snow and ice.

Bays, inlets and small sheltered harbors break the coast-lines, and afford vessels protection from the storms which continually sweep through these water-filled mountain passes. If a ship is met or overtaken by one of those sudden and violent storms which are characteristic of the region, she has but to steer for one of these harbors, and remain in comparative



THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

man seemed to have no thought of stopping, and the flow of words was uninterrupted, but the Hassler came in sight, her recall gun was fired, and we hastened down to the beach-landing."

Mrs. Agassiz gave the women "some showy beads and bright calico;" "though," she adds, "I should doubt their knowing what to do with the latter."

Turning from the people to the scenery of the Straits of Magellan, we find much to interest us. For the eastern half of the straits the shore is open and low, and the straits wide and easily navigable. But about midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific the scenery changes and becomes bold and abrupt in character. Mountains rise sharply from the water, and present their cleft summits against the sky. The strait is subdivided into many narrow passes, which

quiet and safety, while her crew can watch the dreadful war of the elements but a few yards away. Sometimes a sailing vessel thus finding shelter will remain weather-bound for weeks, or even months; for, as fast as it will venture out, seeking to reach the next harbor, it will be driven back by sudden squalls. The "Williwaws" constitute another peculiarity of these straits. The air may be perfectly quiet without premonition of a storm, and a vessel may be at anchor in the bay, or proceeding peacefully on her way. All in a moment she will be seized with a sudden gust of wind and shaken from masthead to keel with almost inconceivable violence. Then all is quiet again, and the air as calm as though no "Williwaw" had agitated it.

The outlines of the mountains about Magellan

Straits, and the geological signs of the country indicate glacial action. Mr. Agassiz has decided that the phenomena betray a general movement of ice, at some remote period, from the south northward. The glacial movement is still going on down the mountain sides.

The Straits of Magellan are difficult for the mariner to thread unless he is well acquainted with all their characteristics. The passages are so numerous, some of them so tortuous and narrow, the mountains are so abrupt, and they tower up out of the water in such unexpected places, that a vessel might easily get lost. Then it is a region of mist, which sometimes maybe obscures all but the nearest objects, altering the whole apparent face of the landscape; or, still worse, settles down close to the water, and the bewildered pilot might, under its cover, run his vessel upon the rocky shore, while, so deep is the water in many places, the line at the vessel's stern would fail to find soundings.

#### A VISIT TO FRIENDS' MEETING.

**W**ERE you ever at Friends' Meeting? No? Yes? Well, it doesn't matter. In either case you will enjoy the following account given by somebody, we don't know who, of a visit, one pleasant Sunday, to Friends' Meeting in Baltimore. It is as good as a story.

"Thee has never been to Friends' Meeting? Then thee must go over to Baltimore and go with me next First Day. Perhaps Friend Mary Ames will speak, and then thee will have a treat."

So said Friend Anne Bascome, as she took off her plain bonnet, and smoothed her plain handkerchief, and composed her plain but sweet countenance.

"But, my dear friend," said I, "I should be obliged to go in the world's costume ruffles, paniers and all. Shall I be allowed to enter the sanctuary in that profane style, or must I don some Quaker bonnet and gown of most immaculate gray?"

"Don't thee say Quaker, my friend," said Anne Bascome, settling herself in the depths of a luxuriant velvet easy-chair—and I notice Friends are partial to soft cushions—"it is a term of reproach among my people. Thee need have no fear if thee goes with me. And besides, many degenerate sons and daughters of Friends have adopted worldly fashions, though they still hold to their birthright."

"Then it is settled; I'll go with thee, Friend Anne, to Baltimore Friends' meeting, and I hope it will do me good."

"It is to be hoped it may do thee no harm," said Friend Anne, quietly.

Who does not like a Friend? Dear, sweet, gray birds, with their faultless, unruffled plumage, dealing so gently with the young, bearing their testimony among the world-hardened and unbelieving.

Saturday night saw me in Baltimore; Sunday morning, or First Day, saw me on my way to the meeting-house in Lombard Street, dressed in a becoming drab walking suit made by the most fashion-

able dressmaker in Washington, and plain, in spite of its elaborate trimming in satin, ruffles and folds.

"Thee does not look very unlike a Friend thyself," said Anne Bascome, just before I put my bonnet on. That, with its bunch of daisies and bright ribbons, dispelled the illusion.

Friends' meeting-house in Lombard Street, sets back from the curb some twenty feet or more. A high, primitive fence, from which three gates open, is the first intimation of the place. We were early, so we sent the carriage home and stood in the shade of some grand old trees, for awhile.

An evil genius soon presented itself in the shape of a fluttering, beribboned girl, a rainbow of color from head to heels. She seized me by the hand on the strength of a slight acquaintance at some watering-place, and shocked Friend Anne beyond measure, by darting at my veil and kissing me in the street.

"What are you standing here for?" she asked.

"I am going to Friends' Meeting."

"Oh, the Quakers!" exclaimed Fly-a-way, in her loudest tones. "I dote on Quakers, and I'm dying to go to Quaker meeting. Do take me in with you."

"I am here by the courtesy of my friend Anne," I said, very much ashamed; "and"—

"Thy friend is very welcome," said Anne; and I knew that her speech was a mortification of the flesh, for anything more worldly, more gorgeous in its get up, from the three-storied feather fluttering hat, to the great rosettes on her small feet, I am bound to say the good Friend never saw, inside or outside of a meeting house.

"Thanks! how kind you are!" said the Butterfly, and then went on to entertain me with a description of the last ball she had attended, for which I could have boxed her ears with a right good will, for she varied it with queries of "Had I seen Tom, lately; or Harry, or the old colonel, and when I was going to be Mrs. —? and wouldn't I invite her to the wedding?"

Now I am only seventeen, and have had but few serious thoughts of marriage in all my busy life. There's a six-years' bridge, at present, between me and that important state, and I must confess I winced under Miss Anne's astonished stare; while, it being Sunday, and the creature utterly unimpressible, and standing in the peaceful shadow of Friends' meeting-house, I did not utter the sharp words that were fighting for an outlet under my placid bodice.

"Mercy on us!" cried Butterfly, "the gates are opened." How I longed to ask her if she thought she could behave herself. I doubted her capacity for silence. I knew she would twirl her parasol, play with her ring, dangle her watch-chain and make her boots creak, but trusting to a friendly Providence, I followed Anne up the aisle, where, to my distress, she took a seat under the ministers' gallery and facing the whole audience.

"I like this," whispered Butterfly, setting all her dangles to fluttering. Of course she did. To be

seen was her end of life; to be admired her only aim.

It being some time before service, I felt at liberty to use my eyes, and did so when I could without being annoyed by Butterfly.

What a strange, quiet, unchurchly place it seemed! A large, cheerful, but rather bare interior, divided down what we should call the middle aisle by a partition which could be raised or lowered at pleasure. A gallery ran all around the house, but there was no organ loft, no choir, no pulpit. Four plebeian-looking black stoves stood in different places, so that Friends' meeting-house must be abundantly comfortable in winter.

Friend Anne explained that the women Friends sat on one side and the men Friends on the other; that on occasion of business sessions by either sex, the partition was pulled down to the tops of the pews, and they were effectually separated; that the seats on a raised platform behind us were for Friend ministers, and she supposed there would be several present that morning.

"Isn't it comical?" queried Butterfly, already beginning to flutter her wings.

"I don't see anything funny," I replied, with an expression of countenance that I flatter myself frightened her into silence, for she was quiet full thirty seconds afterward.

By my side sat my comfortable friend; opposite a very slim, thin, delicate Quaker, rigid and pale, and on Butterfly's left an ample, motherly dame. Presently, more Friends began to drop in, sweet and cool, and all so fair and modest under their capacious silk bonnets! I cannot tell how many Rachels, and Nancys, and Marys I was introduced to. One by one they entered, one by one came the world's people, or modified Friends with pretty, gray walking-suits, and neat but not showy bonnets. One by one came in the men on the other side, and dropped into their seats, with their broad brims on, and there they sat under the shadow of their hats.

It was all so strange, as gradually meeting filled up! Several little folks sat round in pretty white dresses and one fold of ribbon over their plain straw hats, and they were quite as demure as their elders.

The bells stopped tolling without; the summer sunbeams flickered through branches and were sifted on the floor and over the congregation; the sweet west wind came in and toyed gently with spotless kerchiefs and pretty ribbons.

One face, pure and beautiful as a rosebud, under quillings of blue ribbon and white lace, quite fascinated me. Evidently she used the plain language, and I afterward learned that she was the daughter of Friend Mary Ames, one of the lights of that order.

Gradually the silence grew oppressive. Twenty minutes passed, twenty-five, thirty, and as yet the Spirit had not given token. The myriad faces blended into one, queerly, under a monstrous Quaker bonnet. A little child dropped a fan; it made me jump. Somebody sneezed. I never heard anything quite so terrific as that sneeze. I was getting light-

headed. Astonished at Butterfly's silence, I looked at her; she was asleep; her three stories of hat toppled alarmingly. It was a relief to pinch her.

Five minutes more; that silence must be broken. The more I tried to think good thoughts, the more I couldn't. Grotesque images alarmed me. I saw all the comical illustrations I had looked at for months, and almost determined never to look at another. First I studied noses—it was very wicked of me—and then I wondered what everybody could be thinking of. Could they banish all worldly thoughts? I wished I could. The silence seemed like an avalanche about to smother me, when lo, a soft voice fell on my ear:

"Perfect love casteth out fear;" and the spell was broken.

Sweet Mary Ames, with thy saintly thoughts, dispelling silence and sadness, how refreshing were thy words! After that three Friends spoke, two brothers and one sister; then suddenly there was a rushing sound. The whole congregation roused itself and got up, and "Quaker meeting" was over.

"Did you ever see anything so stupid?" asked Butterfly, as we gained the street. "I lost some splendid singing; don't want anything to do with Quaker meeting again. Come and see me—good-bye."

I hope I shall never meet her again. As to the Friends, though their worship is peculiar, God bless them.

## ICELAND.

BY ELLEN BERTHA BRADLEY.

THE traveller, approaching Iceland, is struck by the brilliancy of the light, the keen, bracing air, the steep, rugged coast, and, above all, by the magnificent bay of Faxa Fiord, in which his ship casts anchor. The entrance is fifty miles in width, guarded on the one hand by a ridge of pumice, on the other by a snow-clad peak five thousand feet in height, while around the intervening semicircle stand an hundred noble mountains. Between their base and the waters of the bay lies a dirty, greenish slope, dotted with houses of a mouldy green, looking as if recently fished up from the bottom of the sea. They are little more than wooden sheds, one-story high; but here and there is a gable-end of more pretension, marking the residence of some important person, while at each extremity of the little town is a group of turf huts, the homes of the poorest class. All around is a desolate stretch of lava. This is Reykjavik; the capital of Iceland, and the first settlement made upon the island. But, whatever the place may lack in external attractions, the people soon make up by the warmth of their welcome. Visitors are rare, and like most Icelanders, they are hospitable almost to a fault.

They are staunch Protestants, of the Lutheran persuasion, and live together in a beautiful patriarchal simplicity. They have neither prison, gallows, soldiers, nor police—for crime, theft, drunkenness and cruelty are unknown.

long trusted, and regarded by the nation as representatives of the highest integrity, are found to be weakly venal, or deliberately corrupt. Everywhere good and true men are feeling a sense of relief. They see the dawning of a better day; the advent of a new era, when public virtue shall be something more than a name.

Such an era is surely advancing upon us. Evil and corruption are not stronger than goodness and virtue, but essentially weaker. Steadily the people are rising to a higher sense of right. The coming generation will take their places, as the receding ones retire; and the shame and disgrace of those trusted public men who have been weighed in the balance and found wanting, will stand out as warnings to all in whom the people confide.

And the people themselves will be more careful in their selection of those to whom great interests are to be intrusted. The old school of corrupt politicians—all of whom have a price—will be set aside, and their places be given to men of known integrity. How long we are yet to be in their hands cannot be told; but their power diminishes every day, and the time is not far distant when the people will thrust them aside—and cast off their names as evil.

#### MID-DAY LECTURES.

**TWENTY-FIVE** mid-day lectures on representative historical characters were given in our city during the past winter by Rev. John Lord. When the announcement of these lectures was made, few believed that they would be successful, as the audiences would have to be made up chiefly of women. The result has been very gratifying. Without a single exception, the lectures were fully attended, and the experiment has shown that we have in our great cities, besides the mass of mere pleasure-loving and fashion-devoted women, a large number devoted to higher and nobler things. A similar course was given by Mr. Lord in New York, and with the same gratifying result.

We trust that this is but the beginning of a new era of intellectual culture for our ladies. The success of Mr. Lord's experiment will doubtless bring other lecturers into the field. But they must be something different from the common lecture tribe, or they cannot hope for success. The cultured women who crowded to hear Mr. Lord's brilliant and scholarly lectures will not be caught by their chaff.

#### THE FUTURE OF SCIENCE.

**THE** church has been slow to accept the conclusions of science, because these conclusions were not in harmony with revelation as understood by the church. Almost every new truth announced by science has awakened fear and disquietude. Instead of being hailed with pleasure as a victory over error, it has, in too many cases, been resisted long after the evidence in its favor has been made conclusive. "The motion of our planet around the sun," says Lyell, "the shape of the earth, the existence of the antipodes, the vast antiquity of the globe, the distinct assemblages of species of animals and plants by which it was successively inhabited, and lastly, the antiquity and barbarism of primeval man—all these generalizations, when first announced, have been a source of anxiety and unhappiness."

The future of science, as indicated by facts steadily coming to light, give room to conclude that in the book of nature will be found records more than ever out of harmony with Genesis, if taken in its literal sense. But no anxiety should be felt on this account. The Word and the Works of God must be in harmony. Genesis, if it be the Word of God—as we believe it to be—cannot, and does not, when rightly understood, contradict the "testimony of the rocks."

Let the Church, then, take Science by the hand and give her a hearty welcome. She comes also to tell of God and his wonderful works. She is no enemy of religion; no handmaid of skepticism or infidelity. The Book she is trying to interpret is the record God has made of His wisdom and goodness in the outer world of nature. The Bible is another and higher record. It treats of man's spiritual creation; not of a physical earth and material heavens. In its true

signification it never contradicts science. Its divine power is on its spiritual side—in its holy inner meanings. And when the Church, abandoning its vain efforts to harmonize its literal sense with the facts of science, gives herself to the higher work of spiritual interpretation, she will enter a new era of Christian life and progress. She will be no longer afraid of science, but, giving her welcome as a servant of the living God, both will magnify His name together.

#### DON'T LET YOUR LIFE BE A FAILURE.

**F**EW sadder sentences fall from the lips than this: "My life has been a failure." And the saddest part is, that the failure can rarely if ever be retrieved, because the conviction, to most people, comes too late.—Comes in the feebleness of old age, when the brain is weak, and habit strong; comes after strength for true work and self-discipline is gone. Says Rev. W. H. Murry:

"Society is full of failures that need never have been made; full of men who have never succeeded; full of women who in the first half of their days did nothing but eat and sleep and sip, and in the last half have done nothing but perpetuate their follies and weaknesses. The world is full, I say, of such people; full of men, in every trade and profession, who do not amount to anything; and I do not speak irreverently, and I trust not without due charity without making due allowance for the inevitable in life, when I say that God and thoughtful men are weary of their presence. Every boy ought to improve on his father; every girl grow into a nobler, gentler, more self-denying womanhood than the mother. No reproduction of former types will give the world the perfect type. I know not where the Millennium is, as measured by distance of time; but I do know, and so do you, that it is a great way off as measured by human growth and expansion. We have no such men and women yet, no age has ever had any, as shall stand on the earth in that age of peace that will not come until men are worthy of it."

Young men!—young women! Don't let your lives be failures. Make the best of what God has given you. Let your gratitude to Him for life and its noble endowments, be expected in a full devotion of will, and thought, and strength, to whatever work He brings in His wise providence to your hands. And remember, that it is only good and useful work that He provides. Shun evil work—work that harms your neighbor in any way, as you would shun the deadliest thing. No true success ever comes from evil work. It may bring a harvest of golden apples, and purple grapes; but the apples will be like those of Sodom, full of bitter ashes, and the grapes sour.

#### "CAST ADRIFT."

**THIS** is the title of a new book by the author of "THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP," now in the press of J. M. Stoddard & Co., of this city, and to be issued at an early day. "CAST ADRIFT," like the "Man-Trap," is another sorrowful revelation; a lesson and a warning for the people. Dealing with intemperance only as an incident of his theme, the author, in his romance of real life, draws aside the veil that hides the victims of this and other terrible vices, after they have fallen to the lower depths of degradation, where the vilest and most abandoned of society herd together in our city slums more like beasts than men and women, and tells the story of sorrow, suffering, crime and human debasement as it really is in Christian America, with all the earnestness and power that in him lies; yet, with a guardedness of detail and description that must leave the book without objection, even from the most scrupulous.

It will be the same in size and price as "Three Years in a Man-Trap," and be sold only by agents.

HOMESTEADS are sacrificed every day, says the Chicago Tribune to hard drink, but probably for the first time in the history of the liquor traffic it furnishes a homestead to the family of one of its victims. The unique justice has been obtained by a woman of Iowa, who has recovered a homestead worth \$1,500 from the dealer who sold her husband the rum that caused his death.



**"INSUBORDINATION."**

**I**N the next number of our magazine we shall commence the publication of a story by T. S. Arthur, entitled "INSUBORDINATION;" a story written and published over thirty years ago. It is among the author's earliest and freshest efforts, and created quite a sensation at the time of its appearance. It has of late been much inquired for.

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

[We introduce a new Department with this number, in order to meet the wants of many correspondents.]

**MISS B.**—First efforts should never be sent to an editor. Keep your poems and essays and attempts at story-writing in your portfolio, no matter how much partial friends may praise them, nor how fair they may seem in your own eyes. The excellence that warrants any one in coming before the public as a writer is gained only after years of mental training and practice in the art of composition. It was Pope, we believe, who advised a young poet to keep his verses nine years before offering them for publication. He was very sure that, if kept that long, they would be thrown into the fire instead of into an editor's contribution-box.

**HOUSEKEEPER.**—The water from new lead pipes should always be permitted to run for a few moments before using the water for drinking or culinary purposes. This will insure safety from lead poisoning. Old lead pipes are safe, as they become lined with a scale or incrustation, which is innocuous. A leaden cistern should never be scrubbed, much less brightened. A leaden water pipe should not be subject to blows, or be unnecessarily bent, whereby the accumulated scale or crust is removed. Experience proves that these surface incrustations, after reaching a maximum, protect the underlying metal from further corrosion.

**TEXAS.**—"Ask 'Pipsey Potts' for a receipt for making good yeast without hops. We have no hops in our part of the country this year." Pipsey will consider herself interrogated, and answer accordingly.

**FLORENCE B.**—We cannot advise you. Your best friends are your father and mother. It is not safe to hold a secret like yours from them.

**H. S.**—No. You cannot get remunerative literary employment in our city, and we advise you not to come, unless you have friends with whom you can stay at little or no expense. You have fair ability as a writer, but it requires far higher gifts and a larger culture and experience than you possess to command a price in the literary market. Sorry we cannot give you better encouragement.

**CARRIE.**—If your lover treats you as you say, the sooner you break with him the better. If he really loved you, he would not "flirt with other girls," just to "see how jealous it would make you," nor criticize you before people, until you "cried with vexation," nor "catch you up in your words," nor be "always finding fault with something or other." If all this is done before marriage, what may not be expected afterward? To marry the man you describe, would, in our judgment, be a very risky experiment.

**A MOTHER.**—Write to E. Steiger, publisher, New York, and get *The Child, its Nature and Relations*, by Mrs. Matilda J. Kriege, in which you will find the Baroness Barlow's elucidation of Frobel's Principles of Education, as exemplified in the Kindergarten. The particular manner in which these principles of instruction are combined and carried out are fully explained by Mrs. Kriege's "Child," and in other works published by Mr. Steiger.

**PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.****Our New Picture, "The Christian Graces."**

FREE TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER FOR 1873!

If anything sweeter, lovelier or more attractive than "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES" has yet appeared in this particular field of art, it has not been our good fortune to see it. There have been innumerable single figures of Faith, Hope and Charity, and groups of Faith and Hope; but this is, we believe, the only first-class picture in which CHARITY, "the greatest of these," comes in as the central figure, and in a group of ideal faces of the loveliest type, shines sweetest and loveliest of them all—a fitting representative of our time, when Charity is coming forward and taking her true place as the first and greatest of Christian virtues.

**Mr. Arthur's New Books by Mail.**

ORANGE BLOSSOMS, FRESH AND FADED, \$2.50.

THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP, \$2.00.

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF GENTLE HAND, and other Stories for Children. Elegantly bound and illustrated, \$2.00.

We will send by mail any of the above new books by T. S. Arthur, on receipt of the price.

For \$4.00 we will send "Orange Blossoms" and the "Man-Trap." For \$3.50 the "Man Trap" and "Gentle Hand." For

\$4.00, "Orange Blossoms" and "Gentle Hand." For \$5.50, the three volumes will be sent.

**To Club-Getters.**

Some of our club-getters have written to ask if "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," "HOP-TIME," or "THE WREATH OF IMMORTALS," would be sent free to subscribers, in place of "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES," if desired. We answer yes. A choice of either of these pictures can be made.

**ADVERTISERS' DEPARTMENT.**

**CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.**—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of J. H. Schenck & Son, N. E. corner Sixth and Arch Streets, to be found on second page of cover, under above title. Drs. J. H. Schenck & Son have done much toward alleviating the ravages of that dread disease, consumption, their well-known remedies being household words throughout the whole country, and the many testimonials of persons cured by their remedies can be found everywhere. A visit to their handsome building at Sixth and Arch Streets will repay any of our readers who may be in the city at any time, and where the Doctors may be consulted at all hours during the day.

**THE GREAT ICE GORGE.**—R. NEWELL & SON, No. 623 Arch Street, Philadelphia, have photographed and published several splendid stereoscopic and enlarged views of the Great Ice Gorge, from the dam to the falls, in the Schuylkill River, taken from different points on its banks, which every one loving the grand and beautiful in nature should possess. The above named firm also publish stereoscopic views of the "Old Bell" in Independence Hall. A catalogue of these and many other fine views, sent free to any who may desire them. Address as above.

**PAPOMA, NUTRINA AND NUTRIETTE** are the Wheat Preparations of the Nutrio Manufacturing Company. Papoma is designed as a food for infants and invalids, while Nutrina and Nutriette are the coarser preparations, and are desirable articles of diet for all classes and ages, and are especially adapted for dyspeptics.

Nutrina is the cheapest and best preparation of wheat extant. And to all of sedentary habits, Nutrina, is a diet of super-excellence, its virtues making it, in some form, a favorite article of daily food far more digestible, palatable, and nutritious than wheaten grits or crushed wheat. Can be cooked in one-fourth the time, and is warranted to keep fresh and sweet in all seasons and climates. The above preparations are sold by all first-class Grocers and Druggists. Manufactured only by the Nutrio Manufacturing Co., 1520 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia.

**MR. J. HOOVER** has removed his Chromo Gallery from No. 1117 to 1129 Chestnut St., one door below 12th St. The first floor is devoted to the retail trade, and the stock of fine paintings and chromos, is constantly being added to.

**WHAT** can be more delightful during this stormy, cold winter's weather than to sit at one's ease, and without exertion visit all countries under the sun, viewing the enchanting scenery, and the wonder of their cities and monuments? Through the stereoscope and photographic camera this pleasure is accessible to all. We were forcibly struck with the truth of this whilst looking on the immense stock of James W. Queen & Co., 924 Chestnut Street, a few days since. Views from every country crowd their shelves, and at astonishingly low prices. In proof of this it is sufficient to say that we were shown a most excellent and beautiful stereoscope for one dollar, and an immense assortment of pictures for one dollar and a half per dozen.

**NEW MUSIC.**—Messrs. W. H. Boner & Co., Music Publishers, No. 1102 Chestnut Street, will accept our acknowledgments for a fine selection of Music on our table. We find it all particularly pretty and pleasing. Among others, we found the following gems:

"MAY BREEZES"—"DAS MAILUTTER"—by G. Lange. This is a charming composition for the piano, and we cordially recommend this beautiful production, by this popular author, to our musical friends and readers.

"Bon Nuit Galop," by Thomas, author of the celebrated "Ramond's Kill Galop," which has had such an immense run. Bon Nuit has just been published, and we predict for it as large a share of public patronage as the other compositions by the same author.

"Amazon March," by C. Michaelis.

Also, *Her Little Bed is Empty*, song, by Dexter Smith. This is an answer to "Put me in my Little Bed," by the same author, and it is rapidly eclipsing it in popularity, and it is what the publishers claim for it, "the prettiest song published for years."

Copies of all the above can be had at BONER & Co.'s, where can be found always the choicest selections of new Music, received daily from the press and publishers. Send for catalogue.



# HOME MAGAZINE PREMIUM LIST.

A Copy of "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES" goes to Every Subscriber to the Home Magazine.

## GROVER & BAKER'S SEWING-MACHINE.

For thirty subscribers to "HOME MAGAZINE" at \$2.50 each, we will send the No. 23 Grover & Baker Machine plain table; price \$55. For thirty-five subscribers, at \$2.50 each, we will send the same machine, with cover. The stand is of iron enamelled, and the table of solid black walnut, strong and well finished. Three Hemmers, a Friller, Braider, Quilting-Gauge, Needle-Gauge, Embroidery-Plate, Screw-Driver, Oil-Feeder, and one dozen assorted needles are included with every machine.

The superiority of the Grover & Baker Machine is so well known that no commendation of ours is need.

## CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

This great work, a library in itself is published, in *ten octavo volumes* of over 800 pages each, at \$4.50 a volume. Our arrangements enable us to offer a single volume at a time, so that any one desiring to procure the work can order it in single volumes, and take as long a time as may be desired to procure the whole work.

For every five subscribers, to "HOME MAGAZINE" at \$2.50 each, we will send a volume of this work. For twenty subscribers, sent to "HOME MAGAZINE" at one time, we will send five volumes. For thirty-five subscribers, sent at one time, we will send the entire work. *Postage, 60 cents a volume.*

## Webster's Great Unabridged Quarto Dictionary, Price \$12.

For twelve subscribers, to "HOME MAGAZINE" at \$2.50 each, we will send this splendid Dictionary; or for six subscribers we will send WEBSTER'S National Pictorial Octavo Dictionary, price \$6.

*\$2.* If postage for Encyclopædia or Dictionary is not sent, they will be forwarded by express.

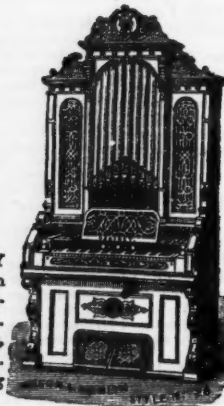
Postage on "Unabridged," \$1.50; on National Pictorial, 85 cents.

## THE PEOPLE'S SPRING BED BOTTOM.

SEE ADVERTISEMENT IN JAN. NUMBER OF HOME MAGAZINE. For four subscribers to the "Home," at \$2.50 each, we will send one of these improved Bed Springs. Consult advertisement for direction how to select and use them.

# MASON & HAMLIN

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New and Elegant Styles. The ONLY Cabinet Organs containing all modern improvements. Recommended by musicians GENERALLY as unrivaled. ALWAYS awarded highest premiums, including Medal at Paris Exposition. The ONLY American Organs having large sale in Europe.

The MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO. undertake to furnish the BEST and CHEAPEST instruments of this class in the world, and invite all interested to send for their NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and TESTIMONIAL CIRCULAR, containing much information which may save some from disappointment in purchasing inferior or defective organs, or paying high prices. Sent FREE and POSTPAID.

Unfailing Recreation; Attraction to Home; Leaders in Worship and Innocent Amusement; Means of Refinement, Cultivation and a Valuable Accomplishment.

The Cabinet or Parlor Organ is, since recent vast improvements, the MOST VALUABLE AND POPULAR OF

LARGE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. 40,000 of them are sold annually. One to twenty stops; \$55 to \$500, and upwards, each; Elegant and Durable; not liable to get out of order, and do not require tuning. Packed so that they can be sent anywhere by ordinary freight routes all ready for use.

WAREHOUSES: 154 Tremont St., BOSTON; 25 Union Square, NEW YORK; 80 and 82 Adams St., CHICAGO.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1911



A PICTURE OF THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

*See page 347.*

# ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLI.

MAY, 1873.

No. 5.



THE SLEEPING BABE.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

SLEEP on, my baby, sleep;  
Thy mother's shadow o'er thy head shall hover,  
A loving mother-watch to silent keep,  
Till thy sweet sleep is over.

VOL. XLI.—21.

How beautiful art thou!  
The blue-veined lids are on the blue eyes pressing,  
While a soft rosy flush tints cheek and brow,  
Under the sun's caressing.

(283)

Thy ripe lips stand apart,  
And the light measured breath upheaves thy bosom.  
How beautiful! how beautiful thou art!  
My babe! my bud! my blossom!

Thy mother bends above,  
Waiting with mother-longing for thy waking;  
Waiting to see a look of answering love  
From opening eyelids breaking.

Yearning to clasp thy hand,  
To feel the tender touch of baby fingers.  
Only a mother's heart can understand  
How this touch thrills and lingers.

Longing to gather thee  
Close to her breast, and feel thy smooth cheek pressing  
Against her own, while small arms wander free  
With cruel, sweet caressing.

But not such peace as this is,  
Even to feel warm lips upon my breast,  
Can I disturb—nor for reward of kisses;—  
So sleep and take thy rest.

Then sleep, sweet baby, sleep;  
Thy mother's shadow o'er thy head shall hover,  
And mother-eyes shall loving vigils keep  
Till thy sweet sleep is over.

### THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

BY E. CHARDON.

IT almost seems as though there might be found a justification of the Darwinian theory of the descent of man, when one turns his attention to the savage races of mankind. Or, if we hesitate to believe that man has actually descended from apes, it yet seems as though there were regular gradations from the brute to the human family with scarcely a lacking step.

The Digger Indians of California are described as being exceedingly low in the scale of humanity; but the stories of travellers in Africa lead us to believe that some tribes of negroes are still lower. Yet, lowest of all, we must regard the people who live at the southern extremity of the American continent—the Fuegian Indians. The Indian of the North and the negro build themselves huts—rude enough, of course, but still dwelling-places after a fashion. They even practice agriculture in a rude way. The inhabitant of Terra del Fuego builds his house by sticking a few branches in the ground in the form of a semicircle, and then drawing their tops together into a sort of hood. It is not high enough to stand up in, nor large enough for any purpose save to squat or lie in. The fire is built before the open point of this hut. These huts are all the same. Generation after generation the dwelling-places of these savages—if they can be called dwelling-places—have been built like this, without improvement or variation, as regularly as the bird builds her nest. They are not so good as some habitations built by beasts and birds. For instance, there is a monkey in Africa which

builds itself, in a tree, a house with a floor and a roof, infinitely superior to the Fuegian hut.

The little clothing which the Fuegian wears consists of a few scanty skins depending from the shoulder. Idea of agriculture he seems to have none; but depends upon mussels and other shell-fish to keep him from starvation.

Yet the climate does not justify these fragile and unprotecting huts, or this scanty clothing. According to Darwin's own idea, the necessities of their being, ought to have developed their inventive faculties sufficiently to find means to protect themselves against the rigors of their climate. Terra del Fuego lies between 50° and 60° south latitude, and is a land of disagreeable and uncertain weather. The wind is keen and almost unrelenting, and not at all tempered to those shorn lambs of humanity.

They display one human trait, however—a love for tobacco. But even this can hardly be set down as an evidence of superiority over the brute creation, for we all know that horses relish tobacco, and I have just read that a monkey in the Zoological Gardens at London has learned to smoke, and seems to enjoy the practice.

Mrs. Agassiz, who has recently made a voyage through the Straits of Magellan, gives, in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the following description of a visit their party had from a company of Fuegian Indians:

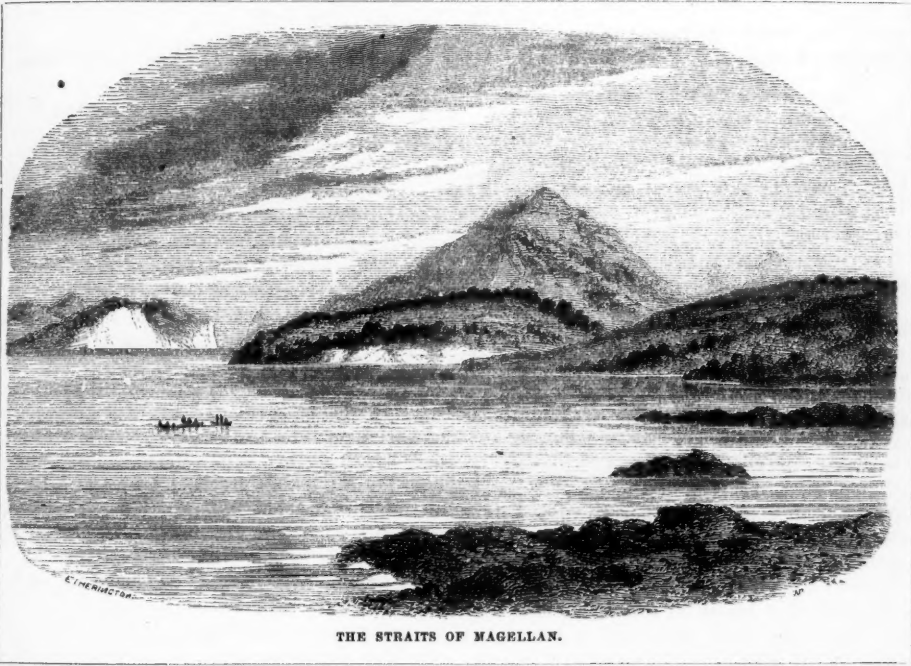
"Toward the middle of the day we all strayed in, one by one, from our wanderings, and assembled around or within the tent for lunch. All luxuries and superfluities had long dropped off from our larder—mussels roasted on the shell, salt pork broiled on a stick and hard-tack formed our frugal meal; but, such as it was, we were called upon to share it with a numerous company. A boat rounded the point of the beach, and as it approached we saw that it was full of Indians—men, women and children. The men landed (they were five or six in number) and came toward us. I had wished to have a near view of the Fuegians, but, I confess, that when my desire was gratified, my first feeling was one of utter repulsion and disgust. I have seen many Indians, both in North and South America, the wild Sioux of the West, and various tribes of the Amazons, but I had never seen any so coarse and repulsive as these; they had not even the physical strength and manliness of the savage to atone for brutality of expression. Almost naked (for the short, loose skins tied around the neck, and hanging from the shoulders, could hardly be called clothing), with swollen bodies, thin limbs, and stooping forms, with a childish yet cunning leer on their faces, they crouched over our fire, spreading their hands toward its genial warmth, and all shouting at once, 'Tabac, tabac!' and 'Galleta?'—biscuit. We had no tobacco with us, but we gave them the remains of our hard-bread and pork, which they seemed glad to have. Then the one who appeared, from the deference paid him by the rest, to be chief, sat down on a stone and sang in a singular kind of monotone. The words were evidently ad-



dressed to us, and seemed, from the gestures and expression, to be an improvisation concerning the strangers. There was something curious in the character of this Fuegian song. It was rather recitation than singing, but was certainly divided into something like strophes or stanzas; for, although there was no distinct air or melody, the strains was brought to a close at regular short intervals, and ended always exactly in the same way and on the same notes with a rising inflection of the voice. When he finished, we were silent with a sort of surprise and expectancy; his blank, disappointed expression reminded us to applaud, and then he laughed with pleasure, imitating the clapping in an awkward way, and began to sing again. I do not know how long this scene might have lasted, for the

are water defiles between sunken chains of mountains. Along the shore the mountain-sides are wooded, and abound with beautiful and luxurious vegetation. Here the fuchsia grows in the native soil, and is seen as thick and as abundant as the laurel in our Atlantic States. Other exquisite flowers are also found. Higher up are dense and sombre forests, and above these are the regions of perpetual snow and ice.

Bays, inlets and small sheltered harbors break the coast-lines, and afford vessels protection from the storms which continually sweep through these water-filled mountain passes. If a ship is met or overtaken by one of those sudden and violent storms which are characteristic of the region, she has but to steer for one of these harbors, and remain in comparative



THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

man seemed to have no thought of stopping, and the flow of words was uninterrupted, but the Hassler came in sight, her recall gun was fired, and we hastened down to the beach-landing."

Mrs. Agassiz gave the women "some showy beads and bright calico;" "though," she adds, "I should doubt their knowing what to do with the latter."

Turning from the people to the scenery of the Straits of Magellan, we find much to interest us. For the eastern half of the straits the shore is open and low, and the straits wide and easily navigable. But about midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific the scenery changes and becomes bold and abrupt in character. Mountains rise sharply from the water, and present their cleft summits against the sky. The strait is subdivided into many narrow passes, which

quiet and safety, while her crew can watch the dreadful war of the elements but a few yards away. Sometimes a sailing vessel thus finding shelter will remain weather-bound for weeks, or even months; for, as fast as it will venture out, seeking to reach the next harbor, it will be driven back by sudden squalls. The "Williwaws" constitute another peculiarity of these straits. The air may be perfectly quiet without premonition of a storm, and a vessel may be at anchor in the bay, or proceeding peacefully on her way. All in a moment she will be seized with a sudden gust of wind and shaken from masthead to keel with almost inconceivable violence. Then all is quiet again, and the air as calm as though no "Williwaw" had agitated it.

The outlines of the mountains about Magellan,

Sraits, and the geological signs of the country indicate glacial action. Mr. Agassiz has decided that the phenomena betray a general movement of ice, at some remote period, from the south northward. The glacial movement is still going on down the mountain sides.

The Straits of Magellan are difficult for the mariner to thread unless he is well acquainted with all their characteristics. The passages are so numerous, some of them so tortuous and narrow, the mountains are so abrupt, and they tower up out of the water in such unexpected places, that a vessel might easily get lost. Then it is a region of mist, which sometimes maybe obscures all but the nearest objects, altering the whole apparent face of the landscape; or, still worse, settles down close to the water, and the bewildered pilot might, under its cover, run his vessel upon the rocky shore, while, so deep is the water in many places, the line at the vessel's stern would fail to find soundings.

#### A VISIT TO FRIENDS' MEETING.

WERE you ever at Friends' Meeting? No? Yes? Well, it doesn't matter. In either case you will enjoy the following account given by somebody, we don't know who, of a visit, one pleasant Sunday, to Friends' Meeting in Baltimore. It is as good as a story.

"Thee has never been to Friends' Meeting? Then thee must go over to Baltimore and go with me next First Day. Perhaps Friend Mary Ames will speak, and then thee will have a treat."

So said Friend Anne Bascome, as she took off her plain bonnet, and smoothed her plain handkerchief, and composed her plain but sweet countenance.

"But, my dear friend," said I, "I should be obliged to go in the world's costume ruffles, paniers and all. Shall I be allowed to enter the sanctuary in that profane style, or must I don some Quaker bonnet and gown of most immaculate gray?"

"Don't thee say Quaker, my friend," said Anne Bascome, settling herself in the depths of a luxuriant velvet easy-chair—and I notice Friends are partial to soft cushions—"it is a term of reproach among my people. Thee need have no fear if thee goes with me. And besides, many degenerate sons and daughters of Friends have adopted worldly fashions, though they still hold to their birthright."

"Then it is settled; I'll go with thee, Friend Anne, to Baltimore Friends' meeting, and I hope it will do me good."

"It is to be hoped it may do thee no harm," said Friend Anne, quietly.

Who does not like a Friend? Dear, sweet, gray birds, with their faultless, unruffled plumage, dealing so gently with the young, bearing their testimony among the world-hardened and unbelieving.

Saturday night saw me in Baltimore; Sunday morning, or First Day, saw me on my way to the meeting-house in Lombard Street, dressed in a becoming drab walking suit made by the most fashion-

able dressmaker in Washington, and plain, in spite of its elaborate trimming in satin, ruffles and folds.

"Thee does not look very unlike a Friend thyself," said Anne Bascome, just before I put my bonnet on. That, with its bunch of daisies and bright ribbons, dispelled the illusion.

Friends' meeting-house in Lombard Street, sets back from the curb some twenty feet or more. A high, primitive fence, from which three gates open, is the first intimation of the place. We were early, so we sent the carriage home and stood in the shade of some grand old trees, for awhile.

An evil genius soon presented itself in the shape of a fluttering, beribboned girl, a rainbow of color from head to heels. She seized me by the hand on the strength of a slight acquaintance at some watering-place, and shocked Friend Anne beyond measure, by darting at my veil and kissing me in the street.

"What are you standing here for?" she asked.

"I am going to Friends' Meeting."

"Oh, the Quakers!" exclaimed Fly-a-way, in her loudest tones. "I dote on Quakers, and I'm dying to go to Quaker meeting. Do take me in with you."

"I am here by the courtesy of my friend Anne," I said, very much ashamed; "and"—

"Thy friend is very welcome," said Anne; and I knew that her speech was a mortification of the flesh, for anything more worldly, more gorgeous in its get up, from the three-storied feather-fluttering hat, to the great rosettes on her small feet, I am bound to say the good Friend never saw, inside or outside of a meeting house.

"Thanks! how kind you are!" said the Butterfly, and then went on to entertain me with a description of the last ball she had attended, for which I could have boxed her ears with a right good will, for she varied it with queries of "Had I seen Tom, lately; or Harry, or the old colonel, and when I was going to be Mrs. —? and wouldn't I invite her to the wedding?"

Now I am only seventeen, and have had but few serious thoughts of marriage in all my busy life. There's a six-years' bridge, at present, between me and that important state, and I must confess I winced under Miss Anne's astonished stare; while, it being Sunday, and the creature utterly unimpressible, and standing in the peaceful shadow of Friends' meeting-house, I did not utter the sharp words that were fighting for an outlet under my placid bodice.

"Mercy on us!" cried Butterfly, "the gates are opened." How I longed to ask her if she thought she could behave herself. I doubted her capacity for silence. I knew she would twirl her parasol, play with her ring, dangle her watch-chain and make her boots creak, but trusting to a friendly Providence, I followed Anne up the aisle, where, to my distress, she took a seat under the ministers' gallery and facing the whole audience.

"I like this," whispered Butterfly, setting all her dangles to fluttering. Of course she did. To be

seen was her end of life; to be admired her only aim.

It being some time before service, I felt at liberty to use my eyes, and did so when I could without being annoyed by Butterfly.

What a strange, quiet, unchurchly place it seemed! A large, cheerful, but rather bare interior, divided down what we should call the middle aisle by a partition which could be raised or lowered at pleasure. A gallery ran all around the house, but there was no organ loft, no choir, no pulpit. Four plebeian-looking black stoves stood in different places, so that Friends' meeting-house must be abundantly comfortable in winter.

Friend Anne explained that the women Friends sat on one side and the men Friends on the other; that on occasion of business sessions by either sex, the partition was pulled down to the tops of the pews, and they were effectually separated; that the seats on a raised platform behind us were for Friend ministers, and she supposed there would be several present that morning.

"Isn't it comical?" queried Butterfly, already beginning to flutter her wings.

"I don't see anything funny," I replied, with an expression of countenance that I flatter myself frightened her into silence, for she was quiet full thirty seconds afterward.

By my side sat my comfortable friend; opposite a very slim, thin, delicate Quaker, rigid and pale, and on Butterfly's left an ample, motherly dame. Presently, more Friends began to drop in, sweet and cool, and all so fair and modest under their capacious silk bonnets! I cannot tell how many Rachels, and Nancys, and Marys I was introduced to. One by one they entered, one by one came the world's people, or modified Friends with pretty, gray walking-suits, and neat but not showy bonnets. One by one came in the men on the other side, and dropped into their seats, with their broad brims on, and there they sat under the shadow of their hats.

It was all so strange, as gradually meeting filled up! Several little folks sat round in pretty white dresses and one fold of ribbon over their plain straw hats, and they were quite as demure as their elders.

The bells stopped tolling without; the summer sunbeams flickered through branches and were sifted on the floor and over the congregation; the sweet west wind came in and toyed gently with spotless kerchiefs and pretty ribbons.

One face, pure and beautiful as a rosebud, under quillings of blue ribbon and white lace, quite fascinated me. Evidently she used the plain language, and I afterward learned that she was the daughter of Friend Mary Ames, one of the lights of that order.

Gradually the silence grew oppressive. Twenty minutes passed, twenty-five, thirty, and as yet the Spirit had not given token. The myriad faces blended into one, queerly, under a monstrous Quaker bonnet. A little child dropped a fan; it made me jump. Somebody sneezed. I never heard anything quite so terrific as that sneeze. I was getting light-

headed. Astonished at Butterfly's silence, I looked at her; she was asleep; her three stories of hat toppled alarmingly. It was a relief to pinch her.

Five minutes more; that silence must be broken. The more I tried to think good thoughts, the more I couldn't. Grotesque images alarmed me. I saw all the comical illustrations I had looked at for months, and almost determined never to look at another. First I studied noses—it was very wicked of me—and then I wondered what everybody could be thinking of. Could they banish all worldly thoughts? I wished I could. The silence seemed like an avalanche about to smother me, when lo, a soft voice fell on my ear:

"Perfect love casteth out fear;" and the spell was broken.

Sweet Mary Ames, with thy saintly thoughts, dispelling silence and sadness, how refreshing were thy words! After that three Friends spoke, two brothers and one sister; then suddenly there was a rushing sound. The whole congregation roused itself and got up, and "Quaker meeting" was over.

"Did you ever see anything so stupid?" asked Butterfly, as we gained the street. "I lost some splendid singing; don't want anything to do with Quaker meeting again. Come and see me—good-bye."

I hope I shall never meet her again. As to the Friends, though their worship is peculiar, God bless them.

## ICELAND.

BY ELLEN BERTHA BRADLEY.

THE traveller, approaching Iceland, is struck by the brilliancy of the light, the keen, bracing air, the steep, rugged coast, and, above all, by the magnificent bay of Faxa Fiord, in which his ship casts anchor. The entrance is fifty miles in width, guarded on the one hand by a ridge of pumice, on the other by a snow-clad peak five thousand feet in height, while around the intervening semicircle stand an hundred noble mountains. Between their base and the waters of the bay lies a dirty, greenish slope, dotted with houses of a mouldy green, looking as if recently fished up from the bottom of the sea. They are little more than wooden sheds, one-story high; but here and there is a gable-end of more pretension, marking the residence of some important person, while at each extremity of the little town is a group of turf huts, the homes of the poorest class. All around is a desolate stretch of lava. This is Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, and the first settlement made upon the island. But, whatever the place may lack in external attractions, the people soon make up by the warmth of their welcome. Visitors are rare, and like most Icelanders, they are hospitable almost to a fault.

They are staunch Protestants, of the Lutheran persuasion, and live together in a beautiful patriarchal simplicity. They have neither prison, gallows, soldiers, nor police—for crime, theft, drunkenness and cruelty are unknown.

Iceland is not without its share of the romance which accompanies the discovery and settlement of every new country.

A thousand years ago, so runs the tale, a band of hardy Norsemen set sail in search of a new land toward the setting sun. They had no compass to

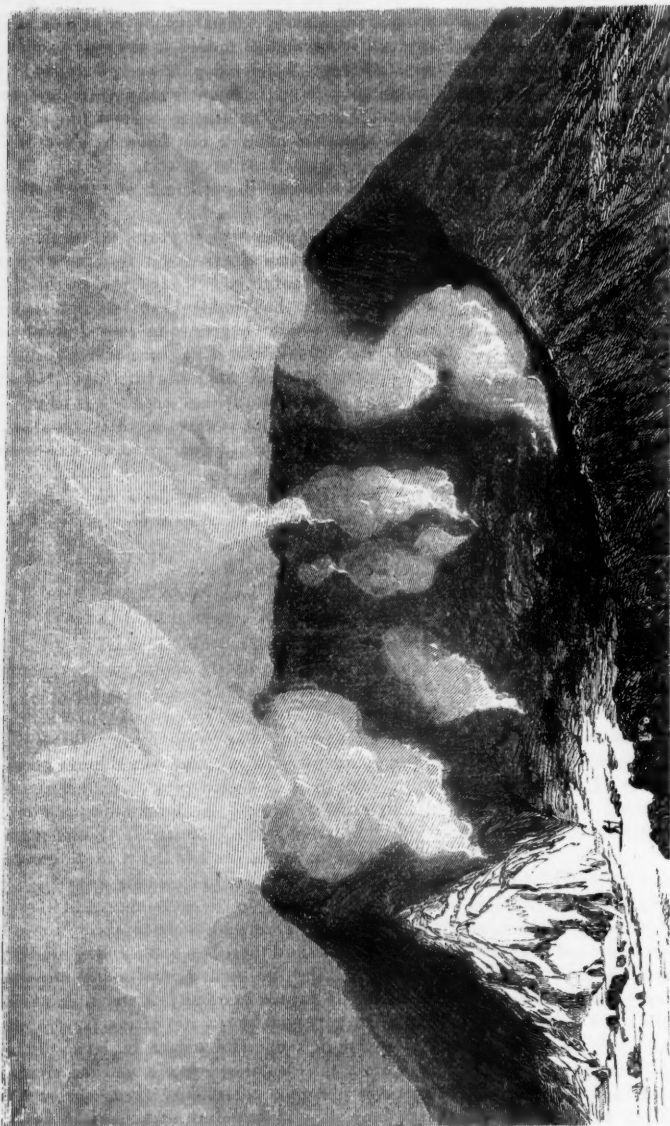
round, as if uncertain what course to take, but ended by flying home, thus showing that they were about midway between the shores. The third, on being released a few days later, started immediately forward, and following the course which she had taken, they triumphantly made the southeasterly point of

the island. But they were only adventurers on a voyage of discovery. Another century passed before colonists came to build their houses upon the icy shore.

Harold Haarfager, a Scandinavian king, of the time of the English Alfred, having conquered and dethroned the kings of the neighboring tribes, meddled with the rights of the landholders in so offensive a manner, that a company of them freighted a galley with their families and household goods, determined to seek new homes in the land which, rumor said, lay somewhere to the northwest.

When they came in sight of the island, the leader threw overboard the sacred pillars of his old home, that the gods might decide upon the site of his new. The waves carried them no one knew whither, and after three years' search they were found in a sheltered bay, on the western side of the island. Here the little company settled, founded the town of Reykjavik, and organized themselves into a republic, which for three hundred years maintained its independence.

Having ridden for thirty miles along the bridle-path from Reykjavik—roads are unknown in Iceland—the traveller comes to an abrupt pause on the brink of a precipice a hundred feet high, which separates the barren plateau on which he stands from a lovely, sunlit plain, ten miles wide, and walled on the other side by a similar rampart, at the foot of



THE CHATEAU OF MT. HECLA.

direct them, nor did they know where the desired land lay. But they carried three consecrated ravens, trusting to the sagacity of these birds to guide them to a haven. Nor were they disappointed. When the first one was let loose, it started directly homeward, and they knew that in that direction still lay the nearest land. The second circled round and



the mountains. This plain is the famous Thingwalla, or meeting place of the Thing, or Congress, the governing body of the republic.

This whole region is of volcanic origin, and by some unevenness in the cooling of the surface, or by a terrific internal convulsion, this plain—if plain it can be called—was torn from the surrounding mountains, sunk to its present level, and rent and shivered by a thousand fissures. Near the centre is an irregular, oval space, two hundred feet long and fifty broad, surrounded by a chasm so wide and deep as to be utterly impassable, except at one end, where a narrow causeway connects it with the mainland. This was the spot appointed by the Icelandic constitution for the meeting of the Things; and while feudal despotism was the only form of government known in Europe, here sat a free parliament, discussing the affairs of the tiny nation, armed men guarding the entrance, that their deliberations might not be disturbed. To this day three hummocks, at the upper end of the little plateau, mark the spot where chiefs and judges sat in state.

The time of the independence of the republic was one of remarkable literary and political vigor; and when, through the conspiracy of her chieftains, she was made a dependency of the Norwegian crown; her surrender of her liberties was couched in terms, the "haughtiness of which would have better suited an offer of allegiance from an equal power than a declaration of submission to a conqueror."

But, released from the obligations and necessity of self-government, the spirit of the people sank rapidly, and has never recovered its former level. At the union of the three Scandinavian monarchies, they passively allowed their allegiance to be transferred to the Danish crown, to which they have ever since remained subject. The adoption of the Lutheran religion seemed for a time to rouse something of their old literary activity. A printing-press was introduced in 1530, and since that time many original works of merit have been produced, and Shakspeare, Milton and Pope have been translated into the Icelandic tongue.

Iceland is more interesting physically than historically, for its geysers are a never-failing marvel, and its volcanoes are among the most celebrated in the world. The famous eruption of Mt. Hecla, in 1766, commenced by the appearance of a column of black sand slowly rising, and accompanied by subterranean thunders. Then a coronet of flame played around the crater, and masses of rock were thrown out. One stone six feet in circumference was flung twenty miles. For a circuit of a hundred and fifty miles the earth was covered with sand four inches deep, and white paper could not be distinguished from black. Fishermen could not put to sea for the darkness, and the people of the Orkney Islands were terrified by what they thought showers of black snow. The lava ran five miles, and a few days later a vast column of water broke through the pillar of cinders and rose to a height of several hundred feet.

But, violent as this eruption was, it was far ex-

ceeded by that of Skapta Jokul, in 1783. From this volcano a torrent of lava issued, which filled the basin of a great lake, and then divided into two streams, one fifty miles long and from twelve to fifteen wide in the broadest parts, the other forty miles long, and were confined between hills from five to six hundred feet deep. A thick cloud of cinders hung over the island for a year. According to the best estimates, nine thousand persons and two hundred thousand cattle perished during this eruption.

The ground around the geysers is honeycombed with holes. Not a blade of grass grows upon the hot, inflamed surface of red clay. The Great Geyser has a smooth, silicious basin seventy-two feet in diameter and four feet deep, with a hole in the bottom like a stationary wash-bowl. This is brimful of simmering water, from which rises a high column of vapor. The geyser is often inactive, and the traveller may have to wait many days before seeing more than this. An eruption is announced by loud underground noises. The centre of the pool becomes violently agitated. A dome of water rises, bursts, and falls. Then a sheaf of shining, liquid columns, wreathed with vapor, springs into the air, by a succession of bounds, flinging its silvery crests against the sky. How long it lasts, depends upon the violence of the eruption. The water gradually loses its ascending force, falters, droops, and falls, and is immediately sucked back into the subterranean chamber whence it came. The eruption is over—the traveller mounts his shaggy pony, and wends his way back over the mountains to Reykjavik.

#### CRUEL NURSERY LESSONS.

WE have sometimes wondered, says Mrs. Stowe, to see a helpless kitten or puppy given up to be tortured in a nursery, without even an attempt to explain to the children the pain they are inflicting, and the duties they owe to the helpless. Thus, what might form the most beautiful trait in the child's character is changed to a deformity. Instead of learning from the kitten a generous consideration for weakness and helplessness, the little one receives in the nursery the lesson of brutal tyranny.

No parent ought to allow a child the possession of any living creature with whose comfort and welfare they do not charge themselves. Children are not naturally cruel; they are only ignorant and inconsiderate. They have no conception of the pain they often inflict, even by their loving caresses. A boy, too, has in him a sort of wild, uncultured love of domination and sense of power, which are no sins, but may be made the foundations of great virtues, if he be early taught that his strength and power of control are given him for the protection of weakness, and not for the oppression of it. A boy can use the same faculties in defending and helping poor animals that he can in oppressing them; and the pets of the nursery are valuable for teaching that very lesson.

THE more a man denies himself, the more he shall obtain from God.



## THE COMING SCHOOLMASTER.

BY LOUISE V. BOYD.

THE schoolmaster of the past, and by the past we mean those *not* good old times when our grandparents were school boys and school girls, was almost without an exception a foreigner, often an Irishman.

He was a stout believer in corporeal punishment and made up in the severity of his discipline what he lacked in the knowledge of human nature, or the science of governing. If learned and refined he was yet an overbearing tyrant, if illiterate and vulgar, which sometimes happened, he was a monster. In all cases we might say of him, in the language of Wordsworth,

"Full twenty times was Peter feared  
For once that Peter was respected."

But the rod of his power is broken, and over his grave, moistened by but few tears, the shadow of forgetfulness is deepening year by year.

The schoolmaster of to-day is not known by that appellation, but is called the professor. I have attended his examinations and exhibitions and have discovered him to be a fossil, or a ghost from the shadowy past, groping among the mists and shadows of darker ages, and eternally harping upon the greatness of Greece and the splendors of Rome.

He confines himself to his text-books, and when he would edify or entertain his classes with more than his wonted sprightliness he delivers a lengthy dissertation on the imperishability of the sayings of the seven sages of Greece, those celebrated maxims justly deemed worthy of the places assigned them as mottoes in the Delphian Temple.

Hear them, oh, you wide-awake, *alive*, American boys—listen while your heart beats quicker as though you heard the ring of clarions and voices of trumpets: "Know thyself," (Solon); "Consider the end," (Chilo); "Know thy opportunity," (Pittacus); "Most men are bad," (Bias); "Nothing is impossible to industry," (Periander); "Avoid excess," (Cleobutus); "Suretyship is the precursor of ruin," (Thales). Ah, boys, these have lost their original flavor.

I admit that this wisdom of a past age is still wisdom, but have these old Greeks a pre-emptive right to all our reverence? Does the schoolmaster, that is the professor, of to-day, expect to lead the young American up the steps of the highest usefulness by the faint glimmer of the burned-out lamps of Greece, to the dying echoes of her heathen utterances? Vain expectation—useless expenditure of effort; the boys of to-day are marching ahead of the schoolmaster.

But let us come now to the coming schoolmaster. Aye, gladly, for he will know that we have utterances from men of our own land worthy to be pondered over and acted upon till they pervade the whole

structure of society. The coming schoolmaster has in his boyhood been *thoroughly instructed* in—that is to say received a smattering of—the lore of ancient Greece, but he has asked himself, where was the Greek whose spirit ever caught the faintest gleam of the grand truth first uttered by Thomas Jefferson, "All men are born equal!" He will know that in "Give me liberty or give me death!" Patrick Henry even transcended the severe simplicity of the classic ages.

He will declare the saying of Benjamin Franklin, "There never was a good war nor a bad peace," is more than worthy of a place in the Delphian Temple, aye, worthy to be a motto in the temple of Christianity. He will apostrophize thus: "Oh, shades of the immortal thinkers of Greece! the mind of your most godlike philosopher never soared to such a height as this reached by William H. Seward when he proclaimed, 'There is a higher law than the Constitution.'"

He will show how in the stern simplicity of his pure patriotism, Henry Clay could say: "I would rather be right than president." He will tell how the rough, outspoken backwoodsman, David Crockett, gave us the true metal, though the coin was too hastily struck to be perfect in its finish, when he said: "Be sure you're right, then go ahead!"

The emphasis and pluck of this phrase could never have been uttered in any land but our own, being an outgrowth of the circumstances of the New World.

Nor will he neglect the unforgotten sentence of poor, half-romantic, half-vagabond Sam Patch: "Some things can be done as well as others," which homely phrase, teaching of the feasibility of all things, is the fitting watchword for the inventor and adventurer who but breathes his native air on this western continent.

And the coming schoolmaster having given these seven wise sayings of American sages for the instruction and admiration of American youth, will proceed to give one more by way of good measure, and it will be this plain, but grand aphorism from the lips of the martyr, John Brown, "It's a mighty big thing for a man to do all he can."

Then will the coming boys begin to feel for what glorious destiny they are born, then will they sing "Yankee Doodle" with fresh joyousness, and with a sublime contempt of what nations less free, and ages more stupid may think, or might have thought of it.

And now, at the close of this paper, let me say what I see I have not said, which is, that girls will, of course, be in the schools along with the boys—ah, yes, and now I think of it, let me tell you the coming schoolmaster won't be a master at all, but a school-mistress.

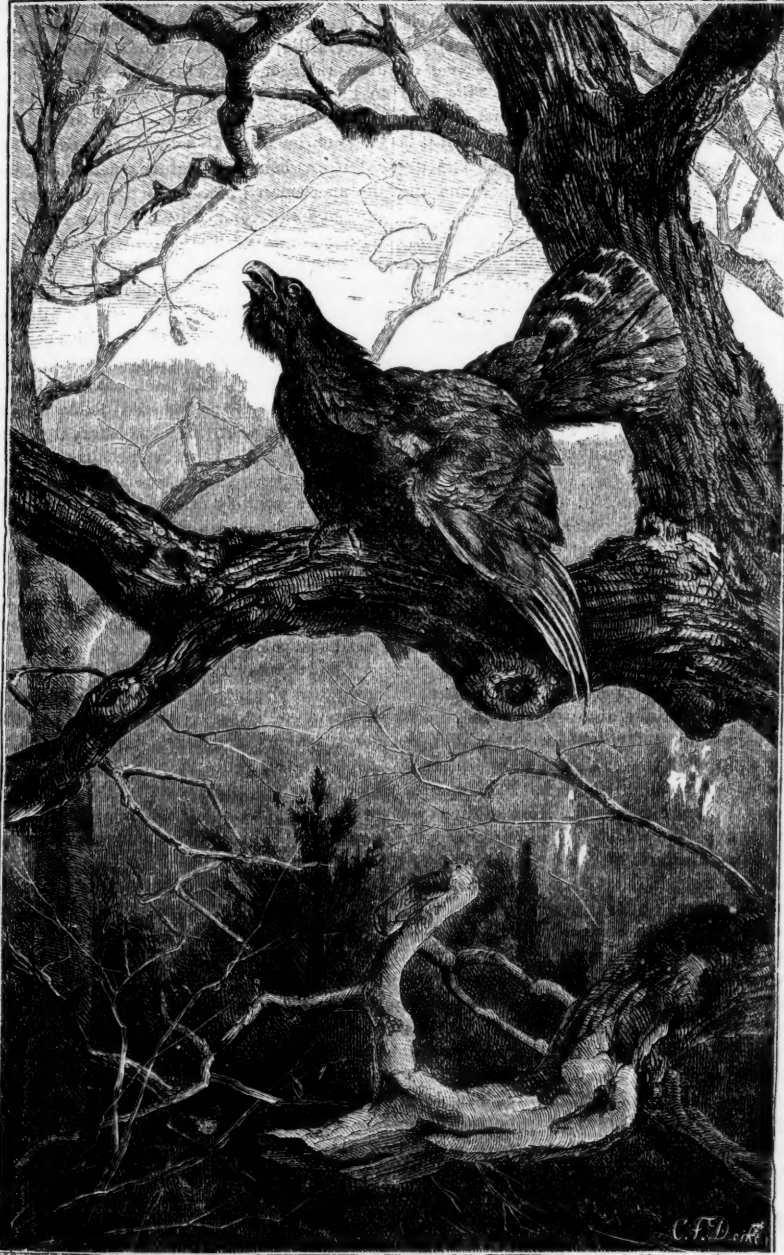
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## THE CAPERCAILLIE.

**A**LTHOUGH once a common inhabitant of the highland districts of Great Britain, the Capercaillie has now been almost wholly extinct for

names: Cock of the Woods, Mountain Cock, Auerhahn and Capercaillie.

It is now most frequently found in the northern parts of Europe, Norway and Sweden being



some years, a straggling specimen being occasionally seen in Scotland, and shot "for the benefit of science." This bird is also known by the following

very favorite homes. From those countries it is largely imported into England by the game-dealers.

The Capercaillie is celebrated not only for its great size and excellency of its flesh, but for its singular habits just previous to and during the breeding season. Mr. Lloyd has given so excellent an account of these curious proceedings, that they must be told in his own words:

"At this period, and often when the ground is still deeply covered with snow, the cock stations himself on a pine and commences his love song, or play as it is termed in Sweden, to attract the hens about him. This is usually from the first dawn of day to sunrise, or from a little after sunset until it is quite dark. The time, however, more or less depends upon the mildness of the weather and the advanced state of the season.

"During his 'play,' the neck of the Capercaillie is stretched out, his tail is raised and spread like a fan, his wings droop, his feathers are ruffled up, and, in short, he much resembles an angry turkey-cock. He begins his play with a call something resembling 'Peller! peller! peller!' This sound he repeats at first at some little intervals; but as he proceeds, they increase in rapidity, until at last, and after perhaps the lapse of a minute or so, he makes a sort of gulp in his throat, and finishes with sucking in, as it were, his breath.

"During the continuance of this latter process, which only lasts a few seconds, the head of the Capercaillie is thrown up, his eyes are partially closed, and his whole appearance would denote that he is worked up into an agony of passion. At this time his faculties are much absorbed, and it is not difficult to approach him. \* \* \* The play of the Capercaillie is not loud, and should there be any wind stirring in the trees at the time, it cannot be heard at any considerable distance. Indeed, during the calmest and most favorable weather, it is not audible at more than two or three hundred paces.

"On hearing the call of the cock, the hens, whose cry in some degree resembles the croak of the raven, or rather perhaps the sounds, 'Gock! gock! gock!' assemble from all parts of the surrounding forest. The male bird now descends from the eminence on which he was perched to the ground, where he and his female friends join company.

"The Capercaillie does not play indiscriminately over the forest, but he has certain stations (Tjaderlek, which perhaps may be rendered his playing-grounds). These, however, are often of some little extent. Here, unless very much persecuted, the song of these birds may be heard in the spring for years together. The Capercaillie does not, during his play, confine himself to any particular tree, for, on the contrary, it is seldom he is to be met with exactly on the same spot for two days in succession.

"On these lek, several Capercaillie may occasionally be heard playing at the same time. Mr. Grieff, in his quaint way, observes, 'It then goes gloriously.' So long, however, as the old male birds are alive, they will not, it is said, permit the young ones, or those of the preceding season, to play. Should the old birds, however, be killed, the young

ones in the course of a day or two, usually open their pipes. Combats, as it may be supposed, not unfrequently take place on these occasions; though I do not recollect having heard of more than two of these birds being engaged at the same time.

"Though altogether contrary to law, it is now that the greatest slaughter is committed among the Capercaillie, for any lump of a fellow who is able to draw a trigger may, with a little instruction, manage to knock them down. As the plan, however, of shooting these noble birds during their play is sometimes curious, I shall do my best to describe it.

"It first being ascertained where the lek is situated, the sportsman proceeds to the spot and listens in profound silence until he hears the call of the cock. So long, however, as the bird only repeats his commencing sound, he must, if he be at all near to him, remain stationary; but the instant the Capercaillie comes to the wind-up, the gulp, etc., during which, as I have just now said, its faculties of both seeing and hearing are in a degree absorbed, then he may advance a little. This note, however, lasts so short a time, that the sportsman is seldom able to take more than three or four steps before it ceases; for the instant that is the case, he must come to a halt, and if in an exposed situation remain fixed like a statue. This is absolutely necessary; for during his play, except during the gulp, etc., the Capercaillie is exceedingly watchful, and easily takes the alarm. If all remain quiet, however, the bird usually goes on again immediately with his first strain, and when he once more comes to the final note the sportsman advances as before.

"To become a proficient at this sport requires a good deal of practice. In the first place, a person must know how to take advantage of the ground when advancing upon the Capercaillie; for if in full daylight, this is hardly practicable in exposed situations; and in the next, that he may not move forward excepting upon the note which is so fatal to that bird. This is likely enough to happen if it be an old cock that has been previously exposed to shots, for he often runs on with, 'Peller! peller! peller!' until one supposes that he is just coming to the gulp, when he suddenly makes a stop. If, therefore, a person were then incautiously to advance, he would, in all probability, instantly take to flight."

The nest of the Capercaillie is made upon the ground, and contains eight or ten eggs; when hatched, the young are fed upon insects, more especially ants and their pupae. The adult bird feeds mostly on vegetable substances, such as juniper, cranberry and bilberries, and the leaves and buds of several trees.

The color of the adult male bird is chestnut-brown, covered with a number of black lines irregularly dispersed, the breast is black with a gloss of green, and the abdomen is simply black, as are the lengthened feathers of the throat and tail. The female is easily known by the bars of red and black which traverse the head and neck, and the reddish yellow barred with black of the under surface. In size, the Capercaillie is nearly equal to a turkey.

## GOING WITH THE ANGELS.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

OUT of two homes, standing side by side, two babies went to Heaven, leaving two mothers' hearts aching and desolate—but not desolate alike. To one, peace and resignation came with sorrow; to the other, a hopeless and rebellious unrest. Light streamed into the soul of one through many opening windows; the other sat in rayless darkness. To one came visions of angels bearing in tender love a baby to Heaven; while the other looked down into a grave, and saw nothing but a lifeless effigy.

Nurse crossed the room, and stood for a few moments looking down upon the child. Mr. Carlton came also, and leaned above his wife and babe.

"Going with the angels," said the nurse, softly and reverently, as she dropped upon her knees.

How still it was! A new atmosphere was beginning to fill the room—an atmosphere not perceptible to any outward sense, but touching and tranquilizing the soul. It had in it the fragrance of peace. Angels were present. They had come to receive this blossom of earth, and take it to bloom in Heaven.

God can come very near to those who love Him



It was just as a June sun was pressing his evening kiss upon the mountain tops that the angels came for one of these babies. There had been only a faint hope in the mother's heart since morning; but love clings to hope, faint though it be, while ever the pulses throb. And so Mrs. Carlton had not quite given him up. But, as the shadows of closing day made their first impression on her senses, there came a change in the face of her darling that her heart told her was death.

"Oh, nurse!" she exclaimed, lifting her eyes from the baby, which for more than an hour she had been holding close to her bosom.

and trust in Him. He can make the pillow of suffering as soft as down; and the shadow of death a veil of light. So He came near to those on whom He was, in His infinite love, about laying a burden of sorrow, and they felt His divine presence, and leaned upon Him, sorrowful, but peaceful, knowing that it was well. And when they gave Him back the most precious of all gifts they had ever received at His hands, if tears wet their cheeks, and sobs rent their bosoms, they were yet able to say: "It is well. Our Father knows best. And as for baby, he has gone with the angels."

Such comfort God gives to all who look to Him



and trust Him as one too wise to err and too loving to be unkind.

Just as tender and comforting would His ministration of sorrow have been in that other home, from which His angels had borne upward another baby, if He could have found a way into the hearts of its afflicted ones. Just as tenderly did He love them, though they were wanderers from His fold; but they were afar off in the wilderness, and could not hear

His voice, though He never ceased calling after them and trying to bring them back.

How sad is that sorrow for the little ones which cannot lift itself above the grave; which veils itself in sackcloth and ashes, refusing to be comforted; which will not look upward to the heights whither the Good Shepherd has borne the lambs, nor hear His voice calling them to ascend from the herbless valleys to the green pastures above.

## AUNT ESTHER ON CIDER-DRINKING.

BY MAJASA.

"HAVE a glass of cider, Aunt Esther? It's just hard enough to be good."

"No, thank you, Jonathan, I never drink cider no more."

"So, you've gone and joined the Good Templars, out West, have you?"

"I never j'ined no secret society, not that I've anything agin 'em. I feel like sayin', 'God bless every one as stands up for Temp'rance!' but I do go agin cider-drinkin'. I don't b'l've its right."

"Well, Aunt Esther," replied the old gentleman, as, after taking a generous draught of the beverage in question, he placed the brown pitcher on the mantelpiece, and sat down in the chimney-corner, opposite his guest; "I've enjoyed your visit mightily—talking of old times has most made Polly and me young once more; and I thought you'd hardly changed a bit since you went away, forty years ago; but you're ahead of us in this cider business. Is it some new-fangled notion you heard out West?"

"No new idee. The Scripture says 'wine is a mocker, strong drink is ragin'."

"Yes, I know; but cider isn't 'strong drink.'"

"Are you right certain of that, Jonathan?" and the old lady's eyes flashed as if she felt sure of having the strongest side of the argument. "What is 'strong drink'?"

"I suppose it's anything that intoxicates—but cider is nothing but apple-juice."

"Sweet cider, you mean?"

"Yes, nothing but apple-juice, harmless as them pippins," and he pointed to a basket of beautiful fruit on the table.

"And how long does it stay sweet?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly—it depends on the weather—only a few days, I reckon."

"Do folks generally drink it, and call it good," she asked with the same light in her eyes, "when it's sweet?"

"I reckon not."

"You said *that* cider"—and the old lady laid down the long blue stocking she was knitting, and pointed to the pitcher on the mantelpiece—"you said that cider was *just hard enough to be good*. What makes it good, Jonathan?"

"Well," and the old gentleman hitched his chair uneasily; "well, I suppose 'tis 'cause it's worked a

spell. You know, when cider first comes from the mill it's too flat."

"Worked a spell," and the blue ball rolled away unnoticed; "you mean it's good 'cause it's got spirits in it do you?"

"Well, I reckon so." A vigorous turning and punching of the big back-log sent the sparks flying up the chimney, and interrupted the conversation at this point.

"If it's got spirits in it, won't it intoxicate?" continued his eager questioner.

"Now, Jonathan, don't you remember the time when the cider froze before you put it in the cellar, and you made out to get a little in a tin cup and set it on the stove to warm; then, when you went to haul fodder, you was so drunk you rolled off of the load backwards, and the horses run home. I was awfully scared for fear you had a fit," and Polly related the affair with the air of a woman who has gained the upper hand of her liege lord for once, although the good woman was not at all averse to the contents of the pitcher herself, and like some others who have not seen the bitter end, thought getting a little upset with cider rather amusing than disgraceful.

"If cider makes folks drunk, it's strong drink, isn't it?" triumphantly exclaimed Aunt Esther, as she saw the fortifications of his fortress falling to the ground under her well-directed artillery.

"Well, I reckon—well, I never—really—I never thought of it that way before. Here's your ball, Aunt Esther," and the old gentleman covered his confusion by picking up the ball and handing it to her with the gallantry of youth.

"You know," continued the old lady, placidly resuming her knitting, now that her point was gained, "when we first moved out West the country was new and wild, and neighbors awful scarce. After several years of failin', there was some years of mighty big harvests. The wheat was powerful big. Why, Dolly, would you b'l've, 'twas as high as your head."

"Law me, did you ever hear the like, Jonathan?"

"'Twas new parary land," explained the old lady. "I was a-goin' on to tell about harvestin'. Harvest hands come off of the railroad; they was so scarce, and the harvests so big, they had things their own way. Folks'll put up with lots rather than lose the



crop. John—he's an easy man, you know—was willin' to stand 'most anything as was reasonable, and some that wasn't reasonable; but one thing, he declared up and down, he wouldn't do, not if we lost every grain of wheat, and had to leave the farm. He wouldn't turnish liquor for the hands in the harvest-field. The neighbors all said he'd lose his crop, for men wouldn't work without whisky. You know John's brother, poor Sam," and the voice grew low and tender, "drank so hard, and at last shot himself—'twas awful, I can hardly bare to talk about it yet, and it was nigh on to thirty years ago—his grave is on a hill right in sight of our house." The knitting-needles went on vigorously, as if their clicking could drown terrible memories.

"Did John get his wheat harvested?" asked the old gentleman, after a few moment's silence.

"He called the men around him, told them the dreadful story and what caused it, as he pointed to the gravestone on the hill. 'Twas the most affectin' Temp'rance lectur' I ever heard," said Aunt Esther, laying down her knitting, and wiping her eyes. "Then he promised the men good, strong coffee, meat, biscuits, pies and cakes should be sent out in the field in the middle of every forenoon and afternoon—but not a drop of whisky. If he couldn't find men willin' to work on them terms, his wheat might spoil!"

"True pluck. I told you, Polly, John was the very man to go West, get rich, and drive everything before him."

"Did the men work?" eagerly inquired Polly, anxious to hear the end of the matter.

"Not a single one refused," replied Aunt Esther. "The neighbors were surprised. The next year some of 'em tried John's plan, and now whisky is hardly ever found in a harvest-field in our county."

"John was right. No wonder everything has prospered so with him," said the old gentleman, approvingly.

"And he had the right kind of a wife to help him," responded Polly, gazing admiringly at her visitor.

Aunt Esther smiled and blushed like a girl of sixteen. Success is sweet, and the respect of friends a recompense for many trials. Only those who have experienced the hardships of pioneer life know what such success costs, and how hard it is sometimes to stand firm for the truth and right when all the surrounding influences are on the side of wrong; or, at least, favor compromise on the plea of necessity.

But the story was not finished. Let us listen, as did the companions of Aunt Esther, to her remaining sketch:

"As soon as John was able he bought trees for an orchard. I helped him set 'em out. The first crop of apples we gathered in a bushel basket, put the baby on top, and carried 'em in so proud like. In a few years we had wagon-loads, and the neighbors, too. Illinois raises mighty fine fruit, and lots of it. Then there began to be cider-mills all 'round, and folks drank cider instead of water. I didn't think

but what 'twas all right for quite a spell. An eld farmer from Indiany bought a farm next us, and moved there; he was stiddy, and a hard-workin' man, an elder in the church; but his two oldest boys, about grown, was wild and rough; they kept gettin' drunk and makin' a fuss in the neighborhood. One day I was over there a-visitin'. By and by we heard a noise and a big laugh out on the back stoop. A bar'l of cider had worked so that the stopper flew out and the cider spattered clear up to the eaves.

"Most hard enough to hold up an iron wedge," said one of the boys, as we went in to dinner.

"Never mind," said the old man; "there's another bar'l down-cellar, and purty soon we'll have some more."

"Well, I stayed mighty nigh all day, and they kept a-drinkin' and a-drinkin' on what was left of that hard cider—the old man, the old woman, all of 'em, clean down to the two little boys, only three and five years old. The next day was Sunday, and them big boys was off on another spree. Folks was mighty sorry for their poor old father and mother; but I sot in church and kept a-thinkin' and a-thinkin' if them cider bar'ls at home hadn't give 'em a start on the down'ard road. Somehow the sermons didn't do me much good that day—though Uncle David said the preacher give us some powerful doctrine.

"The next week one of the neighbor's little boys got drunk on cider, and fell out of a hay-mow and was most killed. That saved me—a little boy, only seven years old, drunk most all day. If he liked spirits when he was little like that, wouldn't the appetite grow on him till he grew up, and got to be a drunkard and had the delerious tremens like poor Sam. That night I kept wakin' up and seein' Sam in his coffin, only sometimes 'twould be my Johnny, and sometimes Freddie. The next mornin', first thing after breakfast, when the men was gone off to work in the field, I went out and tipped over the bar'l of cider that was standin' under a big tree in the yard. After while I went out to the barn to get some corn-cobs, and forgot to fasten the gate good, and the hogs got in the yard and rooted up the grass all 'round where the cider was spilt, and made an awful muss. But I was busy thinkin', and never noticed 'em at all.

"When John came to dinner, he turned out the hogs, and says he: 'Esther, I'm dreadful sorry the grass is spoiled so, and your nice beds of pinks. I set 'em out agen, and I guess they'll grow. I'll make some other kind of a fastenin' for that gate.'

"I didn't say nothin'. I thought more of my boys than my posies; but Mike and Pat scolded like everything 'cause the cider was gone, and John promised to get some more the next week. That was Saturday. Sunday I told John how the cider got spilt, and told him all I'd been thinkin' of, and asked him if he wanted to bring up his boys to be drunkards. He said he'd never thought of it that way before, but seemed to him I was right. Then he said: 'I promised Mike and Pat I'd get 'em some more cider. What'll I do about it?'

"Says I: 'A bad promise is better broken than kept. Give 'em somethin' else, or pay 'em a little more till their time's out—it's only next month—and don't ever furnish cider agen for your hands. Don't you remember about the harvestin' and the whisky?'"

"'I never thought I was leadin' 'em on to drink.' And then he leaned out the window and looked at the gravestone on the hill, and says he: 'Esther, I'll never furnish cider to drink agen, and I'll go against the drinkin' of it as long as my name's John Sinclair.'"

"I didn't think I was doin' wrong, or bein' a

a stumblin'-block to the young members; but suppose we give up the cider, Polly," exclaimed the old gentleman, who was deeply moved by Aunt Esther's earnest words.

"Yes, Jonathan, we'll make vinegar of what's left," replied Polly, rubbing her eyes and spectacles in a suspicious manner.

"And you know, Polly, some of them college chaps got some cider here the other night. I heard to-day they had a spree, and carried on so, they've had 'em up before the faculty. The boys will never get any more cider at Deacon Sargent's."

## A DAY LOST.

BY I—L—.

I WAS sewing away one morning, for dear life, as the saying is, intending to make a good day of it, and put my work ahead, when Hetty, my little daughter, five years old, gave a pull at my elbow, and said: "Mamma."

"Well, dear, what is wanted?" I did not look aside from my work, into her sweet little face, nor speak in as loving tones as usual, for the interruption was not wholly agreeable.

"Can't I have my wax doll, mamma?"

Now this wax doll was a treasured present from grandmother, highly prized and carefully treated by Hetty; and after being tenderly nursed by her, dressed and undressed, on rare occasions, laid away under lock and key in one of my bureau drawers.

"Not to day," was my answer.

"Why not to-day, mamma?"

Sure enough, why not to-day? That was just the question. Was it because Hetty might injure the doll? No, that was not the reason; for she was a careful little girl. The true reason was, I did not wish to leave my work and lose five minutes time in going up-stairs to the bureau. Just this, and no more. But, what reply was made to Hetty? A very unreasonable and unsatisfactory one; and such as no mother should ever make.

"Because you can't have Dolly to-day."

Because—How many short-comings and sins of omission are covered by this convenient, vaguely meaning, little word.

"I won't hurt her, mother, I'll be oh! so careful. Do, mother, let me have Dolly."

"Didn't I say that you couldn't have Dolly?"

I knit my brows and spoke with some severity. Having said no, I must be firm. Right or wrong, I must be consistent; that is, have my own will in the case. And as I was the stronger of the two, of course my will decided the question between us.

Poor Hetty! She knew something of my hard decision of character, and retired from the contest. As I turned my eyes from her face to my work, I carried in my mind the image of her grieving lips, and tear-filled eyes. Was I rebuked? Yes. Did I repent? Yes. And go for the doll at once? No. I was busy at my work and could not spare a minute.

Sewing seams was of more consequence than sowing seeds of happiness in the heart of my child. And then, had I not said that Dolly was not to make her appearance to-day? Was I to break my word? No. I must be a consistent mother, if I expected to govern my children aright.

It was very still in the room for the next ten minutes. Only a sob or two broke the silence, at first, as Hetty choked down her disappointment. She had crept into the great arm-chair, and was sitting there idle and silent. After a while I turned partly around, and glanced toward her stealthily. Her brow was contracted, her lips pursed out slightly, and over her whole face was a shade of unhappiness.

"Why don't you get your china doll?" said I, rather coldly.

"I don't want my china doll," she answered.

"Oh, very well, just as you please, my little lady," I returned; and took no more notice of her for ten minutes longer—all the while working away as intently as if our next meal depended on the result of my labor. I was sorry that I had not taken the time to get Hetty's wax doll; but, as I had said no, I concluded that it was best to let no remain in force.

Presently she slipped down from the arm-chair, and went quietly from the room. I paused in my work, and listened to the light patter of her feet as she went up-stairs.

A faint sigh, born of a passing regret, came up from my heart. "It would have been better if I had given her the doll," said I, to myself. "But it is too late now."

So I bent to my sewing again, and made the little needle fly with increased velocity.

"I wonder where that child is, and what she is doing?"

Nearly half an hour had passed since Hetty left the room. I paused in my work as I asked myself this question, and listened. But I could hear no sound of her. I would have laid down my sewing and gone in search of her, only—what? I felt as if I could not spare the time!

"Hetty!"

There was no reply.

"Hetty! Where are you?"

My voice was raised to a louder key; but no response came. So I bent to my work once more.

But this uncertainty as to where the child had gone, and what she was doing, could not very long be borne. The time came when I dropped everything, and started, in some concern of mind, from the room. I looked into my own chamber, but she was not there. I called, but got no answer. Then I ran up to the third story, and pushed the door of one of the rooms open hastily. In the middle of the bed sat my little truant, busily at work, with a pair of scissors, on an elegant lace cape which had cost me fifteen dollars.

With a quick exclamation and an excited manner, I sprang toward the little destructive, who, frightened at my tone and appearance, suddenly threw up her hands, and I saw the sharp points of the scissors she held enter her cheek just below the eye. A scream followed, as the blood ran over her face. What a sickening sense of pain and fear fell suddenly upon my heart. For some moments I was half-paralyzed with terror and bewilderment. Then catching up my little darling, I made an effort to compose myself, and responded to the sober call of duty. I carried her down-stairs, and though almost fainting at the sight of her blood, held back my agitation with a strong hand, and proceeded to wash the red stains from her face, and find out the extent of her injury.

The wound, happily, was not of a serious nature; but the imminent danger of losing her eye that she had escaped, made me shudder whenever the thought passed through my mind, and so affected me that I grew weak and nervous, and on attempting, after soothing her to sleep, to resume my work, found that my strength was gone.

And so, in my over eagerness to "make a good day of it," I had compassed the loss of a day.

After trying, with an unsteady hand, to make my needle do its work, I threw down my sewing in despair, and went over to the chamber where I had laid Hetty to sleep. The dark red scar, just on the orbital verge, rebuked me as strongly as if it had been a living voice. Dear child! How could I have so forgotten the needs of her opening mind? How could I have so failed to realize that, while I was absorbed in my own employments, she must have something to do?

For several minutes I stood bending over her. Then going to the drawer in which her wax doll was laid, I unlocked it, and taking out the beautiful effigy, placed it on the pillow beside her. How sweet the two faces looked; the living and the inanimate. I gazed at them until my eyes were blinded by tears; and then went back to the sitting-room, where I made another effort to resume my work. My hand had grown a little steadier, but the heart was gone. For a very short time I endeavored to force myself to keep on with my appointed task; but, mind and body both dissented so strongly that

the garments I had hoped to complete were finally laid aside, not to be touched again until to-morrow.

As I was doing this, a sigh for my lost day passed sadly from my lips. At this moment I heard Hetty's feet and voice; she had awakened, and finding Dolly by her side, had forgotten all the past, and was as happy as a child could be.

"Dear, dear, sweet Dolly!" she was singing as blithely as if grief had never laid a finger upon her heart.

"Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, as she entered the sitting-room, "you are so good to give me Dolly to play with," and she came dancing to me, with her dewy lips put up to mine for a kiss.

There was no rebuke on those precious lips,—Oh, no. That kiss was love's own best expression; and yet it stung me with remorse.

Hetty's trial was over, her grief forgotten. But, on my bosom was laid the burden of regret, and I could not throw it off. Her state of disturbance had passed like the morning cloud and the early dew; but mine kept pulsing on and shadowing the hours that might have passed in cheerful work.

I counted that day lost, except for the lesson it taught me; for, when I laid my aching head upon its pillow at night, I could not look back upon any useful thing accomplished. There had been fruitless efforts to do many things; but my restless state kept me flitting and changing, and my half-formed purposes wrought out no sure results.

#### HAT-BANDS.

HATS were originally made of some soft material, probably of cloth or leather, and in order to make them fit the head, a cord was fastened round them, so as to form a sort of contraction. This is illustrated on p. 524 of "Fairholt's Costume in England," in the figure of the head of an Anglo-Saxon woman, wearing a hood bound on with a head-band; and on p. 530 are figures of several hats worn during the fourteenth century, which were bound to the head by rolls of cloth; and all the early hats seem provided with some sort of band. We may trace the remnants of this cord or band in the present hat-band. A similar survival may be observed in the strings of the Scotch cap, and even in the mitre of the bishop.

It is probable that the hat-band would long ago have disappeared had it not been made use of for the purpose of hiding the seam joining the crown to the brim. If this explanation of the retention of the hat-band is the true one, we have here a part originally of use for one purpose applied to a new one, and so changing its function.

The duties of the hat-band have been taken in modern hats by two running strings fastened to the lining, and these again have in their turn become obsolete, for they are now generally represented by a small piece of string, by means of which it is no longer possible to make the hat fit the head more closely.



FOUL PLAY.

## THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

FROM "CAST ADRIFT," BY THE AUTHOR OF "THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP."

(We give a chapter from T. S. Arthur's new book, "CAST ADRIFT," just published by J. M. Stoddart & Co., of this city.)

FOR an hour Mrs. Bray waited the reappearance of Pinky Swett, but the girl did not come back. At the end of this time a package which had been left at the door was brought to her room. It came from Mrs. Dinneford, and contained two hundred dollars. A note that accompanied the package read as follows:

"Forgive my little fault of temper. It is your interest to be my friend. The woman must not, on any account, be suffered to come near me."

Of course there was no signature. Mrs. Bray's countenance was radiant as she fingered the money.

"Good luck for me, but bad for the baby," she said, in a low, pleased murmur, talking to herself. "Poor baby! I must see better to its comfort. It deserves to be looked after. I wonder why Pinky doesn't come?"

Mrs. Bray listened, but no sound of feet from the stairs or entries, no opening or shutting of doors, broke the silence that reigned through the house.

"Pinky's getting too low down—drinks too much; can't count on her any more." Mrs. Bray went on talking to herself. "No rest; no quiet; never satis-

fied; forever knocking round, and forever getting the worst of it. She was a real nice girl once, and I always liked her. But she doesn't take any care of herself."

As Pinky went out, an hour before, she met a fresh-looking girl, not over seventeen, and evidently from the country. She was standing on the pavement, not far from the house in which Mrs. Bray lived, and had a travelling-bag in her hand. Her perplexed face and uncertain manner attracted Pinky's attention.

"Are you looking for anybody?" she asked.

"I'm trying to find a Mrs. Bray," the girl answered. "I'm a stranger from the country."

"Oh, you are?" said Pinky, drawing her veil more tightly, so that her disfigured face could not be seen.

"Yes; I'm from L——."

"Indeed? I used to know some people there."

"Then you've been in L——?" said the girl, with a pleased, trustful manner, as of one who had met a friend at the right time.

"Yes, I've visited there."

"Indeed? Who did you know in L——?"

"Are you acquainted with the Cartwrights?"

"I know of them. They are among our first people," returned the girl.



"I spent a week in their family a few years ago, and had a very pleasant time," said Pinky.

"Oh, I'm glad to know that," remarked the girl. "I'm a stranger here; and if I can't find Mrs. Bray I don't see what I am to do. A lady from here who was staying at the hotel gave me a letter to Mrs. Bray. I was living at the hotel, but I didn't like it; it was too public. I told the lady that I wanted to learn a trade or get into a store, and she said the city was just the place for me, and that she would give me a letter to a particular friend, who would, on her recommendation, interest herself for me. It's somewhere along here that she lived, I'm sure;" and she took a letter from her pocket and examined the direction.

The girl was fresh and young and pretty, and had an artless, confiding manner. It was plain she knew little of the world, and nothing of its evils and dangers.

"Let me see;" and Pinky reached out her hand for the letter. She put it under her veil, and read:

"MRS. FANNY BRAY,

"No. 631 — Street,

" — "

"By the hand of Miss Flora Bond."

"Flora Bond," said Pinky, in a kind, familiar tone.

"Yes, that is my name," replied the girl; "isn't this — Street?"

"Yes; and there is the number you are looking for."

"Oh, thank you! I'm so glad to find the place. I was beginning to feel scared."

"I will ring the bell for you," said Pinky, going to the door of No. 631. A servant answered the summons.

"Is Mrs. Bray at home?" inquired Pinky.

"I don't know," replied the servant, looking annoyed. "Her rooms are in the third story;" and she held the door wide open for them to enter. As they passed into the hall Pinky said to her companion: "Just wait here a moment, and I will run up-stairs and see if she is in."

The girl stood in the hall until Pinky came back.

"Not at home, I'm sorry to say."

"Oh, dear! that's bad; what shall I do?" and the girl looked distressed.

"She'll be back soon, no doubt," said Pinky, in a light, assuring voice. "I'll go around with you a little and see things."

The girl looked down at her travelling-bag.

"Oh, that's nothing; I'll help you to carry it;" and Pinky took it from her hand.

"Couldn't we leave it here?" asked Flora.

"It might not be safe; servants are not always to be trusted, and Mrs. Bray's rooms are locked; we can easily carry it between us. I'm strong—got good country blood in my veins. You see I'm from the country as well as you; right glad we met. Don't know what you would have done."

And she drew the girl out, talking familiarly, as they went.

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"Haven't had your dinner yet?"

"No; just arrived in the cars, and came right here."

"You must have something to eat, then. I know a nice place; often get dinner there when I'm out."

The girl did not feel wholly at ease. She had not yet been able to get sight of Pinky's closely-veiled features, and there was something in her voice that made her feel uncomfortable.

"I don't care for any dinner," she said; "I'm not hungry."

"Well, I am, then; so come. Do you like oysters?"

"Yes."

"Cook them splendidly. Best place in the city. And you'd like to get into a store or learn a trade?"

"Yes."

"What trade did you think of?"

"None in particular."

"How would you like to get into a book-bindery? I know two or three girls in binderies, and they can make from five to ten dollars a week. It's the nicest, cleanest work I know of."

"Oh, do you?" returned Flora, with newly-awakening interest.

"Yes; we'll talk it all over while we're eating dinner. This way."

And Pinky turned the corner of a small street that led away from the more crowded thoroughfare along which they had been passing.

"It's a quiet and retired place, where only the nicest kind of people go," she added. "Many working-girls and girls in stores get their dinners there. We'll meet some of them, no doubt; and if any that I know should happen in, we might hear of a good place. Just the thing, isn't it? I'm right glad I met you."

They had gone halfway down the square, when Pinky stopped before the shop of a confectioner. In the window was a display of cakes, pies and candies, and a sign with the words, "LADIES' RESTAURANT."

"This is the place," she said, and opening the door, passed in, the young stranger following.

A sign of caution, unseen by Flora, was made to a girl who stood behind the counter. Then Pinky turned, saying: "How will you have your oysters? stewed, fried, broiled or roasted?"

"I'm not particular—any way," replied Flora.

"I liked them fried. Will you have them the same way?"

Flora nodded assent.

"Let them be fried, then. Come, we'll go up-stairs. Anybody there?"

"Two or three only."

"Any girls from the bindery?"

"Yes; I think so."

"Oh, I'm glad of that! Want to see some of them. Come, Miss Bond."

And Pinky, after a whispered word to the attendant, led the way to a room up-stairs in which were a number of small tables. At one of these were two

girls eating, at another a girl sitting by herself, and at another a young man and a girl. As Pinky and her companion entered, the inmates of the room stared at them familiarly, and then winked and leered at each other. Flora did not observe this, but she felt a sudden oppression and fear. They sat down at a table not far from one of the windows. Flora looked for the veil to be removed, so that she might see the face of her new friend. But Pinky kept it closely down.

In about ten minutes the oysters were served. Accompanying them were two glasses of some kind of liquor. Floating on one of these was a small bit of cork. Pinky took this and handed the other to her companion, saying: "Only a weak sangaree. It will refresh you after your fatigue; and I always like something with oysters, it helps to make them lay lighter on the stomach."

Meantime, one of the girls had crossed over and spoken to Pinky. After a word or two, the latter said: "Don't you work in a bindery, Miss Peter?"

"Yes," was answered, without hesitation.

"I thought so. Let me introduce you to my friend, Miss Flora Bond. She's from the country, and wants to get into some good establishment. She talked about a store, but I think a bindery is better."

"A great deal better," was replied by Miss Peter. "I've tried them both, and wouldn't go back to a store again on any account. If I can serve your friend, I shall be most happy."

"Thank you!" returned Flora; "you are very kind."

"Not at all; I'm always glad when I can be of service to any one. You think you'd like to go into a bindery?"

"Yes. I've come to the city to get employment, and haven't much choice."

"There's no place like the city," remarked the other. "I'd die in the country—nothing going on. But you won't stagnate here. When did you arrive?"

"To-day."

"Have you friends here?"

"No. I brought a letter of introduction to a lady who resides in the city."

"What's her name?"

"Mrs. Bray."

Miss Peter turned her head so that Flora could not see her face. It was plain from its expression that she knew Mrs. Bray.

"Have you seen her yet?" she asked.

"No. She was out when I called. I'm going back in a little while."

The girl sat down, and went on talking while the others were eating. Pinky had emptied her glass of sangaree before she was half through with her oysters, and kept urging Flora to drink.

"Don't be afraid of it, dear," she said, in a kind, persuasive way; "there's hardly a thimbleful of wine in the whole glass. It will soothe your nerves, and make you feel ever so much better."

There was something in the taste of the sangaree that Flora did not like—a flavor that was not of wine. But urged repeatedly by her companion, whose empty glass gave her encouragement and confidence, she sipped and drank until she had taken the whole of it. By this time she was beginning to have a sense of fullness and confusion in the head, and to feel oppressed and uncomfortable. Her appetite suddenly left her, and she laid down her knife and fork and leaned her head upon her hand.

"What's the matter?" asked Pinky.

"Nothing," answered the girl; "only my head feels a little strangely. It will pass off in a moment."

"Riding in the cars, maybe," said Pinky. "I always feel bad after being in the cars; it kind of stirs me up."

Flora sat very quietly at the table, still resting her head upon her hands. Pinky and the girl who had joined them exchanged looks of intelligence. The former had drawn her veil partly aside, yet concealing as much as possible the bruises on her face.

"My! but you're battered!" exclaimed Miss Peter, in a whisper that was unheard by Flora.

Pinky only answered by a grimace. Then she said to Flora, with well-affected concern: "I'm afraid you are ill, dear? How do you feel?"

"I don't know," answered the poor girl, in a voice that betrayed great anxiety, if not alarm. "It came over me all at once. I'm afraid that wine was too strong; I am not used to taking anything."

"Oh, dear no! it wasn't that. I drank a glass, and don't feel it any more than if it had been water."

"Let's go," said Flora, starting up. "Mrs. Bray must be home by this time."

"All right, if you feel well enough," returned Pinky, rising at the same time.

"Oh, dear! how my head swims!" exclaimed Flora, putting both hands to her temples. She stood for a few moments in an uncertain attitude, then reached out in a blind, eager way.

Pinky drew quickly to her side, and put one arm about her waist.

"Come," she said, "the air is too close for you here;" and with the assistance of the girl who had joined them, she steadied Flora down-stairs.

"Doctored a little too high;" whispered Miss Peter, with her mouth close to Pinky's ear.

"All right," Pinky whispered back; "they know how to do it."

At the foot of the stairs Pinky said: "You take her out through the yard, while I pay for the oysters. I'll be with you in a moment."

Poor Flora was already too much confused by the drugged liquor she had taken to know what they were doing with her.

Hastily paying for the oysters and liquor, Pinky was on hand in a few moments. From the back door of the house they entered a small yard, and passed from this through a gate into a narrow private alley shut in on each side by a high fence. This

alley ran for a considerable distance, and had many gates opening into it from yards, hovels and rear buildings, all of the most forlorn and wretched character. It terminated in a small street.

Along this alley Pinky and the girl she had met at the restaurant supported Flora, who was fast losing strength and consciousness. When halfway down, they held a brief consultation.

"It won't do," said Pinky, "to take her through to — Street. She's too far gone, and the police will be down on us and carry her off."

"Norah's got some place in there," said the other, pointing to an old wooden building close by.

"I'm out with Norah," replied Pinky, "and don't mean to have anything more to do with her."

"Where's your room?"

"That isn't the go. Don't want her there. Pat Maley's cellar is just over yonder. We can get in from the alley."

"Pat's too greedy a devil. There wouldn't be anything left of her when he got through. No, no, Pinky; I'll have nothing to do with it if she's to go into Pat Maley's cellar."

"Not much to choose between 'em," answered Pinky. "But it won't do to parley here. We must get her in somewhere."

And she pushed open a gate as she spoke. It swung back on one hinge and struck the fence with a bang, disclosing a yard that beggared description in its disorder and filth. In the back part of this yard was a one-and-a-half-story frame building, without windows, looking more like an old chicken-house or pig-stye than a place for human beings to live in. The loft over the first story was reached by a ladder on the outside. Above and below the hovel was laid off in kind of stalls or bunks furnished with straw. There were about twenty of these. It was a ten-cent lodging-house, filled nightly. If this wretched hut or stye—call it what you will—had been torn down, it would not have brought ten dollars as kindling-wood. Yet its owner, a gentleman (?) living handsomely up town, received for it the annual rent of two hundred and fifty dollars. Subletted at an average of two dollars a night, it gave an income of nearly seven hundred dollars a year. It was known as the "Hawk's Nest," and no bird of prey ever had a fouler nest than this.

As the gate banged on the fence a coarse, evil-looking man, wearing a dirty Scotch cap and a red shirt, pushed his head up from the cellar of the house that fronted on the street.

"What's wanted?" he asked, in a kind of growl, his upper lip twitching and drawing up at one side in a nervous way, letting his teeth appear.

"We want to get this girl in for a little while," said Pinky. "We'll take her away when she comes round. Is anybody in there?" and she pointed to the hovel.

The man shook his head.

"How much?" asked Pinky.

"Ten cents apiece," and he held out his hand.

Pinky gave him thirty cents. He took a key from

his pocket, and opened the door that led into the lower room. The stench that came out as the door swung back was dreadful. But poor Flora Bond was by this time so relaxed in every muscle, and so dead to outward things, that it was impossible to get her any farther. So they bore her into this horrible den, and laid her down in one of the stalls on a bed of loose straw. Inside, there was nothing but these stalls and straw—not a table or chair, or any article of furniture. They filled up nearly the entire room, leaving only a narrow passage between them. The only means of ventilation was by the door.

As soon as Pinky and her companion in this terrible wickedness were alone with their victim, they searched her pocket for the key of her travelling-bag. On finding it, Pinky was going to open it, when the other said: "Never mind about that; we can examine her baggage in a safer place. Let's go for the movables."

And saying this, she fell quickly to work on the person of Flora, slipping out the ear-rings first, then removing her breast-pin and finger-rings, while Pinky unbuttoned the new gaiter boots, and drew off both boots and stockings, leaving upon the damp straw the small, bare feet, pink and soft almost as a baby's.

It did not take these harpies five minutes to possess themselves of everything but the poor girl's dress and undergarments. Cloth oversack, pocket-book, collar, linen cuffs, hat, shoes and stockings—all these were taken.

"Hallow!" cried the keeper of this foul den as the two girls hurried out with the travelling-bag and a large bundle sooner than he had expected; and he came quickly forth from the cellar in which he lived like a cruel spider and tried to intercept them, but they glided through the gate and were out of his reach before he could get near. He could follow them only with obscene invectives and horrible oaths. Well he knew what had been done—that there had been a robbery in the "Hawk's Nest," and he not in to share the booty.

Growling like a savage dog, this wretch, in whom every instinct of humanity had long since died—this human beast, who looked on innocence and helplessness as a wolf looks upon a lamb—strode across the yard and entered the den. Lying in one of the stalls upon the foul, damp straw he found Flora Bond. Cruel beast that he was, even he felt himself held back as by an invisible hand, as he looked at the pure face of the insensible girl. Rarely had his eyes rested on a countenance so full of innocence. But the wolf has no pity for the lamb, nor the hawk for the dove. The instinct of his nature quickly asserted itself.

Avarice first. From the face his eyes turned to see what had been left by the two girls. An angry imprecation fell from his lips when he saw how little remained for him. But when he lifted Flora's head and unbound her hair, a gleam of pleasure came into his foul face. It was a full suit of rich chestnut brown, nearly three feet long, and fell in thick

masses over her breast and shoulders. He caught it up eagerly, drew it through his great ugly hands, and gloated over it with something of a miser's pleasure as he counts his gold. Then taking a pair of scissors from his pocket, he ran them over the girl's head with the quickness and skill of a barber, cutting close down, that he might not lose even the sixteenth part of an inch of her rich tresses. An Indian scalping his victim could not have shown more eagerness. An Indian's wild pleasure was in his face as he lifted the heavy mass of brown hair and held it above his head. It was not a trophy—not a sign of conquest and triumph over an enemy—but simply plunder, and had a market value of fifteen or twenty dollars.

The dress was next examined; it was new, but not of a costly material. Removing this, the man went out with his portion of the spoils, and locked the door, leaving the half-clothed, unconscious girl lying on the damp, filthy straw, that swarmed with vermin. It was cold as well as damp, and the chill of a bleak November day began creeping into her warm blood. But the stupefying draught had been well compounded, and held her senses locked.

Of what followed we cannot write, and we shiver as we draw a veil over scenes that should make the heart of all Christendom ache—scenes that are repeated in thousands of instances year by year in our large cities, and no hand is stretched forth to succor and no arm to save. Under the very eyes of the courts and the churches things worse than we have described—worse than the reader can imagine—are done every day. The foul dens into which crime goes freely, and into which innocence is betrayed, are known to the police, and the evil work that is done is ever before them. From one victim to another their keepers pass unquestioned, and plunder, debauch, ruin and murder with an impunity frightful to contemplate. As was said by a distinguished author, speaking of a kindred social enormity, "There is not a country throughout the earth on which a state of things like this would not bring a curse. There is no religion upon earth that it would not deny; there is no people on earth that it would not put to shame."

And we are Christians!

No. Of what followed we cannot write. Those who were near the "Hawk's Nest" heard that evening, soon after nightfall, the single wild, prolonged cry of a woman. It was so full of terror and despair that even the hardened ears that heard it felt a sudden pain. But they were used to such things in that region, and no one took the trouble to learn what it meant. Even the policeman moving on his beat stood listening for only a moment, and then passed on.

Next day, in the local columns of a city paper, appeared the following:

"FOUL PLAY.—About eleven o'clock last night the body of a beautiful young girl, who could not have been over seventeen years of age, was discovered lying on the pavement in — street. No one knew how she came there. She was quite dead when

found. There was nothing by which she could be identified. All her clothes but a single undergarment had been removed, and her hair cut off close to her head. There were marks of brutal violence on her person. The body was placed in charge of the coroner, who will investigate the matter."

On the day after, this paragraph appeared:

"SUSPICION OF FOUL PLAY.—The coroner's inquest elicited nothing in regard to the young girl mentioned yesterday as having been found dead and stripped of her clothing in — street. No one was able to identify her. A foul deed at which the heart shudders has been done; but the wretches by whom it was committed have been able to cover their tracks."

And that was the last of it. The whole nation gives a shudder of fear at the announcement of an Indian massacre and outrage. But in all our large cities are savages more cruel and brutal in their instincts than the Comanches, and they torture and outrage and murder a hundred poor victims for every one that is exposed to Indian brutality, and there comes no succor. Is it from ignorance of the fact? No, no, no! There is not a judge on the bench, not a lawyer at the bar, not a legislator at the State capital, not a mayor or police-officer, not a minister who preaches the Gospel of Christ, who came to seek and save, not an intelligent citizen, but knows of all this.

What then? Who is responsible? The whole nation arouses itself at news of an Indian assault upon some defenceless frontier settlement, and the general government sends troops to succor and to punish. But who takes note of the worse than Indian massacres going on daily and nightly in the heart of our great cities? Who hunts down and punishes the human wolves in our midst whose mouths are red with the blood of innocence? Their deeds of cruelty outnumber every year a hundred—nay, a thousand-fold the deeds of our red savages. Their haunts are known, and their work is known. They lie in wait for the unwary, they gather in the price of human souls, none hindering, at our very church-doors. Is no one responsible for all this? Is there no help? Is evil stronger than good, hell stronger than Heaven? Have the churches nothing to do in this matter? Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost—came to the lowliest, the poorest and the vilest, to those over whom devils had gained power, and cast out the devils. Are those who call themselves by His name diligent in the work to which He put His blessed hands? Millions of dollars go yearly into magnificent churches, but how little to the work of saying and succoring the weak, the helpless, the betrayed, the outcast and the dying, who lie uncared for at the mercy of human fiends, and often so near to the temples of God that their agonized appeals for help are drowned by the organ and choir!

REAL sorrow is almost as difficult to discover as real poverty. An instinctive delicacy hides the rage of the one and the wounds of the other.



## THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

No. V.

I AM vexed with girls saying: "Oh, it's good enough for everyday!" A girl will set the table for dinner, and as she throws the dirty cloth on in a careless, untidy way, stained with coffee and eggs and fruit juices, she will say: "It's good enough for everyday—nobody here but our own folks!"

As she puts on the cream-pitcher, minus a handle, or the sugar-bowl, with a broken lid, she thinks, "Oh, there'll be nobody here this time!"

She waits on the table without having brushed her hair, or put on a fresh collar; with, maybe, a button or two off her dress—but she thinks, "Heh, only our own folks!"

Oh, my dear girl, don't do it! How can your parents admire you, or your brothers and sisters feel proud of you, and what a low estimate of womankind you are giving them to carry out into the world with them. When you do this, you do not respect yourself. You feel as mean as you look. Don't allow yourself to have "company manners"—be neat and lady-like all the time—use good language, and encourage your family in doing the same.

Some girls always have to run and hide, or "fix up," whenever they hear a rap at the door. How common, when there is a rap, to hear girls say, "Oh, you go—see how awful I do appear!"

"Oh, no, you; my head's not seen a comb to-day!" "Oh, look at this old rag of a dress! I can't go—so, there, now!"

This is a bad state of affairs.

Farmers' wives and daughters have said to me, "I can't go looking neat about my work. I have to milk and bake and churn and feed pigs; how can I? If you were in my place, you'd see."

I've been over every inch of ground you tell of, and I only know of one kind of work in which a woman may appear like a fright, and really, in that case, she is excusable—that is, picking geese. Deuce take the geese! I say—member in good standing in the regular Baptist Church, as I am—I do say it!

I wish a Yankee would invent a machine into which a goose could be thrust, and come out picked as bare as my hand, with its tail cut off behind its ears!

I knew of a young man once who saw his betrothed picking geese, and the sight affected him so that his love all evaporated—he hadn't a grain left.

To a woman who says she can't see how a farmer's wife or daughter can be tidily dressed while employed with all sorts of work, we say: Calico is cheap, and plain, neat dresses easily made; have plenty of them, then. You can have two or three large, white aprons with ties, half a dozen collars made to pin on in a trice, and you can take time enough to brush your hair smoothly early in the

morning, when you wash. If you are churning and working butter, put your sleeves up—the best plan is to roll them back, as you turn back a wide cuff, if only shoved up they will slip down every two minutes.

If carrying off buttermilk, or the milk after skimming, be careful and not fill your pails too full to carry without slopping.

If your dress is long, and you are working in the cellar or spring-house, pin it back in front and catch it up behind, and let your wide apron cover all.

If your breastpin and ear-drops are not too elaborate, or too valuable, wear them about your work.

Just look as pretty as you please, and as sweet as you can—never mind what the old croakers say. Jewelry is not out of place for everyday wear. But, girls, don't let this suggestion of mine make you loiter before the glass.

Don't you see that this is all easily done, and you are looking neat while at work? Clean dress, and wide apron, and collar, and smooth hair, and jewelry—and, if your arms are bare, I'm sure they are pretty. You would need no change at all if your pastor or friend or a book agent were to call. So, girls, teach yourselves the habit of neatness; don't be so slovenly that you will have to run and hide when any person comes.

At this season of the year, when people use salt fish, many are not aware that there is a right and a wrong way of freshening fish. Those who have seen the process of evaporating salt at the salt-works, know that the salt falls to the bottom. Just so it is in the crock where your mackerel or white fish lies soaking. If it lies with the skin-side down, the salt will fall to the skin and there remain; when, if placed with the flesh-side down, the salt falls to the bottom of the crock, and the fish comes out freshened, as it should be. In the other case, it is nearly as salty as when first put in the water.

Use fish and fowl and wild meat and mutton and beef in preference to fat pork at this season, if you can get it.

Avoid fat meat, rich cakes, pies, puddings, and live simply and naturally. Use your canned fruit now, with baked apples, tomatoes, pickles in moderation, buttermilk cheese with cream over it, custards, and all these things that people don't eat in the winter. Use green vegetables, but eat all kinds of food in moderation—leave the table feeling a little hungry. Any man or woman who overeats is not a whit better than the man who overdrinks, and tumbles into the ditch—drunk. Both are simply intemperance.

No one would guess what was the last job of work

I did. Why making a cushion for father and me to sit on when we ride to Baptist meeting! We have always sat on a comfort or a blanket, but after I saw the cushion that Sister Hartman made I thought we must have one like it. I will tell you how they are made. She took all the little fragments and ravelings and odds and ends left after making her last web of carpet, shook them well, out in the wind, dropping from one basket to another, so as to get out every bit of dust, threw out every hem, and seam, and thick place, and then spread them evenly on a piece of coffee sacking that was put in the frames, the same as a quilt. Cover with gay calico, or patchwork, or black cloth, and quilt it, or catch it in places the same as a comfort. Ours is as nice a cushion as goes to that church.

A mattress for a lounge can be made this way, or square or long cushions for old easy chairs, or one to lay in the bottom of the baby's crib. Care should be taken to spread the rags evenly and lightly.

While I worked at this, Ida made a mat to lie beside by writing-desk. She took sacking, covered it with calico, and then sewed bright bits of flannel and merino and opera cloth all over it. It is very neat. Lily is making one to put beside the deacon's bed, and granny is making her own. There is such a fellow feeling among us that we like to work at the same kind of employment.

One of the nicest desserts that I know of for a cosey tea table is to take sound sweet apples, bake them slowly till soft, set them away till cold, then peel the skin off neatly and slice them as you would peaches. Serve with rich cream and white sugar.

This is but little inferior to a dish of fresh peaches and cream.

With your boiled dinners don't forget to have grated horseradish and vinegar. Don't scrape, but use a grater. One of our boarders once brought me this recipe from his good old mother. I never tried it, but I know it is good.

For horseradish sauce, grate a heaping tablespoonful very fine, put it in your sauce tureen with a teaspoonful of made mustard, a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of good vinegar and four tablespoonfuls of rich cream.

Girls, I want you to turn over a new leaf—that's so. If I didn't love every blessed girl of you, I would not insist on it.

How many of you cut into the work that must be done, and get it all out of the way by the time the dinner dishes are washed, and are then ready to put on cool, clean dresses and sit down and sew and rest and read?

Now I don't want a nose to turn up, or any one to begin to whine out, "Oh, it takes so long to get through with our work! If you only knew, Pipsey, how it goes!"

I do know every inch of the ground, child, for I've worked the best years of my life slavishly, from the early dawn till bedtime, without taking off the har-

ness or slacking my pace at all. I did not work systematically, and did a good deal of unnecessary work.

Have a day set to wash; sort the washing the night before, putting the white clothes to soak in warm water, if convenient, in which you have dissolved a bit of chloride of lime, or put spirits of ammonia, or spirits of turpentine—a spoonful to a quart of soap—get to washing early, and have it done before noon. Iron Tuesday morning.

While ironing, and you have a hot fire, it is a good time to bake a custard, or a pudding, or to stew a few handfuls of dried fruit, ready for supper.

If stewing peaches, plums, apples or berries, and you want a change, add a handful of prunes, raisins, English currants, or something to change the flavor. Don't stir your fruit while it is cooking, just shake the stew-pan so as not to break the fruit. Set it away to cool; sprinkle white sugar over it when brought to the table.

By good management you can generally get your jobs of work all out of the way by one o'clock; then wash, and fix your hair, and dress up pretty, and sit down and read and sew. You *must* take time to read, to store your mind and to be intelligent.

I wonder how many women there are who took the trouble to inform themselves what the Credit Mobilier was, or who knew what the Louisiana imbroglio meant? And yet every woman of us should know—so intelligently, too, that we could talk about it. *Yes, it is our business, too.* I heard what you muttered in your far-off homes. If we cannot understand these topics that loom up so suddenly in the financial and political world, we should not hesitate to go to the most obliging man in our neighborhood and say: "I don't know what this means; I wish you would simplify it more than the papers do, so I can understand it; talk it as though I were a little child." After you know, be sure and tell it to your brothers and sisters; make them comprehend it. Never feel ashamed to confess your ignorance or to ask others to enlighten you. Many a big brother is not posted on public questions and affairs, and he is ashamed when among men who talk on these themes and he finds himself left out and unnoticed.

Don't let this be so, girls; do all you can to develop their minds, to enlarge their capacities for understanding, to make them grow up the full stature of a noble and intellectual manhood.

If they may not develop into men of intellect, they may make practical men of sterling good sense, and that is far better than a great mind ill-balanced, fickle, visionary.

Remember, just as far as possible, in that which is good, and noble, and elevating, to lead your brothers and sisters along with you. If you find a choice poem, read it aloud to them, it will make it ten times better to you; point out the beautiful places, the finest thoughts, and draw their attention to the poet's manner of expression.

Don't allow them to indulge in unjust suspicions of others; teach them not to gossip, not to be the

first to tell an evil tale, or even to mention it to another.

I do believe our brothers will be just what we sisters make them.

What a fearful responsibility rests upon us!

I think light lawns or prints or white jaconets make such pretty wrappers for women to wear in the warm afternoons, even elderly women as well as girls. Because a woman is old it is no excuse for wearing sober browns, and dead grays, when light, airy lawns are so much cooler. If you are a real old lady, and think a white lawn with brown or purple dots in it is too gay, you can tone it down with a black silk apron, or a black velvet bow to fasten your collar. That will give it the matronly air of respectability or discretion or propriety, or whatever you think it lacks. Yes, by all means let the mothers and grandmothers dress cool and summery.

One of the prettiest wrappers I ever saw, Ida made out of a white barred jaconet dress that was made the old-fashioned way with a very full skirt. It is cut to half fit the figure, sloping behind and at the sides, but loose in front. She trimmed it down the front and around the bottom with a two-inch wide bias strip of buff chambray, tied it with a ribbon of the same color round the waist, and had the collar fastened with a bow of buff ribbon.

Where the skirt had to be pieced it came in the waist, and was so matched that the seams fell in the bars and didn't show.

I know there are some days in which the work cannot all be done by noon, but they are only occasional ones. Women should take better care of themselves and try and preserve their good looks and their elasticity of spirits, and not sink into premature old age.

I feel very sorry for women who have not time to read. I know those who have little children can hardly find a quiet hour, unless it be at night, and then it is not good for weary eyes to read much by lamplight.

When these three children were small I had little time to read except when I was churning. I always felt so glad when the whole family were abed; I would bring out the rocking-chair, trim the lamp, draw up the footstool, open the fresh, new *Tribune* and other late papers, and my happiness was complete.

But I was tired, and should have been in bed, and the penalty of nature's violated laws was paid by long weeks spent away from my dear ones in a strange city, under the care of a distinguished oculist. That was very hard and cost me many bitter tears.

When reading and the eyes begin to itch, or require frequent rubbing, or the print blurs and the lines all run together, that instant desist and go out into the cool air. If persisted in the result may prove fatal.

An old schoolmate of mine, a beautiful brown-eyed, happy girl, lost one eye entirely, and rendered the other defective by copying a braiding pattern—holding it up against a pane in the window.

She said when relating it: "I was very tired that afternoon, and a little out of humor and was determined to get it copied before night. It was an intricate pattern and hard to follow. My eyes itched so that I had to rub them every minute—that only vexed me the more, and I doggedly resolved that nothing should hinder me."

It was a fearful price she paid—her marvellous beauty was turned into repulsiveness which the brown goggles only enhanced.

Oh, our eyes are so precious that we cannot be too careful of them!

I have told you how handy it was to have putty on hand all the time.

I put some glass in the windows yesterday in a few minutes and did it quite as well as a man would have done it.

I said to Rube: "How do you soften putty that has been mixed up a good while?"

"Can't be done at all, unless you pound it all up fine and put oil with it and mix it over again."

Now I didn't half believe that, and as soon as he went out I opened the tin can in which I kept the putty, wrapped up as when I bought it, broke off a piece held it in hot water, worked it awhile, heated it again, and it was soon as soft as when first mixed.

After I had put in the glass I took the remaining putty, mended a leak in a pan, a hole in the foot-tub, and went about making myself generally useful.

I dread people who have hobbies worse than those who have contagious diseases.

There's old Byron Fisher and his wife, who live over on the Ridge, now they think that an ointment they call "Newton's grease," will cure everything, no matter what it is.

Why, I heard old Brother Fisher say once, right in covenant meeting, that he owed his life to Newton's grease and the Lord!

I went over there the other evening to get some pink-roots, and they asked me how my catarrh was. I told them it was about the same, sometimes very bad, then again I hardly felt it; that I experienced the most trouble from my asthma. Even then I was wheezing like a dilapidated old bellows, from my walk up hill.

"You can be cured of both, and it won't cost you mor'n a quarter," said he, sitting down, leaning back and sticking his feet up on a line with our faces.

Positively, I would have given our last year's files of the *Baptist Banner* to have seen the hind legs of his chair slip and let him down suddenly, the low-bred old backslider!

"All you have to do," said he, "is to take about three spoonfuls of Newton's grease, melt it, and snuff it up your nose as hot as you can bear it. For

masses over her breast and shoulders. He caught it up eagerly, drew it through his great ugly hands, and gloated over it with something of a miser's pleasure as he counts his gold. Then taking a pair of scissors from his pocket, he ran them over the girl's head with the quickness and skill of a barber, cutting close down, that he might not lose even the sixteenth part of an inch of her rich tresses. An Indian scalping his victim could not have shown more eagerness. An Indian's wild pleasure was in his face as he lifted the heavy mass of brown hair and held it above his head. It was not a trophy—not a sign of conquest and triumph over an enemy—but simply plunder, and had a market value of fifteen or twenty dollars.

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I AM vexed with girls saying: "Oh, it's good enough for everyday!" A girl will set the table for dinner, and as she throws the dirty cloth on in a careless, untidy way, stained with coffee and eggs and fruit juices, she will say: "It's good enough for everyday—nobody here but our own folks!"

As she puts on the cream-pitcher, minus a handle, or the sugar-bowl, with a broken lid, she thinks, "Oh, there'll be nobody here this time!"

She waits on the table without having brushed her hair, or put on a fresh collar; with, maybe, a button or two off her dress—but she thinks, "Heh, only our own folks!"

Oh, my dear girl, don't do it! How can your parents admire you, or your brothers and sisters feel proud of you, and what a low estimate of womankind you are giving them to carry out into the world with them. When you do this, you do not respect yourself. You feel as mean as you look. Don't allow yourself to have "company manners"—be neat and lady-like all the time—use good language, and encourage your family in doing the same.

Some girls always have to run and hide, or "fix up," whenever they hear a rap at the door. How common, when there is a rap, to hear girls say, "Oh, you go—see how awful I do appear!"

"Oh, no, you; my head's not seen a comb to-day!" "Oh, look at this old rag of a dress! I can't go—so, there, now!"

This is a bad state of affairs.

Farmers' wives and daughters have said to me, "I can't go looking neat about my work. I have to milk and bake and churn and feed pigs; how can I? If you were in my place, you'd see."

I've been over every inch of ground you tell of, and I only know of one kind of work in which a woman may appear like a fright, and really, in that case, she is excusable—that is, picking geese. Deuce take the geese! I say—member in good standing in the regular Baptist Church, as I am—I do say it!

I wish a Yankee would invent a machine into which a goose could be thrust, and come out picked as bare as my hand, with its tail cut off behind its ears!

I knew of a young man once who saw his betrothed picking geese, and the sight affected him so that his love all evaporated—he hadn't a grain left.

To a woman who says she can't see how a farmer's wife or daughter can be tidily dressed while employed with all sorts of work, we say: Calico is cheap, and plain, neat dresses easily made; have plenty of them, then. You can have two or three large, white aprons with ties, half a dozen collars made to pin on in a trice, and you can take time enough to brush your hair smoothly early in the

morning, when you wash. If you are churning and working butter, put your sleeves up—the best plan is to roll them back, as you turn back a wide cuff, if only shoved up they will slip down every two minutes.

If carrying off buttermilk, or the milk after skimming, be careful and not fill your pails too full to carry without slopping.

If your dress is long, and you are working in the cellar or spring house, pin it back in front and catch it up behind, and let your wide apron cover all.

If your breastpin and ear-drops are not too elaborate, or too valuable, wear them about your work.

Just look as pretty as you please, and as sweet as you can—never mind what the old croakers say. Jewelry is not out of place for everyday wear. But, girls, don't let this suggestion of mine make you loiter before the glass.

Don't you see that this is all easily done, and you are looking neat while at work? Clean dress, and wide apron, and collar, and smooth hair, and jewelry—and, if your arms are bare, I'm sure they are pretty. You would need no change at all if your pastor or friend or a book agent were to call. So, girls, teach yourselves the habit of neatness; don't be so slovenly that you will have to run and hide when any person comes.

At this season of the year, when people use salt fish, many are not aware that there is a right and a wrong way of freshening fish. Those who have seen the process of evaporating salt at the salt-works, know that the salt falls to the bottom. Just so it is in the crock where your mackerel or white fish lies soaking. If it lies with the skin-side down, the salt will fall to the skin and there remain; when, if placed with the flesh-side down, the salt falls to the bottom of the crock, and the fish comes out freshened, as it should be. In the other case, it is nearly as salty as when first put in the water.

Use fish and fowl and wild meat and mutton and beef in preference to fat pork at this season, if you can get it.

Avoid fat meat, rich cakes, pies, puddings, and live simply and naturally. Use your canned fruit now, with baked apples, tomatoes, pickles in moderation, buttermilk cheese with cream over it, custards, and all these things that people don't eat in the winter. Use green vegetables, but eat all kinds of food in moderation—leave the table feeling a little hungry. Any man or woman who overeats is not a whit better than the man who overdrinks, and tumbles into the ditch—drunk. Both are simply intemperance.

No one would guess what was the last job of work

I did. Why making a cushion for father and me to sit on when we ride to Baptist meeting! We have always sat on a comfort or a blanket, but after I saw the cushion that Sister Hartman made I thought we must have one like it. I will tell you how they are made. She took all the little fragments and ravelings and odds and ends left after making her last web of carpet, shook them well, out in the wind, dropping from one basket to another, so as to get out every bit of dust, threw out every hem, and seam, and thick place, and then spread them evenly on a piece of coffee sacking that was put in the frames, the same as a quilt. Cover with gay calico, or patchwork, or black cloth, and quilt it, or catch it in places the same as a comfort. Ours is as nice a cushion as goes to that church.

A mattress for a lounge can be made this way, or square or long cushions for old easy chairs, or one to lay in the bottom of the baby's crib. Care should be taken to spread the rags evenly and lightly.

While I worked at this, Ida made a mat to lie beside by writing-desk. She took sacking, covered it with calico, and then sewed bright bits of flannel and merino and opera cloth all over it. It is very neat. Lily is making one to put beside the deacon's bed, and granny is making her own. There is such a fellow feeling among us that we like to work at the same kind of employment.

One of the nicest desserts that I know of for a cosy tea table is to take sound sweet apples, bake them slowly till soft, set them away till cold, then peel the skin off neatly and slice them as you would peaches. Serve with rich cream and white sugar.

This is but little inferior to a dish of fresh peaches and cream.

With your boiled dinners don't forget to have grated horseradish and vinegar. Don't scrape, but use a grater. One of our boarders once brought me this recipe from his good old mother. I never tried it, but I know it is good.

For horseradish sauce, grate a heaping tablespoonful very fine, put it in your sauce tureen with a teaspoonful of made mustard, a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of good vinegar and four tablespoonfuls of rich cream.

Girls, I want you to turn over a new leaf—that's so. If I didn't love every blessed girl of you, I would not insist on it.

How many of you cut into the work that must be done, and get it all out of the way by the time the dinner dishes are washed, and are then ready to put on cool, clean dresses and sit down and sew and rest and read?

Now I don't want a nose to turn up, or any one to begin to whine out, "Oh, it takes so long to get through with our work! If you only knew, Pipsey, how it goes!"

I do know every inch of the ground, child, for I've worked the best years of my life slavishly, from the early dawn till bedtime, without taking off the har-

ness or slacking my pace at all. I did not work systematically, and did a good deal of unnecessary work.

Have a day set to wash; sort the washing the night before, putting the white clothes to soak in warm water, if convenient, in which you have dissolved a bit of chloride of lime, or put spirits of ammonia, or spirits of turpentine—a spoonful to a quart of soap—get to washing early, and have it done before noon. Iron Tuesday morning.

While ironing, and you have a hot fire, it is a good time to bake a custard, or a pudding, or to stew a few handfuls of dried fruit, ready for supper.

If stewing peaches, plums, apples or berries, and you want a change, add a handful of prunes, raisins, English currants, or something to change the flavor. Don't stir your fruit while it is cooking, just shake the stew-pan so as not to break the fruit. Set it away to cool; sprinkle white sugar over it when brought to the table.

By good management you can generally get your jobs of work all out of the way by one o'clock; then wash, and fix your hair, and dress up pretty, and sit down and read and sew. You must take time to read, to store your mind and to be intelligent.

I wonder how many women there are who took the trouble to inform themselves what the Credit Mobilier was, or who knew what the Louisiana imbroglio meant? And yet every woman of us should know—so intelligently, too, that we could talk about it. *Yes, it is our business, too.* I heard what you muttered in your far-off homes. If we cannot understand these topics that loom up so suddenly in the financial and political world, we should not hesitate to go to the most obliging man in our neighborhood and say: "I don't know what this means; I wish you would simplify it more than the papers do, so I can understand it; talk it as though I were a little child." After you know, be sure and tell it to your brothers and sisters; make them comprehend it. Never feel ashamed to confess your ignorance or to ask others to enlighten you. Many a big brother is not posted on public questions and affairs, and he is ashamed when among men who talk on these themes and he finds himself left out and unnoticed.

Don't let this be so, girls; do all you can to develop their minds, to enlarge their capacities for understanding, to make them grow up the full stature of a noble and intellectual manhood.

If they may not develop into men of intellect, they may make practical men of sterling good sense, and that is far better than a great mind ill-balanced, fickle, visionary.

Remember, just as far as possible, in that which is good, and noble, and elevating, to lead your brothers and sisters along with you. If you find a choice poem, read it aloud to them, it will make it ten times better to you; point out the beautiful places, the finest thoughts, and draw their attention to the poet's manner of expression.

Don't allow them to indulge in unjust suspicions of others; teach them not to gossip, not to be the

first to tell an evil tale, or even to mention it to another.

I do believe our brothers will be just what we sisters make them.

What a fearful responsibility rests upon us!

I think light lawns or prints or white jaconets make such pretty wrappers for women to wear in the warm afternoons, even elderly women as well as girls. Because a woman is old it is no excuse for wearing sober browns, and dead grays, when light, airy lawns are so much cooler. If you are a real old lady, and think a white lawn with brown or purple dots in it is too gay, you can tone it down with a black silk apron, or a black velvet bow to fasten your collar. That will give it the matronly air of respectability or discretion or propriety, or whatever you think it lacks. Yes, by all means let the mothers and grandmothers dress cool and summery.

One of the prettiest wrappers I ever saw, Ida made out of a white barred jaconet dress that was made the old-fashioned way with a very full skirt. It is cut to half fit the figure, sloping behind and at the sides, but loose in front. She trimmed it down the front and around the bottom with a two-inch wide bias strip of buff chambray, tied it with a ribbon of the same color round the waist, and had the collar fastened with a bow of buff ribbon.

Where the skirt had to be pieced it came in the waist, and was so matched that the seams fell in the bars and didn't show.

I know there are some days in which the work cannot all be done by noon, but they are only occasional ones. Women should take better care of themselves and try and preserve their good looks and their elasticity of spirits, and not sink into premature old age.

I feel very sorry for women who have not time to read. I know those who have little children can hardly find a quiet hour, unless it be at night, and then it is not good for weary eyes to read much by lamplight.

When these three children were small I had little time to read except when I was churning. I always felt so glad when the whole family were abed; I would bring out the rocking-chair, trim the lamp, draw up the footstool, open the fresh, new *Tribune* and other late papers, and my happiness was complete.

But I was tired, and should have been in bed, and the penalty of nature's violated laws was paid by long weeks spent away from my dear ones in a strange city, under the care of a distinguished oculist. That was very hard and cost me many bitter tears.

When reading and the eyes begin to itch, or require frequent rubbing, or the print blurs and the lines all run together, that instant desist and go out into the cool air. If persisted in the result may prove fatal.

An old schoolmate of mine, a beautiful brown-eyed, happy girl, lost one eye entirely, and rendered the other defective by copying a braiding pattern—holding it up against a pane in the window.

She said when relating it: "I was very tired that afternoon, and a little out of humor and was determined to get it copied before night. It was an intricate pattern and hard to follow. My eyes itched so that I had to rub them every minute—that only vexed me the more, and I doggedly resolved that nothing should hinder me."

It was a fearful price she paid—her marvellous beauty was turned into repulsiveness which the brown goggles only enhanced.

Oh, our eyes are so precious that we cannot be too careful of them!

I have told you how handy it was to have putty on hand all the time.

I put some glass in the windows yesterday in a few minutes and did it quite as well, as a man would have done it.

I said to Rube: "How do you soften putty that has been mixed up a good while?"

"Can't be done at all, unless you pound it all up fine and put oil with it and mix it over again."

Now I didn't half believe that, and as soon as he went out I opened the tin can in which I kept the putty, wrapped up as when I bought it, broke off a piece held it in hot water, worked it awhile, heated it again, and it was soon as soft as when first mixed.

After I had put in the glass I took the remaining putty, mended a leak in a pan, a hole in the foot-tub, and went about making myself generally useful.

I dread people who have hobbies worse than those who have contagious diseases.

There's old Byron Fisher and his wife, who live over on the Ridge, now they think that an ointment they call "Newton's grease," will cure everything, no matter what it is.

Why, I heard old Brother Fisher say once, right in covenant meeting, that he owed his life to Newton's grease and the Lord!

I went over there the other evening to get some pink-roots, and they asked me how my catarrh was. I told them it was about the same, sometimes very bad, then again I hardly felt it; that I experienced the most trouble from my asthma. Even then I was wheezing like a dilapidated old bellows, from my walk up hill.

"You can be cured of both, and it won't cost you mor'n a quarter," said he, sitting down, leaning back and sticking his feet up on a line with our faces.

Positively, I would have given our last year's files of the *Baptist Banner* to have seen the hind legs of his chair slip and let him down suddenly, the low-bred old backslider!

"All you have to do," said he, "is to take about three spoonfuls of Newton's grease, melt it, and snuff it up your nose as hot as you can bear it. For

the sake of gettin' well, you could stand it pretty hot, you know; and for the asthma I would advise you to rub it on well all over your breast and throat, and up under your ears, and take about a table-spoonful inwardly three times a day."

That riled me, and I up and said: "Brother Fisher, do you suppose I have no feelings at all? I'd hug my catarrh, and rejoice and gloat over my asthma, and feel rich in their possession, before I'd treat my sensitive mortal frame with such indignity! I, a woman in good standing in the church? Never!"

"I don't insist on it," said he; "it's none of my business; but here it is before you, life and health and strength, or a poor patched-up, old frame, not able to stand anything—a-wheeling around this way!"

I smiled, and turned the subject, though I felt as if my eyes snapped fire.

Sister Fisher sat combing her hair; it was long and even, and I couldn't help admiring it. I said, "Your hair is very beautiful for a woman of your age. I don't see how you keep it looking so bright and glossy."

She laughed, a little embarrassed sniff, and said she took good care of it.

"Well, tell the whole truth," said he, looking as though I were his victim; "she never dyes her hair, just uses Newton's grease pretty freely; that answers the same as a dye, with none of its bad effects, and perfumes it agreeably, besides," and he looked at my thin, scraggy hair.

Just as we came out of the garden with the pink-roots, Dick and Chub came home from school.

"Our Chub was sick in school, to-day," said Dick.

"What 'peared to be the matter?" said old Byron, brightening up with the prospect of a case.

"Oh, jus' sick, and didn't want to play, or nothin'."

The father laid his hand roughly on the child's foretop, and turned his head back, bringing the little wan, pinched faced up into full view, and said, "Oh, it's wor-rums, I know by the white about his mouth—nothing but wor-rums; come in, son, I'll cure you in no time."

The child put up his lip pitifully, and clung to the mother's skirts.

"Come right along; none 'o your sniffin', or I'll 'tend to you in a way that'll quicken yer paces," said old Blue Beard.

"Oh, I don't want to take any more o' Newton's grease. I don't want to father; oh—oh!"

"Yes, you will, too! Chubbuck! come here this minute, or I'll whale you like a sack!" said the inhuman father.

I hurried away. As I closed the gate, it creaked on its rude wooden hinges with a doleful squall. I couldn't help it, really; I hailed out, "Brother Fisher; ho! Brother Fisher! your gate needs a dose of Newton's grease!"

Oh, but the old fellow did cast a vengeful, black glance at me! He looked as if—had he not been a member of Pottsville church—he would have told me with infinite relish, to go to some place not half so comfortable as home.

It is strange to what extremes some people do go with their particular whims.

This morning father said, "I dreamed last night that I was sleeping with the boys—one on each side of me."

"What boys?" I said.

"Oh, my oldest brothers," he replied, and his eyes were as bright and full of joy as though his dream had been a reality.

His brothers! boys!—both were dead, and both elderly men when they died; but in dreams they were little boys again. He had been carried back, gently and kindly and tenderly—sixty years.

The dream still seemed touched with reality, and under its influence he fell into talking about old times—of his birthplace, Montpelier; of the old farm in Essex Co., N. Y.; of the view of Lake Champlain, and of the long, wearisome journey to Ohio. But most, he dwelt on that theme, the boys. He laughed, and said, "I'll never forget what my Brother Clark said an hour or two after we had left Essex County, and started on our Ohioward journey. Clark was four or five years old, and had left a very dear little playmate of about his own age. He was sitting on his mother's lap, in the forepart of the wagon, and after they had ridden a few miles, the little fellow sighed, looked up into his mother's face, and said, 'I wonder if I'd know Lan Dowlan if I'd see him now!'"

Every day does this truth unfold itself to me plainer than ever: how very tenderly do the aged father and mother hold in the bonds of the most sacred affection their grown children! I am pained and amazed when I think of it. I cannot laugh, and am touched most tenderly with the story of the old mother buying a hat for her boy.

After she had bought a lot of things, she said, "Oh, I want a hat for Bub!" The clerk brought out some little boys' hats; they were too small. He brought others, but they were not large enough. At last the stock of boys' hats were exhausted, as was the patience of the clerk, and he said, in a waspish way, "Is your boy's head the usual size?" She assured him it was. No hat could be found to suit, and at last he said, "Why, we have all sizes and all kinds of hats; what is the age of your son?" "He is a little past thirty," was the meek reply of the loving mother.

To the fond mother, he, the rough, bronzed, bearded man, was "Bub, my boy!"

How beautiful is such a love shrined in the heart of a dear old mother! What agony for parents to feel that their children have grown away from them, that they don't need them, that they slight their commands and look upon them quite as they do upon others.

In making pies of rhubarb, don't forget to add a handful of raisins. If you stew the rhubarb first, and let it stand till cold it will not require as much sugar to sweeten it.



Cranberries should always be cooked, whether for pies, tarts or sauce; for, by boiling the sugar in, you have a fine jelly when cold, that would have been a thin juice if sweetened after being removed from the fire.

When a recipe reads "one cup of butter," quite one half of that can be good, sweet lard. Sweet white lard, if salted, is quite as good as butter for many kinds of common cake; it is even considered better by some, as it makes the cake more moist.

Molasses can be used instead of sugar, by being boiled and set away for that purpose.

I never could make that exceedingly nice kind of pie-crust, like some women do, it seems such a fussy way that I cannot have patience.

This is my way of making it, and I shouldn't wonder if it was good, for I often hear the girls say: "Oh, don't our Pipsey's pies taste good! I don't like other folks' pies half as well as I do ours."

I told you somewhere in this article not to eat pies, but I know you *will* do it, and, if you must, I'd rather you'd eat good ones.

In making pies, always mix your crust with pure cold water, rubbing just as little lard into the flour as will do. Make the undercrust only short enough to cut easily, it is more healthy than when made rich and short—and the undercrusts of pies are bad enough at best.

For the topcrust take the remainder of your dough on the pie-board, roll very thin, spread all over with a little lard or butter, then sprinkle on a good bit of flour, all over evenly, so much that you cannot see the butter or lard at all.

Then begin at one side, roll up tightly, let it lie a few minutes, then cut crosswise of the roll pieces large enough for an uppercrust, tip each piece upon the end, sprinkle well with flour, roll out to a desirable thickness, and cover your pie.

When baked, this crust will be white and flaky, and will break when cut as though very short. A nice-looking crust is made which is both economical and wholesome.

In rolling puff paste, always roll from you. In making any kind of juicy pies, have the oven hot by time the pies are made, else the lower crust will be sodden.

In baking bread, pies and cakes, if they are likely to burn or bake too fast, you must lay a piece of brown paper on them. To tell if a loaf or a cake is done, thrust a broom-splint down through the thickest place; if it comes out perfectly clean and smooth, it is done.

I did want to tell you how to wear your hair a pretty way, but this is not the place to tell it.

## ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY, AND THEIR FRIENDS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

MRS. MARY CLEMMER AMES has done her sex an inestimable service in her touching Memorial of Alice and Phoebe Cary.

The brothers of the dead sisters were peculiarly happy in their choice of a biographer. Mrs. Ames's relations with the two had been those of the closest possible intimacy. She was for long periods an inmate of their household. She had seen them under all the hard, disenchanting lights of everyday life. She knew these two women of whom she writes with such tender consecration of love and memory, as few women, except those nearest of kin, can know each other; had seen them amid all their domestic perplexities and anxieties and burdens. She had beheld both sides of the pattern—and every life has two—and knew amid what cares, and dreariness, and heartaches the workers wrought, with patient toil combining the shades and fashioning the web.

Hence the pictures of the lives of these two women and artists have all a kind of pre-Raphaelite minuteness and fidelity of touch.

"Every man's life," says some author, "is so largely made up of common-place things, resembles so much in its outward circumstances the lines about him, that it is impossible he should seem heroic or grand to those who are in daily intimacy with him."

This rule, so true in the main, seems to have met with an exception in the case of the Cary sisters.

No garish daylight, no familiarity and "commonness" of habit and living, has darkened the ideal which Mrs. Ames sees in these two women. Of course it might have been there all the same, and other eyes not had the power to discern it.

No doubt plenty of men and women knew Alice and Phoebe Cary who never saw, in their lives and characters, precisely what Mrs. Ames has shown us in this memorial; yet that does not prove that all did not exist there which her fine sympathetic intuition discovered.

Some critic says that she has made heroines of these two women. If she has, she has proved them heroic.

The whole book is evidently a work of love. It almost seems as you read, that you can hear the warm, throbbing heart of the woman, if you only put your ear to the pages and listen. And they who inspired this ideal affection, and held it amid all the toil and struggle and dreary "commonness" of such lives as yours and mine, must have been worthy of it.

Mrs. Ames's love is courageous. She is not content, as too many biographers are, with showing her characters on the stage merely, with the lights and music, the crowds and the applause.

Her picture of the two sisters after the long day's work was over, coming together in the soft twilight, and reading to each other in their musical, half-

deprecating tones the poems they had written since the morning, is as tender and beautiful as it is unique in literary history; but the writer takes us with her friends to the market, into the kitchen, through the bustle and perplexity of the annual "dressmaking," seats us at the breakfast-table. And if she shows us how Alice and Phoebe Cary carried themselves in their pleasant parlors, among a circle of the most gifted men and women of the land, she shows us also how they behaved to their employees and servants. They could bear that fine touchstone of true manhood or ladyhood, they respected the individuality of their inferiors as much as they did their own.

Alice and Phoebe Cary were still young women when they came from their Western home on the Ohio bottoms, to raise their roof-tree in New York. What courage and faith it required to undertake that! The more I think of it the more I am impressed with the indomitable bravery and energy of these sisters; especially the elder one, for Alice seems to have been the prime mover in this enterprise.

Many a strong man might have shrunk from the burden which this delicate, shrinking woman took upon her frail shoulders. Of course, those people who imagine that an author "writes as a bird sings," and "coins ducats" with every line, will see nothing wonderful in the purpose and success of these women; but to others who know something of the usual awards of literary labor, and what it meant to "feed a family from an inkstand," as Jerrold Douglas wittily says, there will be something morally heroic in the purpose of these sisters.

They were not romantic dreamers, these young Western women, who came to build their nest somewhere in the heart of the great, noisy Babel of New York; coming alone, too, for they had few friends at that time, and their whole capital lay in a pen, that tiniest of the world's weapons, and its mightiest.

The history of their childhood and youth is almost as harrowing as that of the triumvirate of gifted sisters, of whom Charlotte Brontë was the eldest.

To think of such a soul as Alice Cary living for so many years a life of such bare, grim poverty and grinding toil; with her inborn idealism; her yearning for culture and recognition; her writing her songs after the day's heavy drudgery was done, "by a saucer of lard, with a bit of rag for wick, when a candle was denied her!"

The history of authors, "sickening," as Longfellow says it is, has few more pathetic pictures than this one of the young poetess, in that lonely, brown homestead, which her own songs and her sister's were yet to make immortal.

But, at last, the music that was in her so deep and strong made its way into utterance in such a sweet, full tide, that the world stood still and listened, and before the voice grew silent Alice Cary stood at the head of American poetesses.

Mrs. Ames may well say that "the fine feminine gold of Alice Cary's nature was set in a will of iron." Otherwise, she never could have conquered the place

in the world, and did the work there which she did. Yet, an ineffable sadness clings to this book. Her life was certainly a success. She had genius, fame, money, devoted friends. She was the leader of a choice literary circle in the greatest American city, and yet what a sweet, sad, weary face looks out upon us from all the pages of this biography until we follow it to its still sleep, beneath the grassy slope at Greenwood.

For all that, Alice Cary's was a grand, heroic life. It gives no uncertain wound, as it strikes into the clangor and trumpeting of the world's great battle, with its strong, heroic note. It was her pen which bought the pleasant home on Twentieth street, and kept all its machinery in admirable working order, and made the rooms bright with art and ornament; and made them, also, a centre of attraction to men and women of the most varied culture and gifts, until, perhaps, the greatest of them wrote, "It was the sunniest drawing-room to be found between the King's Bridge and the Battery."

And overhead, in her own pleasant room, which ran the depth of the house, Alice Cary sat day after day, year in and year out, behind the drawn blinds, busy with the pen, which was the fountain-head of the family resources. Of course, she wrote too much for her fame, as everybody must who writes for money. Yet, what sweet songs bloomed perpetually out of the singer's heart! How they shook the air all over the land, and fell upon tired, aching souls, as light falls with healing and warmth and gladness.

The singer must have woven her own heart and life into the strain. It is a wonder that either held out so long with that perpetual strain upon them. She literally wore herself into the grave. The noise and clamor of the great city went on day after day, and far into the heart of the night, underneath those windows, where the quiet woman sat, with her sweet, sad face, and her marvellous eyes, whose beauty and radiance seemed something lost out of Heaven and wove her songs.

The springs came with their voices of birds, and rolled their billowy grasses and leaves all over the land; and the summers, with all their glories of light and blossoms for the country, and their hot, stifling days and nights for the great city, followed by autumns, with the splendors of their sunsets and the nectar of their morning airs; and the winter, darkened down at last with its winds and snows—and through all, she, who sang with felicitous sweetness of each, sat there writing poem after poem for the *Atlantic* and the *Ledger*, *Harper's Magazine*, and the *Independent*, and the poems would fall like the fresh singing of larks into human hearts, and into all the pain and sadness and denial of human lives, and help them to bear and work; but Alice Cary would never rise up and go out to all the sweet invitations of the great, glad nature which scattered its largess of leaves and blossoms over the hills and meadows, for the tired heart and the fainting feet, until at last both grew still.

"I take more interest," she wrote, "in life; in all

that concerns it, and in human beings every year that I live. If I fail of bringing something worthy to pass, I don't mean that it shall be for lack of energy or industry."

So the masterful will welded into the delicate feminine nature, held her on her way and to her work, until that, at last, fell from her stiffening fingers.

"She had settled so deeply into one groove of life and labor," says Mrs. Ames, "there seemed to be no mortal power that could wrest her out of it. She needed sunshine; she needed fresher, purer air; she needed change and rest; she needed a will wiser and more potent than her own to convince her of the inexorable laws of human life, and then compel her to their obedience."

So her lyrics grew and blossomed and floated broadcast like May petals all over the land. The critics shook their heads and said she wrote too much, and so she did. She was forced to it by hard necessity. "Her name was seen in print too often. This is one of the heaviest penalties which genius incurs in earning its living by a pen."

But, after all, the "common people" listened gladly. The lyrics of that fair, pale woman, seated behind the city blinds, floated up like summer winds laden with meadow clover, into lonely attics where weary women sat bending over their toil, into rough cabins and log-houses out on our frontiers, they nestled, like doves under the eaves, in the souls of care-worn men and women, and wherever they went they sang of hope and faith and courage, and in one way or another the refrain always fell: "I will be glad that I live and must die."

I never—and this will be a lifelong regret—met Alice Cary but once.

I stood, years ago, one summer morning at the door of the house on Twentieth Street, fortified with a letter of introduction to one or both of the sisters.

I was shown into the pleasant parlor, and its mistress came to meet me. I have forgotten almost everything but the face of Alice Cary as it shone on me for the first and last time. Such a fine, sweet, sad face as it was, with such a depth of tender radiance in those dark, mournful eyes. They were the windows through which you looked into the woman's soul. No words, at least none of mine, can describe their splendid beauty. It made you at once sad and glad to gaze into them.

Nothing could exceed the quiet cordiality of her manner. I felt at home with her in a moment, and we talked almost like old friends, though that was our first meeting, and proved to be our last.

Such a sincere, simple, earnest soul as I found that morning! She said she did her writing early in the day, and one would have fancied, by the way she alluded to this "writing," that it was a very small feature, and occupied a very small place in her life; yet we all know what a painstaking, earnest worker she was. But it was not in that finely-organized, tender nature to make her own affairs salient in the talk.

There was something half queenly in her quiet,

gracious dignity. No doubt the circumstances of her life and some melancholy vein in her own temperament had given a slight touch of morbidness to her whole character.

Her earlier poems are pitched too often in a morbid minor key, but through all what a brave, cheerful, helpful strain flows and sings.

And Alice Cary's lyrics were the "rhythmic echo" of her own soul.

There was an old French rule that no man should go from the monarch's presence with a sad heart, and so it seems to me that nobody could have left that tender, helpful presence without having its burdens, no matter how hardly they pressed, somewhat lightened.

We parted, I remember, with some half-formed plans of meeting again before the summer was over, and other summers brightened and faded, but their swift, flowing tide never drifted us together again; and so I never stood at the door of the house on Twentieth Street, over whose threshold so many of the world's famous men and women passed so often.

It was somewhere in the last May or June of Alice Cary's life that I met two of her most valued friends at a small dinner company: Horace Greeley and the poet, John G. Whittier. It had been, so his relatives informed me, a work of years and had required a good deal of diplomacy to beguile the Quaker poet from the shades of his quiet New England home to Brooklyn, where he had at last come on a brief visit.

Once there, however, he seemed quite at home with that thin, strong, keen face of his, and his simple, earnest manner. I remember how his poems rung their clear, sweet chimes through my thoughts, as I sat looking at the poet, and listening to his stories of the old days, when he stood with his handful of friends in the anti-slavery vanguard, and there were shouting mobs, and men and women fleeing for their lives, and persecutions and terrors. How like a dream it all seemed, and yet we could count on the fingers of one hand the decades within which it all happened!

How the poet's eyes blazed under their beetling brows as the old scenes came up and fired his soul!

Among his stories I remember one which went far back into the very dawn of our colonies, and was so full of tragic gloom and shifting lights of humor that I wondered if the whole would not blossom out sometime in some delicious old ballad, singing and sparkling with the very voices of winds and brooks and leaves through one's thoughts.

Whittier may have come upon the story in some musty old colonial record. At all events one could see, as he related the tale, that it had greatly impressed his imagination, and you will perceive what a rich quarry it afforded to his genius, though, so far as I know, the poet has never worked it.

A couple of friendless, hunted Quaker women had been brought before the colonial authorities on a charge of witchcraft.

None of the marks with which it was believed the

devil always signed and sealed the compact between himself and his emissaries in the Black Art, were found, on investigation, on the persons of the accused.

But the colonial bench gravely delivered its opinion as not at all convinced the devil was not aware these women could serve his purpose better as Quakers than witches, and they were accordingly banished, in due form, from the settlements; and after enduring incredible hardships and exposure in the wilderness, they were received and hospitably entertained by the Indians.

This was the story which Whittier told—and these men were our forefathers!

It happened that Horace Greeley sat next me at the table that night, having come directly from the house on Twentieth street, where he had been admitted to Alice Cary's sick-room. The visit had made a powerful impression on him, and he seemed hardly willing to talk of anything else, though this was our first interview.

I seem to hear now the slow feminine tones of the man, so singularly at variance with his heavy, ponderous frame and gait, as he said, half to himself, half to me, in a voice balanced between amazement and regret: "Why, Alice Cary is really broken down! I never could have conceived that illness would so shatter a nervous system, as it seems to have done in her case. The least emotion overcomes her. There was Phoebe and the rest of the household running at her slightest wish, waiting upon every movement with a breathless devotion that is really amazing. There is my wife now, she has been an invalid for many years, and yet her nervous system, the forces of her will, are not at all in the broken-down condition of Miss Cary's. Her case really seems to me hopeless."

So the king of journalists went on. I remember looking at him and thinking how impossible it seemed for him, with that ponderous physique and those iron nerves, to comprehend what pain was; to have the faintest notion of the rack, and strain, and anguish which the delicate organization of the woman had undergone before they had borne down the masterful will and splendid energies of Alice Cary.

Afterward, the talk led Horace Greeley to speak of himself, and he told us something of his work, and what it had been during those first years when he was establishing the *Tribune*. What a very Titan he had been when he took that pen of his! It did not seem possible that any merely human powers could have borne the long strain, and done the labor of those years.

I never saw Horace Greeley again. Yet what a little while it seems since I sat there and listened to his talk! Only three summers ago; and now all those of whom he spoke are gone into the unknown. Alice Cary and Phoebe, and the long-invalid wife, and last, and in some sense saddest of all, the speaker himself, with the great brain and the large, slow physique, that seemed good that night for a score of years of endurance and work.

Alice Cary went first of the four, as we all know, on a day lying right in the heart of February, with thick snows outside, and the earth underneath them had not felt the first thrill and touch of the spring that was coming.

"Waking," says Mrs. Ames—and I wonder if sweeter words were ever said of dying—"waking into the better land out of a slumber in this."

"The wittiest woman in America is dead. There are others who say many brilliant things, but I doubt if there is another so spontaneously and pointedly witty, in the sense that Sidney Smith was witty, as Phoebe Cary."

This is what Mrs. Ames says of the younger of the poetesses.

The characters of the two sisters seem to have been drawn on totally different backgrounds. I never met Phoebe Cary, but I do not see the faintest hint of family likeness in the two faces which accompany this memorial.

Yet in their fine sense of honor, their high conscientiousness, their simplicity, honesty, courage, there was a marked resemblance between the two women. "From the prevailing 'littlenesses' which Margaret Fuller says are the curse of women," both the sisters seem to have been "almost entirely free."

Yet with all that bright, flashing wit which put the most accomplished and gifted men who gathered under her roof on their mettle, Phoebe Cary seems to have been one of the humblest, most loving, tender, timid souls alive. She wrote far less, and had far less imaginative power, than her sister; yet the inspiration was there, and "rose to flood-tide at intervals."

We all know her exquisite parodies. Kate Ketcham, for instance, and that one on Longfellow's beautiful Lyric.

Mrs. Ames tells us she inherited the nature of both father and mother, and that this dual character pervaded even her poems.

"Through one nature she was the most literal of human beings. Never did there live such a disenchanter. Hold up to her in her literal, everyday mood your most precious dream, and in an instant, by a single rapier of a sentence, she would thrust it through, and strip it of the last vestige of glamour, and you would see nothing before you but a cold staring fact, ridiculous or dismal."

Yet with all this practical side her imagination could soar, and sing, and glorify whatever it touched.

She seems to have been one of those natures whose best powers ripen slowly. Essentially feminine as she was, her life was perhaps too much "an appendage of her gifted sister."

The indomitable energy, the resolute will of Alice Cary, carried her through everything. It was this which forced her out from the lonely cottage on the Ohio bottoms, and brought her into the thick of the world's great fight, where she lived, and toiled, and died.

It was different with Phoebe. With all her trench-



ant wit, her keen, lightning-like irony, she was still a dependent, child-like soul.

Alice, as I have said, literally worked herself to death. And there is something unutterably pathetic in her clinging to life; "not because she had any lack of faith in the other and higher, but because it seemed to her that she had not exhausted the possibilities, the fullness and sweetness of this."

With all the deep sadness and solitude of her soul, with all the weights of toil and care under which, at last, she succumbed, with all the pain and anguish which filled her days and nights, Alice Cary could still say at the last: "Oh, if God could only let me live ten years longer, it seems as if I wouldn't ask for any more time!"

It seems difficult to make up one's mind why Phoebe Cary should have died. Doubtless that sedentary life, the high, unwholesome temperatures to which both sisters accustomed themselves, and that long, tireless devotion to the beloved invalid, had sapped the vital energies of Phoebe Cary's life.

When she was left in the world without Alice, the motive power seems to have failed. It is very touching to find how she strove to bear up under it all, and to lead her daily life just as she would have done had Alice been by.

But soul and body seem to have failed in the struggle. A slow decline seized her; when the summer heats grew, and July had ripened into its last hours, Phoebe Cary followed her sister, only seventeen months behind; and the two, who read in the golden twilights their lyrics to each other, now read

them to sweeter music in a home which no pain can darken. "But," says Mrs. Ames, in concluding the story, "the house on Twentieth street is left desolate forever."

That thought hurts! When one thinks of all the loneliness and aches there are in the world; of all help and healing, the light and gladness men and women found under that roof; and that its lights are gone out forever, and that nobody can ever exactly take the place of Alice and Phoebe Cary in the hearts of these men and women. Why, as I said, the thought must hurt!

But, as the sisters went to the soft quiet of the graves at Greenwood—the one amid the spinning of winter snows, the other amid the billowy waving of summer grasses. So we shall all follow them in a little while.

Nothing can hurt them any more. And, shortly—it's pleasant to think that—nothing can hurt us any more. And, for the rest, there are the lines they left behind them; and the world is better because they lived.

The brothers, Mrs. Ames tells us, are still living "on and near the old farm homestead, strong, healthy, robust men.

"What if the old customs had still been in vogue, which, less than a century ago, condemned the education of woman as quite unnecessary for her sphere and work; and while these brothers had their chance with primer and pencil, Alice and Phoebe Cary, in accordance with the notions of those 'good old times,' had never been taught to read and write?"

## CROOKED PLACES.

### A STORY OF STRUGGLES AND HOPES.

BY EDWARD GARRETT,

*Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," "Premiums Paid to Experience," etc.*

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### COLLECTIVE WISDOM.

IT might be amusing, but it would scarcely be profitable, to detail all the domestic difficulties which Fergus Laurie had to meet before his party came off. Fergus said that the Harveys had a full, bright flower-stand, and he could not understand why they should not have the same. Now, the Harvey's flowers were always supplied by Mrs. Webber, who kept her old skill and luck with them, and fostered a few pennyworth of seeds into plants worth half-a-guinea. However, the Lauries bought six flowers in pots, at a shilling each. They had only been transplanted on the morning of the purchase. Robina deluged them with water, and set them out in the sun and wind. Then she forgot all about them for three days, in fact, till Fergus lifted them in again to adorn the room. They held their heads up fairly, poor things, for the evening of the party, and after that died as quickly as they possibly could.

It was the same with everything. Also, Fergus found that money was not only needed for the few

"extras" which he had sanguinely calculated as within an easy expenditure of two or three pounds at most. Money was also needed for the sudden supply of things which should have always been kept replaced and repaired. The tea-service, of a pattern which could once have been easily and cheaply matched, had been allowed to dwindle down to the veriest minimum of cups and saucers. It was now found to be as unique as if of the rarest porcelain. Robina wasted a whole day, and ever so many omnibus fares, going hither and thither vainly trying to match it. Fergus was so angry at this revelation of shiftlessness that Robina felt there was nothing for her but to obey without protest when he summoned her to accompany him to buy a new service, though it was a dreadfully wet evening, and she knew she had neglected to have her boots mended. Next day she was laid up with a cold, consequently the new service was not washed or arranged till the afternoon before the visitors came, when the charwoman did it in a great hurry, with considerable results of breakage.

However, everything was ready at last. During the last few hours, Robina made what she considered to be superhuman efforts, with marvellous results. In the morning all arrangements were chaos, by the afternoon they were just what they should be, but by such a strain upon Robina's temper, that when her brother came in and suggested some trivial change, her endurance gave way utterly, and she rated him soundly, and inconsequently—the two essentials of a fine scolding—till she was interrupted by a double knock.

George Harvey and his wife were the first arrivals. Mrs. Harvey and Millicent came next. David Maxwell and Mrs. Maxwell were the last. Mrs. Maxwell was invited because she was "a professional gentleman's" wife, and Mrs. Laurie and Robina thought that her presence would show that Christian was not their only opportunity of genteel society. Mrs. Maxwell, in her turn, having in reality no place to keep, was very particular "to keep her place," and her way of doing it was to cause tea to wait for her fully half an hour.

Mrs. Laurie and Robina intended to be very polite to Mrs. Harvey and Millicent. They said to each other: "We must pay them a good deal of attention, poor things."

They had made up their minds to pity them, because they were self-dependent, and Mrs. Laurie and Robina had their own private opinion that it was such hard lines to earn one's own living, that nobody would do it who could get any one else to do it for them. Mrs. Laurie used a sympathizing tone whenever she happened to name George to his mother—for surely Mrs. Harvey must have "felt" his marriage. Mrs. Harvey caught the tone, but innocently wondered what it could mean, and only hoped that Mrs. Laurie did not think George looked delicate.

Milly was very glad to see David Maxwell again. Indeed she was too glad, for her pleasure was as frank as it could have been had he been a girl! All unsophisticated as he was, David's heart taught him the difference between the gay, cheery greeting which he got, and the deferent reserve with which Milly received Fergus Laurie's welcome.

"Of course, she must prefer him," he quietly settled it within himself. "What could she see in me, and what does she know of me, and what can she ever know? Now, Fergus is so clever, and is able to show himself her friend. It is only to be expected."

It was strength and not weakness which helped David straight to this conclusion. For what was happening was really quite natural, and also quite right in its way, and it is not courage but infantine perversity which kicks against pricks that cannot be removed. But David himself did not know his own strength. He thought that he was constituted not to feel things as hotly as some people. He supposed that he was not "high-spirited"—like Fergus for instance—and forgot how that which is called "poorness of spirit" is the very chivalry of Heaven!

"How do the pictures get on?" Fergus inquired of Milly when the tea was fairly served and the little party had settled down in something like composure.

"I have nearly done them," Milly answered brightly; "that is to say, I have done their hardest part, but they will take some time yet, for I must take care to make the vegetation what it would be in such a place, time and season."

"Ah," said Fergus, with that peculiar critical voice which Milly was already learning to hear with respect. "Mind you don't let your details run away with you. Don't smother your ideal. Treat it largely."

What a wonderful young man for a mere clerk! Who was to remember that he had an art-loving master, and that artists and art-critics gossiped sometimes in the counting-house? Not that this need depreciate his talents. They were very real. Power to adapt and to apply is a great talent, and one without which all others are useless. Yet it, too, must have talents to work upon, and when it has not them within, but must grasp them from without, it often has a peculiar vanity of desiring to merge its own individuality in theirs. The quick to learn are prone to think that they taught themselves, and many a "self-made man" seems to forget even that he himself did not put his own brains into his own head.

But George Harvey was not so likely as his other hearers to let these dogmas pass unquestioned.

"I do not see that truth in a detail need destroy truth in the whole," he said. "God individualized every moss which He spread as an unnoticed carpet over the world. And however careful a grass is drawn, it will not be its finish, but its want of finish, which will give it undue importance in a picture. In proportion to its degree of finish it will fall into its proper place in art, as in nature."

"Yes, truly," Fergus responded. He had not followed George's argument beyond its first proposition, because he had been thinking what he should retort in his turn. "What I mean is, that we do not want the bare truth, but something more than the truth. For instance, there is a truth in the dry correctness of botany-book delineations, but that is not all the truth about flowers that grow in dew and sunshine. Nay, it is not the truth at all, for the very self-displaying attitudes in which the flowers must be posed for botanical purposes is a lie."

"Granted," George answered, readily, "but I maintain this, that an artist who would give flowers their proper human interest, who would make a heart's-ease, Bunyan's "herb heart's-ease," or a lily to outshine Solomon in all his glory, had best know about these flowers all that the botany-book can teach. Who could accept an emblem of cheerfulness and content with less petals than it ought to have, and the wrong sort of leaf?"

"Those who did not know," said Fergus, lightly, "and that would be most people!"

"And what, when they grew wiser?" George

asked, seriously. "When they learned to mistrust and condemn the symbol, would they grow in trust and love for the thing symbolized? Wherever a feeling is to be reproduced there should never be a jar or a failure in fact."

"Nor in fiction either," added Christian, half playfully; "I mean when anybody is writing a story he should not be so carried away by his heroics as to change his hero's name, or age, once or twice, and forget all about dates and times and seasons. It is done sometimes, though, and it destroys all my interest. I can't sympathize with a Harry whose name is occasionally Dick, and who keeps Christmas within a month of midsummer. I know such a being never shed a tear or felt a pang. In fact, I can't believe in him."

"No, and that destroys one's pleasure," observed David, "one likes to believe."

"Do you?" Fergus asked, half scornfully. "Then, I suppose, your highest praise is to say a book is 'just like life.' I want something more than that."

"A good deal depends upon what one thinks 'life' to be," said Christian, in an undertone.

"Oh, I do think books would be dull, if they were exactly real," said Robina Laurie. "One likes one's heroes and heroines to be something better than the common people around one—more beautiful and braver, more forgiving and more interesting altogether."

"But don't you think that is real, after all?" Milly interposed. "Don't you think it is only our own fault for not seeing it? It seems to need less insight to admire a shadow than a substance. Haven't you known people delighted with the picture of a place, in which they never noticed any particular beauty? I think that is like most of us with stories and real life."

"There is a great deal in that," said Fergus, meditatively.

"Is it not dreary work to separate the ideal from the real?" she went on eagerly. "Are they not the same? Is not the ideal simply the best view of a thing, and is not the best likely to be the truest? Would you not take a man's character from his friend rather than his foe?"

"I am entirely with you," Fergus observed, emphatically, with a quick response in the hazel eyes that looked so grave and keen.

"Well," suddenly put in Mrs. Maxwell, "I am sure it is generally those who know most about people who think least of them. I'm sure I don't think much of anybody I know."

The acid tone, even more than the bitter words, damped everybody for a moment, and made David's heart ache and sink.

Mrs. Harvey spoke first. Her words seemed to ignore the sour interruption, and yet they bore subtle rebuke for it and healing for any whom it might have wounded.

"The nearest may be wrong in judgment or in praise as well as the farthest off," she said. And then she gave a kindly illustration. "Don't you re-

member a certain poor old neighbor of ours, George, who would look at one out of two blackened eyes, and say that nobody need wish a better and kinder husband than her man, take him for all in all!"

"But who shall say she was not right?" answered Milly, with flashing vivacity. "Perhaps he was really good and kind, although circumstances and temptations of many sorts made him appear otherwise sometimes. Perhaps when God made him, He meant him to be specially kind and good, and the eyes of love could see that meaning still, like writing under a smear!"

"I think God means us all to be kind and good; but if He designs it specially for some, and yet they fail in it, I think they are the worst of all, and least deserve charitable interpretations." Christian made this observation in an undertone, and only David Maxwell heard it.

"I am with you entirely, Miss Harvey," said Fergus.

"Only be quite sure, Milly, that your faith in another is not mere stubborn sticking to your own opinion," observed George. "But, more seriously, are you not stating a truth which, while whole in itself, is only half of another and greater truth? Did not we hear you say a minute ago that it seems to need less insight to admire a shadow than a substance, and that many people would value the picture of a spot which they would not walk half a mile to see? May not that be also true in your metaphysics? When people are often so undeniably short-sighted on the lower levels, must they always gain correctness of vision on the higher ones? Is it not possible that there, too, the semblance may command more attention than the substance? Is it not so in our commonest experience—is not the man who simply does, what under circumstances is easiest and pleasantest for himself and others, constantly called gentle and kind-hearted, whilst he who does what is right at the expense of an unspoken inward struggle and some temporary inconvenience to others, is pronounced hard and unfeeling? Nor is the judgment readily reversed, even when time destroys the one man's work and establishes the other's. The one is only pitied, but though the other may be praised, it is with a grudge. No, Milly, though I am ready to grant your propositions so far as to say that if we could get a perfectly wise and good man, his idealizations would possibly come nearest God's truth, I am not prepared to trust all ideals. A telescope shows us more of the truth of the firmament than the naked eye. But what if the telescope itself be defective?"

Milly shook her head gently. She was not an easily convinced person, which was not at all against Milly, since it at least proved that she was not made of that stony ground, where if seeds take root quickly they are as quickly dried up. Not that she did not at once see and acknowledge the force of her brother's arguments, only while they appeared to her to dash something good and grand in her own, she would not wholly accept them.

"Then is a friend's love and faith to go for nothing?" she said, wistfully.

"Oh, surely not," said Christian, warmly. "But don't you think they may have quite a different value? Don't you think they may be God's sign of a relationship between souls, upon which He ordinarily chooses to work spiritual good and blessing, just as He generally blesses our outer life by our physical ties? I don't think we ever do good to any one unless we love them and believe in them."

"But we ought to love everybody," put in Robina Laurie.

"Those who don't trouble themselves about the practice, are always very strong on the theory," observed Fergus, half-aside, to Milly.

"Certainly, we should love all in the sense of wishing and trying to do them good, or to be good to them," said Christian. "But, with some, I believe our very wish and endeavor to do them good will cause us to place them under other influences than our own. I once had a certain child in my Sabbath-class. I had myself secured her attendance, and whenever it flagged I hunted her up. I tried to give her even more attention than I gave the others, because she seemed to need it more. But there always was a barrier between us. That child's eyes were no sooner fixed on my face than my thoughts seemed to freeze on my lips, no matter how warm they lay in my heart. It distressed me dreadfully; for I made every effort in my power, and was still baffled by a mysterious law, that lay beyond it. Suddenly a fellow-teacher said to me, 'What an interesting child your little pale pupil is! It ought to be quite a help to you to have such a face in your class.' And I had grace given me to be frank, and answer, 'If you feel so, you will do her the good that I shall never do her. Take her into your class. And it was so arranged, and I saw the child's face gradually brighten, and her soul come forward, until even I could recognize its lovable features. I know she never liked me while she was in my class, and was always glad to run off without any good-bye. But afterwards she always came to kiss me every Sunday afternoon. And if she could come to my class now, I am sure we should get on capitally together. The ice between us is thawed, though we could never melt it by ourselves. And in this way I am sure that there are many circumstances, when the best that our love can do, is to stand aside and make way for the appointed love that can do more."

"Yes, that is true," said David; "and if love cannot so stand aside, it is not love, but selfishness. But it is hard sometimes," he added, with a checked sigh.

"Yes," responded Christian, "its present 'is not joyous, but grievous,' and yet it is the only way to joy. If love could be content to grasp what it could for itself, regardless of its object, it would not get what it really wanted, but only a very poor substitute. While, if it invests itself entirely in its object, God Himself secures it a rate of interest which shall

suffice its needs, and keeps its principal safe in that bank of His, which transmutes poor stock of earthly affections and hopes into rich store of everlasting treasure."

"How do you know that?" Fergus asked, in his abrupt way. "Don't you think now that you may be putting faith in your sweet fancies?"

Christian answered gently, "Who spake, saying, 'There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the Kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting.'"

"And how many have proved it true!" said Mrs. Harvey.

"Ah, but that speaks of surrender for 'the Kingdom of God's sake,'" Fergus replied, rather triumphantly.

"And what is the Kingdom of God?" Christian asked, "and while we are in the flesh how are we put in any relationship to it? Is not the Kingdom of God, like His chosen, something in this world, though not of it? Is it not that law of equity and harmony which underlies everything? Is it not the duty which every circumstance holds for somebody? I believe every action, nay, even every spiritual motion of each of us, is either a stone contributed or taken from that 'building of God not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'"

There was a pause, but Milly, who had been wanting to speak for some time, broke it.

"Is not what Christian says almost exactly what I said, after all?" she asked. "I said that I thought the ideal was God's truth, and is it not likely to be so, if, as she says, it is one of the most powerful instruments of good?"

"I think I can see a vital difference between your propositions," George answered. "You give the value of the ideal to the idealized. Christian keeps it for the idealizer. You make it a mental insight. Christian considers it a moral influence. You maintain that in some mysterious way a man really fulfils the highest ideal of himself, however he appears to fail. Christian, on the other hand, asserts that the ideal may be far above his head, not the measure of his soul at all, but the measure of the soul which creates it, but that it is his best help upward, and that its very height gives it the more strength to help him as far as he can possibly go."

"Yes," said Mrs. Harvey, "I have once or twice seen that a mother's faith in the superior industry and ability of scapegrace sons, has shamed and encouraged them, till it has finally made them just passable members of society."

"Well, I don't know," observed Mrs. Maxwell, "I've heard it said, 'Expect nothing, and then you'll not be disappointed.' I think there's a deal of truth in that!"

"I'm sure it wouldn't matter much what I thought of Fergus," said Mrs. Laurie. "He'd take his own ways, and be what he chooses, anyhow."

"Well, I can see a great deal of truth in your



idea," Millicent observed to Christian, "but I still think there's a little truth in mine."

"Don't you know, Milly," her brother went on, in further explanation, "that many people have to give up their ideal at last—that somehow, however much they try, they can no longer believe that their friend is what they once thought him."

"It may be their own fault," Milly responded, "some anger or enmity in their own hearts may have come like a mist between them and their ideal."

When we cannot see the opposite side of the street on a foggy morning, we do not say that it is not there. We know it is only lost in the fog, and wait till it clears."

"Milly is right so far," said Christian.

"But suppose there is no anger or enmity," David suggested, quietly. "Suppose one only loves more than ever, and longs as much as ever to be kind and faithful, and yet can't help not being able to believe any more."

"I can't understand that," said Milly, fiercely, with a biting flash in her dark eyes. "If I had loved and trusted anybody I would do it till I couldn't—couldn't—do it any more, and when I couldn't—I should hate him!"

"I can believe you would," said Fergus Laurie, so quietly that nobody but Milly heard it, amid the storm of disapproval that her hot words called forth.

"That's always the end of thinking too much of people," observed Mrs. Laurie, shifting her knitting-needles; "those that are called 'dears' one day are generally 'devils' the next. I suppose they shake the two up together till it comes even."

"People that have fine ideas have the same feelings as common folks, it seems, and so it all comes to one in the long run," said Mrs. Maxwell, "only it's more shame to them."

"Those who feel so when they think of such a thing beforehand," Christian remarked, "are sometimes the first to be patient and forgiving when the trial really comes."

"But such would be happier if they prayed God to regulate their minds as well as their actions," said Mrs. Harvey, with a gentle rebuking gaze at her daughter. "I think I know Milly's real meaning, and that her words don't exactly give it."

"But people must expect to be understood as they speak," added Robina, in her little clipping, satisfied style. At that moment Millicent did not like Robina Laurie, and thought within herself that her sister Hatty was generally very shrewd in her judgments!

David's gentle words had seemed the spark to Milly's gunpowder. It is often so, nor is it thus unreasonable. The voice of love and patience suggests their long-suffering and agony, and the bitter rejoinder it calls forth is often half-sympathy, half-outraged justice. The tempter has a peculiar temptation for the soul which has a strong sense of justice—he deceives it into a fancy that God's justice is asleep, and must be aroused by some shrieking vengeance on its own part.

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But Fergus Laurie's quiet "I can believe you would" rankled in Milly's heart after all the other rebukes, spiteful or kindly, were forgotten. Did he mean that he could understand the feeling? or did he mean that he could understand it as consistent with her character?

"I dare say he thinks me a vixen, only caring to hold my own," said poor Milly, within herself. "Well, well, never mind, perhaps he will know better some day."

When the evening was over, and all the visitors were gone, the three Lauries drew their chairs round the fire, and talked everything over among themselves. And Fergus found his mother's and sister's spattering tattle very wearisome, and presently went away, and sat by himself in his bedroom.

"These Harveys are the right kind of people for me to associate with," he said. "They are all clever, and have beautiful ways of thought. One can quite understand how such would grow in such conversations as we had this evening."

It never struck Fergus that one's thoughts must be the growth of one's life, if they are to be warm and stimulating lights, and not mere fireworks struck off by the friction of brain with brain.

"This is the right life for me to live; hitherto, I have only existed. But, judging from what Robina says of the cost of this evening, intellectual pleasures cost a great deal. We've always lived so up to my salary, that I shall have to take four or five pounds from next quarter's to pay to-night's expenses. And yet I can feel this enjoyment is as necessary to my mind as air or food to my body. I must have it. And, as my present means will not suffice to procure it, I must try something else."

Alas, for the schemes that are concocted, and the ventures that are taken, not because of a comfortable surplus, but because of a gnawing deficit—not in reasonable hope, but in self-willed desperation!

## CHAPTER V.

### A MESSENGER IN THE NIGHT.

WHEN Mrs. Maxwell and David returned to Blenheim House, they were not admitted very quickly, and when at last Phoebe Winter came to the door, she said not a word, not even in answer to David's cheery words; but followed them into the parlor, and there resumed a position, physical and moral, which she had evidently been holding before. Her master sat, leaning back in the great leather arm-chair, in an attitude at once defiant and cowering. The defiance, or rather indifference, was assumed, with all dramatic exaggeration, the cower was very involuntary and subtle. But David could see it.

"Either do it or don't do it, now I've told you the consequences," said Phoebe, in her harshest judicial voice. "I'll not go from my words, you may know I'm not the sort o' woman. A woman that'll starve on here, year after year, and put up with her sauce

(with a significant movement of the head toward Mrs. Maxwell), for an objec' that she has, is not a woman to say one thing an' mean another. You know I don't want to shame your son, an' if it has to be done, it ain't me, it's yourself as does it, an' as it can't be helped it'll be overruled for the best. Maybe, when I didn't do it, when I first could, a good bit more than twenty years ago, now, it were a doing evil that good might come. I didn't think so then. I thought it might be called a showing o' mercy; but it's a dangerous thing to call it showing mercy, when one's an objec' in view. But there's some people that you can't save, whatever you do. If you take 'em from the very gallows-foot, they'll get a rope an' hang theirselves. I spared you before most for your boy's sake, and because what was done couldn't be undone; but if I spare you again, it's a helping o' your sins, and it'll get him into it as well; for Phoebe Winter knows what the world is, bitter well, and that there wouldn't be one in a dozen that would think but what he ain't as bad as yourself."

"Now you've done your wild Irish oration, Phoebe," said the surgeon aggravatingly, "perhaps you'll go and draw me half a pint of ale."

"I know I'm your servant, sir," Phoebe returned, "and I do what you tell me, and you can't say I haven't served you faithful, whatever I've done it for; but Phoebe Winter ain't going to stand by and watch while dirty ways is going on, though once she did think it was maybe no harm to hold her tongue, and let bygones be bygones." And Phoebe stalked back to her kitchen to fetch the ale.

"A pretty thing for me to come home and find you being lectured by that woman, Mr. Maxwell," said his wife, in her high-pitched cantankerous tones. "A nice degradation for a respectable married woman! I've always felt there was something behind the scenes, sir. I suppose she knows all about your wicked early life, sir, and the woman that David belongs to. She may know something very pretty about her, I've no doubt, sir, although you've had no more proper feeling than to let her brat live in the same house with your lawful wife, sir." The door flew open, and Phoebe stood blazing on the threshold.

"An' what if I did know her?" she cried. "I won't say she was as good as you is, for them's not the words for either of you; but I will say, you're as bad as she were! There ain't a pin to choose between ye, 'cept that you've lived to have one sin more and be a self-righteous Pharisee! I ain't lived twenty years in this here den of iniquity for nothing. I knows the date when ye first come home as missis, an' I should like to see the date o' the fine marriage certificate that you're so proud on! It were against the grain o' Phoebe Winter to stay in the house wi' the likes o' you, I can tell ye. I've heard say ye may gen'rally know the ways that's right, 'cause they're the hard uns. But I can tell you it were as hard for me to stay as to go; it were a precious sight harder to stay, 'cept for the objec' I had. And as for the 'brat' that affronts ye so much, it's because o' that brat that ye haven't hau to go to

a prison to see the man that you're so proud to call your husband, though any woman that hadn't evened herself to him, would be ashamed o't. 'Brat,' indeed! Many's the time I'd ha' trembled to be where I was; only thinking that the Lord who'd ha' spared great big cities if they'd had five good people in 'em, would perhaps spare this wicked house for the sake o' the young soul that I b'lieve He's taken up and redeemed to Himself."

"Oh, Phoebe, do be quiet," David entreated.

And Phoebe looked at him, put down the flagon and glass, and withdrew with that high step which all her household moil had never made heavy or shuffling.

"Oh, to think I should have been brought to have to bear this!" said Mrs. Maxwell, with dry sobs. "It's a regular shame, and that it is! I expected everything to be so different. I'm sure I've hardly had better dress or victuals than I could have got myself, and I've not been taken about or spoken to, except like a dog. Lots of girls that have stuck to their work have done better, and yet I've had to give up a good deal, and live like a hermit, and put up with that woman, and with seeing your child, that wasn't mine. It's a regular shame, Mr. Maxwell, and that's what it is, and it shows that you're not a man, sir, to stand by and see me bear it!"

"Hey, what, what, what?" said the surgeon. "What are you talking about now, Poll? What do you know about it. Eh, Poll? Eh, Poll? Hadn't you better hold your tongue?"

David stood sorrowfully looking at the pair. There was nothing remarkable in his father's irritable incoherence. It was but too common. David knew by many a painful experience that it was worse than useless for him to offer a soothing word. Because it was his word, it would be but oil on the fire to Mrs. Maxwell. He might have tried to speak to his father had he been alone. Early influences that had been about the surgeon, and even the cultivation that had necessarily come to him by his profession, had kept one or two spots in his character, which though not soft, were at least not always actively repellant. His son could reason with him sometimes, even though it always proved fruitless. David wished he could be alone with his father just for five minutes that evening. Next morning he was glad to remember that wish.

He did what he knew to be best—left the husband and wife together. Quarrels always died out so. Two people, full of mutual indifference, only enlivened by a little hatred, do not quarrel when they are alone. They are quite aware that nothing either can say will pain the other, when safe from the humiliation of outer eyes and ears.

David went along the stone passage to the kitchen. When he opened the door, he found Phoebe sitting poking over her dim candle darning one of his stockings. There was no trace of the recent storm about her, except that she did not even look up when he entered, but went on darning as if there was nothing in the world but herself and the stocking.

"Phoebe what is all this about? What has made you say such things!" he asked, gently, standing beside her—rather behind her.

Phoebe did not answer. Perhaps she thought she had given her darling a shock about his mother, and that he had come to claim some withdrawing explanation. But David had been wiser than she guessed. A man's knowledge of the world had long since translated the once unintelligible sense of inferiority which had been forced on him by Mrs. Maxwell. Perhaps he had cherished a hope against hope, but it had not sufficient vitality to die hard. Still, he had a natural yearning to know something of the mother whom he had never seen or heard about. If Phoebe knew anything, as he strongly suspected she did, surely she would tell him. He remembered asking her about his mother years and years ago, when he was quite a little child, but the only answer, a curt command that he should never speak about her, had made itself imperatively binding on his sensitive nature. It was almost the only time he could remember Phoebe's speaking sharply to him. And though looking back upon this of late, he had argued himself that Phoebe must be able to give some cogent reasons for such repression, still he would never have re-opened the subject had not others done it for him. Even as it was, the living present, with its possibilities, rose nearest to him, and crowded out the past.

"Phoebe," he said, again, "what is the matter between my father and you? What makes you speak so to him?"

This time Phoebe dropped her stockings, threw her apron over her head, and burst into loud sobs.

"It's hard to know right fra wrong, and I'm only a poor ignorant woman. And it's hard to think you've been doin' wrong when you've put your whole life in it, and to find that it'll be right to do what'll waste years and years o' patience. But I'll do it! I won't go on doing wrong the minute I sees it, and there's none o' us can leave off afore. And come what may, David, I'm glad I've stuck by ye all these years, and ye are a bit the better for't, ain't ye, David?"

"Very much the better, Phoebe," the young man answered, soothingly. "You have been my best friend always."

"An' that's where it is!" she cried passionately. "And yet if I hadn't done what seems wrong, I couldn't ha' bin your best friend without doing of it. It's all in a muddle—there's something that you can't say is certain right or wrong, neither black, white, nor grey, and yet it lies in the way to something else that's certain great glorious good! For why, I ask, ain't I your best friend? Because I think I'm the only one that's tried to lead you to Him that's the Father of the fatherless and the motherless, as you a'most are and allays have been, David. I can't make out why God sets things so."

"But He does not," David argued, gently. "If there's a right thing to be done, and we seem to have to pass through a wrong thing on our way to it, de-

pend upon it, Phoebe, there's another way to it, and a better one, and it's our own fault, and not God's, that we do not find it."

Phoebe spoke more quietly. "It's comfortin' to hear you," she said. "Whatever I taught ye once, ye've made a precious deal more out of it than ever I could. I can bear a'most anything 'cept gettin' mazed and puzzled about the ways o' the Almighty, and kind o' thinkin' that either He can't know or doesn't care. That puts me fair past myself."

"That is because it is not a trouble sent from God, but growing from our own faithlessness," said David; "and I think it generally begins, Phoebe, when we've been lettin' in wrong feelings of some other kind. We do what God tells us not to do, and then grow unbelieving and impatient because the light of His countenance is withdrawn. We walk in roads which He has told us are dark, and then murmur because we stumble. I do not yet know what has been the matter to-night, Phoebe, and you will not tell me of other things which I feel sure must have happened to trouble you, so that I cannot tell what may have been your provocations; but still, dear old Phoebe, don't forget that the wrath of man never worketh the righteousness of God."

"It's a true word, David," she said, wiping her eyes; "and yet things is so peculiar. There's something I didn't do, years ago, which, maybe, I ought, and yet, if I had done, maybe it would ha been wi' a good bit o' vengeance an' spite. But there's no good sittin' up a' night talking o't, or I'll not be good in the morning, and there'll be words agen. I've heard the master and missus go off quiet enough to their room, and now you go to yours, and get a good sleep. Things mend themselves while a body's napping."

David needed no second bidding; but slumber did not come so easily. In spite of his strengthening words to Phoebe, he held to his own faith in God much as a poor mariner clings to a rope in the dark, rough midnight sea.

Oh, it seemed so hard to pass from the bright, wholesome atmosphere of the early evening into this murky cloud of mystery and degradation. It was like going from sunshine and breeze into the dark, tainted chill of a charnel-house. What must it be to be like George Harvey, with such a mother and sisters, and such a wife—helped, encouraged, stimulated, comforted, on every hand, just as naturally and simply as a plant is nurtured by showers and sunbeams! The past evening had been as a festive robe to David's spirit; it was the others' every-day wear! And there must be so much of it in the world, and yet none for him who longed for it so much. The doubts which he had allayed in Phoebe returned to torment himself. Why did God create yearnings to leave them unsatisfied? "It must be right, it must be right," he cried in his heart. "But O God, keep hold of me, for I cannot keep hold of thee?" And yet better to be he, believing in the bright and innocent and happy, though shut from them, than Mrs. Maxwell, who concluded that every body's home was like her own, "if one only knew."

He lay wakeful for a long time, but was just in the midst of a troubled dream, when he was awakened by a piercing scream, followed by Mrs. Maxwell's voice, crying, "David! David! Phoebe! Mr. Maxwell is in a fit. He is dying!"

The son was in his father's room in less than a moment. He had sufficient professional knowledge to perceive that the surgeon was in no fit, but in a paroxysm of *angeni pectoris*, slight touches of which he had suffered once or twice before. But this was no slight touch; and Phoebe no sooner appeared than David hurried her off to fetch some brother medical man, even though it might be the humdrum parish doctor, at whom the sharp surgeon had so often scoffed. Once or twice the anguish abated a little, only to return with renewed force; and when the hastily-summoned doctor turned from his patient's bedside, his face spared David from asking a single question.

The dying man tried to speak once or twice, and failed. It brought the agony upon him like a fate. Oh, the poor opened mouth and hungering eyes! they stamped themselves on David's heart, and he ever afterward remembered his father so. And it was well! for it was a kindlier memory, after all, than any other could have been!

He got a word or two out at last. Oh, if he had only wrestled with his spiritual foes, as he did with the physical agony that he might accomplish this! Only by putting his ear close to his father's mouth could David catch his meaning.

"You will do what is right. Phoebe is a good woman, and—"

No more! The fierce agony was down upon him again, and, as it passed away, life passed with it.

And next day the windows of Blenheim House were blinded, except the kitchen window, which had no blind to draw.

"I suppose my words killed him. I know them sort of diseases come when people are put out." Phoebe vehemently sobbed this out in the presence of her mistress, whose philosophic composure was such as not to render such a statement unfeeling, while Phoebe seemed eager to take a wild revenge upon herself by draining the deepest cup of remorse and humiliation before the very woman who had aggravated her bitterest invectives the night before. "That's where it is," Phoebe went on. "When one begins to think one may have been wrong, and to try to be right, it's just then that one gets punished, and one seems to bring it on one's own head."

Phoebe's rough hand was unconsciously laid upon one of the deepest secrets of divine government.

"Well, let it be a lesson to you," said Mrs. Maxwell, without one thought as to her own share in the excitement of the previous evening; "and, of course, you'll always feel like a murderer, and can't ever expect to prosper. With all his faults, Mr. Maxwell was a good man in his own way, and that's more than you'll ever be with your violent temper."

(To be continued.)

#### A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A YOUNG man recently ran away from the galleys of Toulouse. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country, and escaped pursuit. He arrived next morning before a cottage in an open field, and stopped to get something to eat, and get refuge while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in the corner; their mother sat weeping and tearing her hair, and the father was walking the floor in agony. The galley-slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors, because they could not pay their rent.

"You see me driven to despair," said the father; "my wife and my children without food or shelter, and I without means to provide them."

The convict listened to the tale with tears of sympathy, and said, "I will give you the means. I have just escaped from the galleys. Whosoever brings back an escaped prisoner is entitled to a reward of fifty francs. How much does the rent amount to?"

"Forty francs," answered the father.

"Well," said the other, "put a cord round my body. I will follow you to the city, where they will recognize me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back."

"No, never!" exclaimed the astonished listener. "My children should starve a thousand times before I would do so base a thing."

The generous man insisted, and declared at last that he would give himself up if the father would not consent to take him. After a long struggle the latter yielded, and, taking his preserver by the arm, led him to the city and to the mayor's office.

Everybody was surprised to see that a little man like the father had been able to capture such a strong young fellow; but the proof was before them.

The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner sent back to the galleys. But, after he was gone, the father asked a private interview with the mayor, to whom he told the whole story. The mayor was so much affected that he not only added francs to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the minister of justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release. The minister examined into the affair, and finding it was a comparatively small offence which had condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out half his term, ordered his release.

THREE KINDS OF MEN IN THE WORLD.—A clever author says there are three kinds of men in the world—"The WILLs, the WON'Ts and the CAN'Ts." The first effect everything, the next oppose everything, and the last fail in everything. "I will" builds our railroads and steamboats; "I won't" don't believe in experiments and nonsense; while "I can't" grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends his days in the court of bankruptcy.



## HETTY HENDERSON'S ERA.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

TWO neighbors, Mrs. Ray and Mrs. Carter, were taking tea with Hetty that afternoon. Now Hetty, though in the main a kind, prudent, good woman, a treasure of a wife and mother, had one bad fault, she was a sloven.

Why sometimes her hair would not be combed for two days at a time, and as to wearing a collar, while about her work, she never thought of such a thing! Sometimes only her toes would be thrust into her run-down, flapping slippers, and if she tore her dress she always pinned up the rent and let it go.

Now every tidy woman knows this is a bad state of things—that if there's a hole in her dress no bigger than a gimlet hole, and she passes a barrel, or a box, a loose end of a hoop, or a jagged nail sticking out, will be sure to catch in that hole and tear it worse. That thing is conceded to be a certainty—no sane woman doubts that.

Hetty's tea-table looked tempting. She occupied the post of honor at one end.

Her face was flushed from the cooking-stove, and the rosy glow would have been exceedingly becoming if her hair had been smooth, and her dress freshly clean, but the dress did not fit well in the waist, and she had no collar on, and her hair hung in little tagged, sneaking slips about her ears and on her neck. Poor Hetty! her punishment was near.

Tea was over, but they still sat at the table conversing.

"Yes—yes, I think it was the winter that young Wiltsee from St. Albans taught our school," said Mrs. Ray.

"How pleasant the memories of that winter," said Mrs. Carter; "hardly a day passes in which I do not think of the good times we enjoyed together."

"How much older are you, Hetty, than Mrs. Ray?" said Mr. Henderson, looking first at one and then at the other.

"Older! why, husband! I'm five years younger, and three years younger than Susie Carter," said the poor wife, blushing.

"Why, Hetty Henderson! I should have thought from your appearance that you were almost old enough to be their mother, step-mother, at least," said her astonished husband, smiling and looking at the smooth, placid faces and neat appearance of the visitors, and then at the rumpled, creased head and face of poor Hetty.

No wonder; she sat there stooped over, her ill-fitting waist hanging loosely about her, making her back seem as broad as her husband's.

The untimely words only made her face flush still redder yet.

She felt as if she had been stabbed by the hand of a friend.

"Your wife works too hard, and is too loving and careful a mother," said Mrs. Ray, apologetically,

although Hetty fancied that she smirked a little, and relished the compliment so freely and honestly given.

"Now I never fuss much over my children, I try to save myself," and she laughed, and her eyes sparkled, and she really did look winsome and pretty, that woman of thirty-three years.

On their way home the two visitors talked of the painful affair.

"It was just good enough for her," said Mrs. Ray; "no woman has any right to go looking like a scarecrow. If I went that way I'd hear from Ray, and in no very measured terms, either. He has no patience with a slovenly woman; he thinks all women are pretty if they have a mind to be so."

"Almost old enough to be our mother; well, she's a tip-top cook, any how," said Mrs. Carter; "I like her good meals, and I know she's cleanly about her work. She don't seem to care much for herself, only for the comfort and happiness of Henderson and the young 'uns. Now, if I were in her place, that fellow 'd hear from me to-night, praising other women and comparing and measuring her beside them in a way that is no compliment to her."

"Oh, he'll never think any more about it; and if she does, it will do her good; it'll be a good lesson for her," was the answer, and the two women parted at the big gate in the edge of the wood-lot, each one feeling a pleasurable touch of pride from the effect of honest Tom Henderson's bit of flattery.

And how did it affect his wife?

In the twilight, as she stood in the milk-house, hurriedly doing up her work, flitting here and there, there was a brightness in her dark-blue eyes, a compression of the lips, and a red spot on each cheek, and she was nodding her head and talking to herself very earnestly.

"Time was," she whispered, "when Henderson couldn't 'a' said that o' me. The dear knows, I did use to almost grow tired of his words of praise. I was his choice of all the girls he ever saw. I've many a time heard 'im say that Cad Weldon, now Mrs. Ray, had a real putty face—no expression in it—and to-day he said I looked old enough almost to be her mother. Aha! Mr. Henderson, we'll see! it's only love and care for you and yours that's made me so forget myself and fall into careless ways. I'm just as good looking to-day as Cad Ray is—if I do say it myself—we'll see!" and the angry little woman's cheeks grew redder and redder, and her eyes almost snapped in their glittering brightness as she turned the safety-valve and began to sing. That was her safety-valve, when her tensioned nerves could stand no more; she sang and was relieved without a flood of tears.

From under the mossy roof of that tidy little

spring-house welled out the jubilant words of an old hymn to the inspiring air of Pisgah.

The next morning, after the children started to school and her work was all done up nicely, she washed herself and carefully brushed her hair, and put it up in a pretty way, with a rose and a spray of myrtle at the side of the coil. She had brushed it until it shone with a lustre. Then she put on a neat light-print dress, and a lace collar, fastened with a beautiful gold pin, a gift of her girlhood.

The gold hoops that her mother had worn long ago, of antique pattern, looked beautiful a-near the dark-brown of her hair. She had not touched those gold hoops for years—her children had never even seen them.

When she clothed her feet in neat gaiters, and put on her wedding ring, and her nearest neighbors would hardly have recognized the careless slattern in the bright-eyed, sweet-faced woman of to-day. The change pleased her—it made her smile involuntarily, and that smile was her charm—always had been, why couldn't she wear it, too, if her heart was full of a joy so new and so rare and beautiful.

The whole woman was completely metamorphosed. The change beautified her, and the little bit of revenge was harmless and—so sweet!

When her husband came home at noon, he stopped in the doorway and stood still an instant, then he whistled a long, w-h-e-w!

She turned around in an innocent way, and—the expression of his eyes was the same as when he was a devoted, admiring lover.

"My wife," he said, and he folded her in his arms, and his face twitched, and he laughed in a pleased, hysterical way.

Her eyes filled with tears, and there was a stifled sob on his bosom, but it was the best sob she'd ever made, it meant a great deal.

"I've been too thoughtless and careless about myself, Tom," she said. "I thought so much of you and the children, that I never cared how I went. I didn't think of myself."

"You are so sweet, little wife, so beautiful," said Tom, holding her off and looking at her, while she blushed and struggled to get away.

The turning of that leaf was a new era in Hetty Henderson's life. She never so neglected herself again, and instead of growing older, it does seem that as the years glide by she grows younger.

When the children came from school that evening, one at a time, they said, "Oh, where have you been, mother?" or, "Where are you going, mother?" and little Rosy, who had never seen the jewelry before, or a collar, or a rose in her mother's hair, said, in a subdued whisper, "What is the matter, mother, you look like the pictures of the pretty ladies in the magazines?" and she felt of her face as though the vision before her might melt, or vanish into air under her touch.

We must confess that we believe that there is a little spice of mischief in it, when early every morning Hetty takes time enough to pin on a white collar,

and brush her hair smoothly off her brow, and remove every sign of the careless sloven from her attire.

She knows very well that a neatly-dressed woman has the advantage over one who is not appearing well. This shows itself in the springy step, and the self-assurance that gives her head a queenly poise. So the two lady visitors, who cared more for her good dinners than they did for Hetty herself, taught her a lesson well worth remembering, and her married life will be the better and the pleasanter for it as long as she lives.

#### NECESSITY OF SLEEP.

HENRY WARD BEECHER says: "There are thousands of busy people who die every year for want of sleep. Sleeplessness becomes a disease, and is the precursor of insanity. We speak of sleep as the image of death, and our waking hours as the image of life. Sleep is not like death, for it is the period in which the waste of the system ceases, or is reduced to its minimum. Sleep repairs the waste which waking hours have made. It rebuilds the system. The night is the repair-shop of the body. Every part of the system is silently overhauled, and all the organs, tissues and substances are replenished. Waking consumes and exhausts, sleep replaces and repairs. A man who would be a good worker must be a good sleeper. A man has as much force in him as he has provided for in sleep. The quality of mental activity depends upon the quality of sleep. Men need, on an average, eight hours of sleep a day. A lymphatic temperament may require nine; a nervous temperament six or seven. A lymphatic man is sluggish, moves and sleeps slowly. But a nervous man acts quickly in everything. He does more in an hour than a sluggish man in two hours; and so in his sleep. Every man must sleep according to his temperament—but eight hours is the average. Whoever, by work, pleasure, sorrow, or any other cause, is regularly diminishing his sleep, is destroying his life. A man may hold out for a time, but the crash will come, and he will die."

WILD OATS.—We too often hear the remark made, in reference to some spirited young man, that "he is sowing his wild oats." This is spoken in palliation. "He will be different by and by"—perhaps all the better Christian in the end for his thorough knowledge of the world. But this illustration is very unfortunate; peculiarly so, because there is such an intimate connection between the sowing and the reaping. We cannot think of such a thing as a seed-time without a harvest. They are most intimately—yes, indissolubly connected in the natural world. Not less are they so in the moral. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for, whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If men sow barley, they do not expect to reap wheat; nor will oats produce rye. If men sow wild oats, they must reap a harvest accordingly.

## THE MISTRESS OF ABBEYLANDS.

AN ENGLISH STORY. (*Continued.*)

## CHAPTER III.

"IS this Charlton Mere, my boy?"

"Yes, marm," said the small youth in corduroys, to the lady who addressed him—a very neat, plainly-dressed lady, wearing a Quakerish gray gown and a long dark water-proof cloak, a prim bonnet and gossamer veil.

"And who lives in that house to the right, you say?"

"The minister," responded the boy, staring at the lady's goloshes.

"Ah," said the lady, with an affable smile. "And is it he who owns the carriage with the two beautiful little ponies?" The boy stared vacantly. "A lady drives them—a lady with a scarlet cloak and white feathers in her hat," continued his interlocutor.

No answer, but the small boy's hands dived deeper into his trousers pockets in the effort to extract some mental assistance from their manifold contents.

"Stupid little wretch," muttered the lady, "who lives in that house down the lane?"

"Mrs. Chivers," said the boy, backing away from further catechising, and leaving the lady alone at the turn of the long tree-hedged lane.

"What does she do with the ponies?" she asked herself. "She comes here to some place or house, I know; but what does she do with the ponies and her remarkable dress?"

The inquirer had been walking through the miserable village of Charlton Mere; she had plodded up and down through slushy lanes and by-ways, all to no purpose; she had discovered no trace of the woman's presence whom she was tracking, and Caroline Penn was unwillingly obliged to confess that Lady Katherine Lindsey had baffled her in this respect also. She was tired, cold, and disappointed, and had almost come to the wise conclusion that she had better go home to Abbeylands and leave Lady Lindsey's affairs alone, when she suddenly caught sight of a tall, well-dressed boy running down the lane toward her, and carrying something in his hands. He gave a startled glance at her, and, springing over a stile, ran across a piece of furzy common, whence he reached the country road, but not before Miss Penn had recognized Tom, her ladyship's groom, or "tiger," and in his hand a purple morocco hand-bag, which she had seen in Lady Katherine's dressing-room only that morning.

"Now, my lady, I have you!" said Miss Penn, deliberately, though her voice shook with excitement.

She walked straight up to the farm-house gate, but she could go no farther; it was locked, and a huge mastiff, lying in a kennel only two yard's distance inside, sprang out with a thundering volley of barks.

At the noise, the farm-house door was hastily opened, and a young man came out.

"What do you want, ma'am?" he asked, civilly, but distantly.

Miss Penn scanned him from head to foot, and her inspection strengthened her malicious assurance. He was an intelligent, good-looking young fellow, of about five-and-twenty, almost gentlemanly in his dress and demeanor, although evidently belonging to what are called "the lower walks of life."

"I want to see Lady Lindsey," said Miss Penn, pushing against the gate as she spoke.

"I don't know any such person," replied the young man, quietly.

"Isn't your name Chivers?" inquired Miss Penn, sharply.

"No, ma'am," said the gentlemanly young man—and there was a gleam of humor in his eyes, which Miss Penn was too confused to notice.

"Nor you don't know anything about Lady Lindsey's groom, who left this house five minutes ago?" retorted Miss Penn. She would have made a bad detective, with all her adroitness. There was want of tact and temper in this question, and its tone was sufficient to place watchful people on their guard.

"I have just said I do not know who Lady Lindsey is," said the young man, looking straight into Caroline's face with quiet determination; "do you wish anything else, ma'am?"

"No, thank you," said Miss Penn, flushing with vexation; "I wanted to see you or Mrs. Chivers on a matter of Lady Lindsey's—at least, the lady who drives the gray ponies—and—"

"I do not know anything about gray ponies, ma'am," interposed the gentlemanly young man; and this time Miss Penn perceived traces of amusement in his face.

"Ah, well," said Caroline, with a frigid, threatening smile, "I must only tell Sir Robert so, and perhaps he may come next time."

The young man bowed, as if such an occurrence would afford him much satisfaction; and, leaning on the gate, he and his mastiff watched Caroline out of sight.

She was baffled, irritated, and mortified—fearful of Lady Katherine's anger, which she might have fruitlessly incurred—weary and exhausted from her long useless journey; and, reaching Abbeylands about dusk, she had only barely time to hurry to her own room to commence her evening toilette—for it was the day of the dinner-party—when Bessie Martyn tapped at her door.

"Miss Penn, could you come down to mother's room?—she wants you about the dessert," she said, inquisitively eyeing Caroline's finery on the bed—"about some ices or jellies, I think, Miss Penn."

"In a minute," answered Miss Penn, sharply, almost shutting the door in Bessie's face.

"I was just going to offer to do her hair up in splendid frizzed rolls, mother," said Bessie, indignantly, relating the affront, "and make her as nice as I could."

Miss Penn evidently thought she could do without Bessie's assistance, for when she sailed into the housekeeper's room, a quarter of an hour afterward, that good lady was overwhelmed with the grandeur of her appearance. She had not been saving up her annuity, and sitting up at nights, and paying visits to a dressmaker and various others for nothing.

Caroline's sleek black hair rose in perpendicular waves above her forehead, and fell in cataraacts of suspiciously luxuriant braids and curls down on her neck and shoulders, which were whitened by a cloud-like web of snowy spangled tulle. There were billows of lavender silk rolling through the doorway in the wake of Caroline's figure; there was silken material glistening in Brodignagian festoons and "puffs" around Caroline's waist; there were damask roses in Caroline's hair, and tinkling ornaments all over Caroline's person.

"Why, Miss Penn, you're grander than her ladyship!" cried Mrs. Martyn.

"You don't say so," said Miss Penn, scornfully.

"Yes, indeed," replied the housekeeper. "My! there's a splendid dress! Must have cost a sight of money, Miss Penn. A great deal grander you'll be—she's in black velvet, Bessie tells me—very rich to be sure, but so sober. That's a splendid lavender, Miss Penn."

"My lady" was in black velvet, as the housekeeper had said—very pale, very quiet, with the sombre richness of her long sable robe clinging to her like a pall, her very diamonds shining with a cold frosty brilliance, her small beautiful hands wearily folded in her lap, and the light of her yearning eyes dimmed with sadness.

Sir Robert Lindsey wondered that he had never before noticed what a lady-like, good-looking girl Caroline Penn was, but Caroline Penn did not know what he thought of his grave, silent, young wife.

"She looked miserable," concluded the lady in the lavender silk, as she pinned up her dress in paper when laying it aside that night.

"Did you not notice, dear," said one of the county ladies to her husband, as they drove home from the dinner-party, "that Lady Lindsey is actually quite fading? Those olive-colored women lose their beauty very early."

Losing her beauty! fading early!—Katherine, Lady Lindsey, though she was only twenty-four! Day by day Sir Robert Lindsey watched the cloud of spiritless sadness deepening on her bright face, and listened to melancholy tones making discord in the harmony of her clear, musical-ringing voice; a change, almost indefinable, but keenly painful to him, was observable in her frank, gay manner and her self-possessed bearing—a mute timidity, a nervous

fear of displeasing him, a feverish anxiety to understand his wishes and commands, and, above all, a restraint, a guarded care and secrecy about her words and deeds.

Let men, such as Robert Lindsey was—honorable, kind and true, within an armor of sensitive pride, which rejected the slightest touch on its spotless surface as a foul stain—think what his feelings were, as he thus watched his young wife day by day. He thought he knew the cause of her secret sorrow. He thought the gold circlet on her finger was to her a badge of slavery, and that Abbeylands, and the heirlooms, and traditions, and splendors, were wearisome to death to her, when she had to share them with him. The mirror showed him a plain grave face, and dark hair threaded with gray, and the lines and wrinkles that had come with his forty-five years, and he thought that they were hateful in Katherine Lindsey's eyes. He thought also—ah! what did he think in lonely hours, when he reviewed his short married life, when he owned to himself that which he had never told to mortal ear, and when the knowledge only brought him deeper sorrow and more bitter regret?—that he loved her!

And Caroline Penn? She had never been so amiable, so powerful, so prosperous in every way, as in those days, when an intangible woe and grief, like an unresting spirit presaging coming trouble, walked through the tenantless rooms of the stately house, with the husband and wife apart, silent and secluded. Caroline dressed in silk and velvet quite commonly now; her spare frame, clothed in shining garments, flitted and rustled about the old mansion from garret to basement, like an omnipresent domestic goddess.

She was not wise, even in her generation, this managing, acute, sharp-witted young person. She was apt to be rash, and blind, and wrong-headed, where her passion for revenge or for gain was concerned. She kept close to Sir Robert as her sure friend and most powerful protector, and she disregarded all the rest of the household, by whom by this time she was beginning to be cordially detested. She hated Lady Lindsey too much to be able to preserve a cordial manner toward her—and of Caroline's envious flattery and hypocritical deference Lady Lindsey would have none. She would not have Caroline in any shape or form—she ignored her, she shut her out of her presence, and otherwise discarded that lady's strenuous endeavors to become her conscience-keeper.

With Mrs. Martyn, Caroline Penn certainly tried to form an alliance offensive and defensive; but she loosened the strongest bond of union there could have been between them, when she omitted to gain Bessie Martyn's confidence and goodwill.

"I'll never like her, mother, say what you please. She's a prying, deceitful, mean thing, even if she wore pearl-gray satin and ruby velvet, like my lady's court costume. What business has she to be giving orders and sailing about, with 'Sir Robert' here, and 'Sir Robert' there, and my lady sitting up there



lonely in her dressing-room, and never giving an order or raising her voice, no more than if she were a visitor?" Thus uttered Bessie, indignantly fastening a lace tie with a natty carved ivory brooch over the blue crape, and otherwise making herself unnecessarily pretty.

"Well, my lassie, I'll tell you one thing," said her mother, gravely patting down the folds of her daughter's dress, "Miss Penn is like to rule Sir Robert and my lady, too."

"She never will!" cried Bessie, turning round sharply, her eyes sparkling with indignation.

"Bessie, I know what I know," said her mother, nodding her head, and speaking in an undertone of significance; "and I've a good reason for saying it. There, child, don't you mind; it's none of your business, Bessie."

This having of course a powerfully stirring effect on Bessie's curiosity, she made it her business to discover what Miss Penn had told her mother, and under the seal of secrecy her mother betrayed to her the secret that Miss Penn had intrusted to her keeping.

"It is the wickedest, blackest, cruellest lie that she ever told in her bad life!" cried Bessie, with tears in her blue eyes.

"Well, Bessie, I'm not going for to say that it's true," rejoined her mother, "but Caroline Penn hasn't watched her day and night for nothing."

"Well, then," muttered Bessie to herself, as she sat down before a heaped-up work-table in my lady's room, to unpick ribbons and edgings from a soiled white morning-robe, "I'll watch Caroline Penn—two can play at that game, I know."

So it was, alas! that while the spring sunlight and the tender green that decked the smooth lawns and meads of Abbeylands changed into summer's darker tints and deeper radiance of warmth, brightness and color, the golden beams of hope and happiness which may have trembled for a brief space above and around the gray ancestral pile had long since died out in cold blackness of silent sorrow and disappointment, and in their stead there lowered a cloud larid with omens of coming desolation and woe.

Sir Robert Lindesay and his wife had lived apart in mute, dignified estrangement almost from the first month of their marriage. Each believed they had good and sufficient reason for imitating the other's behavior; but the breach had widened slowly, and then less slowly, and then rapidly, until the great gulf of separation between Robert Lindesay and the woman he had sworn to love and cherish could hardly have been greater if he had laid her in her dead youth and beauty beneath the cold white marble where slept the generations of high-born dames and demoiselles of the house of Lindesay; and alas! again, there were times when Robert Lindesay trembled to think that she never might be permitted to rest there.

The gulf had widened, until the happy, buoyant girl he had married had changed into an imperious, proud, cold, resolute woman, with schemes and plots

ever agitating her restless, unhappy heart, craving for her past life, craving for what he might never hope to give her, recklessly perilling her fair name in her wilful defiance of him, weary of trying to please or obey him, weary of her gilded prison—this was his wife, the mistress of Abbeylands, the miserable husband owned to himself.

Owened to himself; but what of the evil angel ever at his ear? What of the ceaseless hints, and gentle reminders, and artfully disguised admissions, and pretended regrets, and delicate assiduous sympathy, and meekness, and patience, and admirable ministrations to likings and fancies and requirements, which were ever palpable to his senses in a thousand forms, daily and hourly, through the medium of a crafty, cruel, calculating woman's brain? Caroline Penn never flinched in her remorseless course; she never thought of pity or regret for a beautiful woman's ruined hopes, or compassion for an erring soul. She had no pity to spare for Katherine, Lady Lindesay. She laid her cruel plans and wily snares, and she cared not for the smirching and the bruising of the beautiful creature struggling in her toils.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"BESSIE Martyn, Sir Robert wishes to see you in the library."

"Me, Miss Penn?" said Bessie, nervously dropping her work, and rising with a fluttering color.

"Yes—you. Come at once." And Miss Penn drew her lace shawl about her with deliberate dignity, as she slowly descended the stairs before Bessie.

Her master was sitting on a chair by the open window when Bessie entered with a low curtsy. Some letters and papers, on a table near him, were pushed hastily away in disarray—bills, money, bunches of keys, and a half-emptied glass of wine; and he, with his haggard face leaning on his hand, was as if the world and its wealth and cares were gnawing at his very heart.

"Sir Robert, here is the young person," said Miss Penn, in a soft, modulated tone, and with a deep sigh.

"Ah," said he, rousing himself as if from a painful trance. "Bessie Martyn, I wish to ask you a few questions, which I shall expect you to answer in a truthful and straightforward manner. Do you hear?"

"Of course she will, Sir Robert. She would not attempt to answer in any other way," interposed Miss Penn, with a sweet smile tinged with sadness.

Bessie glanced at her with a hostile flush, and then said, steadily, "I always try to speak the truth, sir."

"A painful necessity," explained Sir Robert, with a hoarse quiver in his voice, "obliges me to seek information from you about your mistress."

Miss Penn turned away abruptly, and moaned at an escritoire near the fireplace.

"My mistress, Sir Robert?" said Bessie, trembling very much, but holding her head up. "What can I tell you, sir?"

"Where is Lady Lindesay gone to-day?" demanded Sir Robert, rising involuntarily to his feet, and speaking sternly.

"I think Miss Penn can tell you, sir, much better than me," replied Bessie, with a defiant nod at that lady's back hair. "She ought to know more of Lady Lindesay's comings and goings than my lady herself."

Miss Penn pressed her lips together, and, drawing her drapery around her, with a *soupcçon* of offended majesty in her face and tones, she said, "Bessie Martyn, do you forget to whom you are speaking?—passing by my presence altogether," she added, with quiet humility.

Sir Robert had been watching her keenly, but he now turned to Bessie.

"Yes," he said, harshly, "you need not tell me what Miss Penn knows or does not know. Tell what you know, without any further prevarication. Where has Lady Lindesay gone to-day?"

"I'll tell you, Sir Robert," exclaimed Bessie, hotly, irritated by his manner and Miss Penn's sharp watchful eyes; "my lady's gone to visit some friends at a place called Charlton Mere, and that's all I know; and—and—Miss Penn ought to know a good deal more, when she watches, and spies, and tracks my lady across the country, and tries to get into houses after her, and peeps into her drawers and baskets, reading every bit of a letter she can get in a fireplace; and—and—listens at doors—I saw you, Miss Penn!—and tries to open her letters and papers, and—and—" (Bessie broke down with a sob) "and tells the most dreadful lies of a dear, beautiful, kind, good, sweet lady, that she's not fit to hold her slippers to, and frightens her, that she says she wishes she was in Heaven, to be free from spies and enemies. There, now—and I don't care—you may say what you like, Miss Penn; every word is truth that I've said, and mother knows it. And I beg your pardon, Sir Robert; I'm ready to cry my eyes out to see the way my lady is treated, because she's gentle and—"

"Hold your tongue, girl!" commanded Sir Robert, but he did not utter the words very angrily. "There is no one would dare to treat Lady Lindesay with anything but the utmost respect while she is mistress of Abbeylands."

Bessie shook her head doubtfully, and sobbed in her handkerchief.

"Sir Robert, you are quite aware of the real facts of the case, which this girl's attachment to her mistress—who has certainly been lavish of costly presents to her," said Miss Penn, venomously; "has represented in so distorted a light."

"Yes, yes, I know," he murmured, moodily.

"Unless you wish the young person to remain, after her insulting language to me, Sir Robert—"

"No, no; you may go, Bessie Martyn; and see that you keep your tongue silent," said Sir Robert, absently locking and unlocking a desk.

"Yes, I'll go now," muttered Bessie to herself; "but you'll hear more from me, Sir Robert, when Madame Pry isn't at your elbow!"

Bessie's indignation and schemes of vengeance were heard throughout the day; they flamed up fiercely in the servants' hall during dinner, when she dealt out mysteriously wrathful hints to her companions that "they might expect to hear something soon," and that "there was one too many in Abbeylands, for certain," and that "she would not stand it if she were shot for it." More could not be extracted from Bessie; but the servants coughed and nodded their heads with Masonic intelligence.

It was a sultry, lowering day, and as the hot, silent hours of the afternoon rolled on, Bessie grew sleepy and languid over her work, and at length put it aside; and taking a richly-bound novel from one of the rosewood shelves, she sat down by the open window to amuse herself. But the book was of rather too high a class of literature for Bessie's taste; she began to listen dreamily to the sleepy chirps of Lady Lindesay's canaries, to the ticking of the ormolu clock, to the steady pacing of Sir Robert's feet on the gravelled walk of the terrace; then fell to wondering where Miss Penn was, and finally slipped away into slumberous oblivion.

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A sharp knock at the door startled Bessie violently, and she sprang to her feet with a bewildered stare at the twilight outside and the semi-obscurity inside.

"It's my lady! and I've been asleep for hours!" gasped Bessie, shivering; "and I'm perished to death. Oh, dear! there—I've knocked down the chair."

Half awake, and thoroughly confused, Bessie rushed to the door and unlocked it. It was not "my lady," but Sir Robert, who stood there on the flossy violet mat.

"Has your mistress not returned yet?" he demanded, and there was something in his voice that frightened Bessie.

"No, Sir Robert," said Bessie, timidly.

"It is nearly eight o'clock," he remarked.

"Something may have delayed her ladyship," urged Bessie, trembling, she knew not why. "I dare say she will be home in a few minutes, Sir Robert; she is always back at six or half past six."

He made no reply, but strode over to the easy-chair by the open window, and flung himself into it, leaning out on the sill, wet with dew.

"Shall I have the lamp lighted, Sir Robert?" asked Bessie, half fearful of the darkness.

"No," he said, in a low tone.

And so they remained, Sir Robert at the open dressing-room window, and Bessie in my lady's bedroom, afraid to look at the tall mirrors in the spectral gloom of the apartment—both listening and waiting.

The hour struck, and then the half-hour, and then the three quarters, and yet both master and maid waited in silence. The ghostly moonlight was beginning to steal into the room; Bessie could hear

the throbbing of her heart in the oppressive stillness that seemed to have settled down over the whole household, when the clear, quick strokes of the clock telling the ninth hour resounded through the place, and with them the noise of Sir Robert's hasty steps quitting the dressing-room. Without giving herself time for a second thought, Bessie rushed after him, and heard him give a fierce order for his own favorite pair of horses and the light mail-phæton to be brought round instantly.

Bessie watched in silent fear while Sir Robert put on his overcoat, and, seizing his whip, ran down the steps.

"Will you hurry?" he shouted, like a man beside himself, to the bustling grooms and stable boys.

Suddenly Miss Penn, dressed in bonnet and shawl, brushed past Bessie, and joined Sir Robert as he waited. He said something in a sharp, dissatisfied tone to her, and as the phaeton swept round from the stable-yard, Bessie ran down desperately and touched his arm.

"Sir Robert, will you let me speak to you one minute?" she whispered, beseechingly.

"No, I cannot! Be off!" he cried, pushing her away roughly.

"Go in, you forward, lying minx!" said Miss Penn, in a savage undertone.

"Sir Robert," entreated Bessie, "one word!"

"What is it, girl?" he said, impatiently.

"If you are going to look for my lady, don't take Miss Penn with you! Don't, Sir Robert!" implored Bessie, in an urgent whisper. "She hates my lady; she has told shameful lies of a good, beautiful Christian lady," added Bessie, mixing up her adjectives in her distress; "don't take her; she'd send you wrong just to do my lady harm."

Bessie spoke rather at random in her agitation, but Sir Robert only said, "I am not going to take her, Bessie Martyn," and springing into the phaeton he drove away.

"Bessie Martyn, I will make you repent this!" said Caroline Penn, in a suffocated tone, while her pale face looked cadaverous in the moonlight.

"So you may, but I'll never stand to see you try to ruin an innocent lady!" retorted Bessie, courageously.

"Miss Penn, you let my daughter alone, please; she's a good, kind girl, who needn't be ashamed of anything she's said or done in her life," interposed Mrs. Martyn, with cutting significance.

The night passed away, and the gray dawn stole over the sleeping woods and lawns, and the grim silent old Abbey. Who would say that the sunlight could ever more bring joy and brightness to the desolate home?

#### CHAPTER V.

WHILE he lives, the memory of that night's drive to Charlton Mere will haunt Sir Robert Lindsey. The pale cloudy moonlight, the weird shapes of the trees and bushes as he swept past them,

the deadened roll of the wheels on the early fallen leaves, the damp earthy scent of the close woodlands, the fragrance of the pine groves, and the gnawing agony of pain and anxiety goading him every step of the weary way beneath the calm pure eyes of Heaven, namely, the few sleepless stars that peered out here and there at him from behind hilltops and woods—all were vivid to him in after years. There were no other eyes upon him but those above, and the strong, proud man gave way to his grief and fear in frenzied words.

"Oh, Katherine, my darling!" he cried, "I cannot believe this! There must be some reason, some mistake. I will not believe Caroline's hints and stories, and yet—yet—have I not the evidence of my own senses? But not that—not that—my poor, beautiful girl! Wilfulness, weariness, disobedience, but not dishonor—it could never touch her; it could never touch her!"

In his dire extremity, Robert Lindsey took off his hat, and prayed aloud to Heaven to protect his wife.

Bessie Martyn little thought how often her unhappy master mentally referred to her passionate defence of her mistress, and each time with renewed consolation when Caroline Penn's cruel words occurred to him.

"I may have been always wrong," said he, with a sharp pang of remorse; "Caroline may have warped my judgment by her malice, since she hated Katherine so. Perhaps she might have cared a little for me, if I had tried to please her more in her own way, indulged her more, and been gayer with her."

Then he thought of the gray hairs in his beard and of his forty-five years against her twenty-four, and groaned with sick impatience.

It was past eleven o'clock when Sir Robert reached Charlton Mere. About a mile from the village he had stopped at a roadside hostelry which Caroline Penn had told him of, and procured a guide in one of the tavern-keeper's sons; and now by the latter's directions he drove across by the common and into the long deep lane.

"By the way," said he, asking the question which he had forgotten amid his troubled thoughts, "you have a pair of gray ponies in your stable—the lady has not taken them home yet?"

"Naw, sir," said the rustic, in some trepidation as to whom this stranger, who knew the interior of the stables, might be, "they're gone long ago."

Sir Robert pulled up the horses on their haunches. "Gone!" he cried.

"Yes, sur," said the lad, wishing himself anywhere but on Sir Robert's cushions and otter-skin rug.

"And Lady—the lady and the groom?"

"Naw, sur, naw un but the groom," replied the young fellow.

Sir Robert said not a word, but drove slowly to the farm-house gate and stopped there, "as ef he were dazed," the lad said, telling the story afterward.

The furious mastiff made no delay in his frantic

leaps and hoarse raging barks, and soon the sound of unfastening bolts was heard, and light streamed forth from a door near at hand.

"What do you want? Who are you?" cried a strong, clear feminine voice.

"I will tell you, if you will keep your dog quiet," said Sir Robert.

The woman bade the dog lie down, and came out with a lantern in her hand.

"Are you Mrs. Chivers?" asked Sir Robert, springing down.

"Yes," said she, holding the lantern to his face.

"Is Lady Lindesay here?" he demanded, laying his hand on her shoulder. "You must tell me, woman—do you hear—I must know."

"Who are you?" said the woman, rather stiffly.

"Sir Robert Lindesay," he replied; "and there is some secret or some mystery about this house which brings Lady Lindesay here, and I will know it. Is my wife here?"

"I never saw Sir Robert Lindesay in my life; I don't know you, sir, nor do I know who your wife may be; but this I know, that you have no right to come to a respectable dwelling at the dead of night, and storm at people in this way," said Mrs. Chivers, indignantly, shaking his hand off, and retreating inside her gate.

"Listen to me, woman," returned Sir Robert, hoarsely; "I will pay you well. I am nearly distracted, and I want you to help me. If Lady Lindesay is here I will take her home; if she has left, you must give me what traces you can of her whereabouts."

"Lady Lindesay is safe wherever she is—that is all I will tell you, sir," said the woman, when a second person ran over from the house door, and Sir Robert saw in the rays of light from the lantern the face of a young man. He whispered something to the woman, and she turned to Sir Robert with a different expression.

"You may come in, Sir Robert," she said; "Lady Lindesay is in the house. Softly, sir, there is one dying here, too."

"Who is dying?" demanded Sir Robert.

"A poor lady," said Mrs. Chivers.

He entered through the low-ceiled kitchen, in which was a small fire burning redly on the hearth; through long narrow passages, lighted by Mrs. Chivers with a tallow candle; and then into a small, neat parlor communicating with a bed-room. The door was ajar, and Mrs. Chivers motioned him to enter, with the warning, "Hush!"

A low bed draped in handsome damask, a small table beside it laden with a plate of fruit, a medicine bottle, and a decanter of wine, a shaded lamp burning softly on another table, a figure standing by the bedside, and a dark face and long tresses of shining hair streaming over the pillows—these were what he beheld, while a camphorous, sick-room odor filled the apartment.

The figure by the bedside was Katherine, Lady Lindesay, and the face on the pillow startled Sir

Robert by its being a haggard, ruined likeness of his wife.

"Katherine," he said—his anger and fear fading before Katherine's sad, gentle face, and the serious light in her eyes—"what are you doing here? who is that?"

"My mother, Sir Robert," sobbed his wife. "Hush! She is dying. Come into this room to speak to me."

"Your mother!" gasped Sir Robert—"why, you told me—"

"I told you three months before you married me that she was dead," interrupted his wife, "and I told you what I believed. She was not dead, though, as I discovered afterward. It is a long story, Sir Robert, but I must tell it now, I suppose—long as I have striven to hide it."

"Was it her whom you came to see here?" he asked, tremulously.

"Yes," said Katherine Lindesay, with a deep sigh.

"And why did you keep it secret from me, Katherine?" he asked, taking her hand.

"Because, Sir Robert," said his wife, drawing her hand away and looking straight into his eyes, "I could not let you know my mother," and then her eyes fell, and her face quivered all over.

"Why, Katherine?" he questioned, very gently.

"You have not been very tolerant of my whims and fancies, Sir Robert," said Katherine, somewhat bitterly; "you have not been very unwilling to believe the worst of me, who never wronged you in thought, word, or deed; but you might be generous enough to spare me from further questioning. I came to see my mother here; I could not let you know the fact of her existence; and she is dying now. I found she was dying to-day, and I could not leave her, but I sent the groom home with a note to you."

"I never got it," he interrupted, eagerly; "it was because I did not know where you were, Katherine, and because I was nearly mad with alarm and anxiety, that I came after you. You say you have never wronged me, Katherine; but, in withholding your confidence from me, and suffering malicious people to make what assertions they pleased respecting your strange conduct, have you not wronged me cruelly?"

"I could not tell you," said Katherine, sadly and resolutely.

"But you could let others say worse things of yourself, Katherine," he observed; "which do you think would touch me more nearly?"

"I was wrong," said Katherine with tears, "but I was so unhappy and lonely, that I did not know what I had best do. I could not tell you that you had made a worst *mesalliance* than you thought," she added, drying her tears, and confronting her husband proudly.

"And this woman is your mother, Katherine?"

"Yes, and she is dying. I must go to her now," Sir Robert, said his wife, endeavoring to pass him.



He looked at her bright hair girlishly curling on her black dress, at her *spirituelle* face downcast and pale, at her little white hands nervously trembling, and as with one swift comprehensive bound his mind flew back over the past, seeing the wrong made right and the darkness clear, and in his joy finding his wife all that he believed her to be—pure and true—his yearning love, pity and thankfulness melted down the icy barriers of his pride at once and forever.

"Katherine, my darling," he cried, taking her in his arms, "who so fit to be your confidant and protector as your husband? You do not care much for me, I know, but, after all, you might be sure I would be your best counsellor and friend; indeed I would, Katherine."

She gave a startled glance at her husband's face, to see if he was in earnest.

"I did not think you cared anything for me," she said, in a low tone; "I thought you only married me for my money."

"So I did, Katherine," he answered, truthfully, though her reproach cut him to the heart; "but, my darling, I came to love you afterward. Won't you share your troubles with me, Katherine?"

"Why," said she, sorrowfully, "did you never tell me that before? Oh, Robert, it would have saved me much pain! I dared not tell you of my poor mother, when I knew how you valued your noble pedigree, and all those great names in your family history that you told me were so spotless, and concerning which there was never a blot on the escutcheon of the house of Lindesay."

Sir Robert colored with shame; his young wife had his pompous expressions so sadly by heart.

"There never was a spot or stain on our name, my darling," he said, "and there never was a purer or fairer wearer of it than Katherine Lindesay."

She glanced through the open doorway at the figure on the bed.

"Tell me of her, Katherine," he whispered; "tell me, my dear wife."

She looked at him, the color coming and going in her cheeks, and her bright eyes troubled.

"She is my mother, and she was a gay, beautiful girl when my father married her," said Lady Lindesay; "but he was too grave, and—I mean, she was very young, and—"

"Yes, I know," put in Sir Robert, with a sigh.

"She was fond of dress and admiration, and she had a passion for theatre-going, and the end was she ran away from him, and went on the stage—ran away and left her husband, Sir Robert, and went on the stage," repeated Lady Lindesay, distinctly. "And he said she was dead, and intended she should be dead to him from that time forth. That is two-and-twenty years ago, Sir Robert, and I know little of the life she led in those years, save that it was a miserable one; and when, at the time of my marriage, one of my solicitors discovered that a strange, wild-looking woman who came to his office to make inquiries about me was no other than my long-lost

mother, he informed me of the fact, meaning to give her money and send her out of the country; but when I saw her in spite of him, and when she wept and kissed my hands, and asked to be let live somewhere near me, that she might see me a few times before she died, I resolved I would not forsake my poor wretched mother. And then, Sir Robert, I took this place for her, and Mrs. Chivers, who was an old servant of mine, kept the secret well, even from her own daughter and son-in-law—the young man you saw—and never told them I was Lady Lindesay; and I used to disguise my dress and leave my carriage and ponies at the hostelry beyond the village, and walk here across the fields. I have done this once or twice a week for nearly twelve months; but it is over now—she is dying."

There was a dead silence for a minute after she had spoken; all the pride of the Lindesays was doing battle with his love in Sir Robert's heart—but only for a minute. His living, beloved Katherine was a thousand times dearer than the dignity of his dead ancestors; still it was a struggle between the two.

"It is a sad, terrible story, Katherine," he said, with a sigh. "You must have suffered a great deal to keep a—a—"

"A disgraceful secret!" said Katherine, coldly. "Yes, it was very painful; but I came to feel such deep pity, and love even, for this poor desolate woman, that it made it easier to bear." She moved away a few steps. "Mrs. Chivers will get a room ready for you, Sir Robert, in a few minutes, if you wish to stay. I am going to sit beside my mother," said Lady Lindesay, with one of her old resolute expressions, though her features were wan and weary.

"Won't you let me keep watch with you, Katherine?" asked her husband. "Do you imagine I should think harshly of the poor soul passing away? Have we not both been wronging each other, Katherine?"

"We may—" she began, then quitted him abruptly. "Yes, mother," she said, softly leaning over the bed.

The haggard face was raised from the pillow, and the dark eyes, painfully distended, fixed on Katherine's face. They were so dreadfully like and unlike those two faces—she so pitying, and gentle, and youthful, the other so lined, and hardened, and scarred.

Robert Lindesay shuddered as he looked. The skeleton fingers of the trembling hand were pointing at him.

"Who is that?" came the faint, gurgling whisper.

"That is my husband, mother," said Katherine. "You know I told you of him."

"Yes, I know—I know." The face was raised again in struggling anxiety. "Will he speak to me? Sir—Robert—you will—not be angry—Katherine was married when—"

"When I found her out," said Katherine, wiping the cold brow, while her tears fell fast.

In the awful presence hovering over them, with

the fleeting soul striving to plead for forgiveness with him, with his wife's grief and the sight of a ruined, broken-hearted creature once as young and beautiful as she before him, Robert Lindesay, for the first time in his life, felt ashamed of his family pride and pomp, as making him contemptible where all was terribly earnest.

"No, not angry; how could I be?" said he, earnestly, "Katherine is my beloved wife," and in sight of the fading eyes he drew Katherine's arm within his.

The fading eyes flashed with some of the long-forgotten light of happiness, and then turned to Katherine again.

"God bless my daughter, and—"

A fluttering, shivering sigh followed, and then the gray pall of death fell on the world-worn face.

"She is gone, Katherine—poor soul, she is gone!" said Sir Robert, brokenly. "My darling, I will try to make up for the mother's love you never knew."

"Oh, Robert, why did not tell me before?" sobbed Katherine. "I never thought you cared for me, and—I loved you at first, until I grew afraid of you."

"Your poor mother tried to bless us both; will you not try to love me again, Katherine?" he entreated.

"I will," said Katherine. And thus in the presence of death the husband and wife were united.

\* \* \* \* \*

Caroline Penn left the Abbey the hour Lady Lindesay returned to it, and went on the Continent, where she was soon lost sight of.

Katherine Lindesay is a happy wife and mother, and Sir Robert is not half as formally dignified as he used to be. Katherine laughs at him now, when he tries any stately frigid manners with her, and calls him some eminently ridiculous pet name, which provokes and amuses him at the same time. And then he pleases himself with thinking that there never was so bright, and winning, and talented a Lady Lindesay, or such a good mother to such a splendid young heir of Abbeylands, as his wife, and so becomes self-congratulatory about the escutcheons and dignities after all. He knows they are safe in Katherine Lindesay's hands.

## OUR CLUB.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

### IV.

#### ABOUT MARRIAGE.

HOW would two such strongly-marked and individualized characters as Jeannette and the professor carry themselves in their new role of acknowledged lovers, and in what manner, if at all, would they announce the tender relation established between them? were questions mentally exercising the Club the ensuing evening, a whisper of the thrilling state of affairs having got mysteriously in the wind, as such things do.

Nothing could have been more simple and natural.

Jeannette, always first in the field, was sitting at the table looking over the fresh periodicals and talking energetically, as was her fashion, when the professor, a little late from his day's enforced absence, came in with the look of a man who, after long and painful journeyings had at last reached the shrine of his hopes, ambitions and aspirations.

With a general nod to all present, he went straight up to his "bright particular," who had risen with beaming face to greet him, and bowing his godly head, gave her a conjugal kiss with the freedom, grace and authorized right of a Benedict of twenty years' standing.

Might it not have evidenced more tenderness and delicacy of feeling if Jeannette had waited in some dark corner and come in all blushing with the guilty sense of having a lover? Was there not in this public demonstration of mutual affection and understanding a—well, a lack of that fine sentiment which we awkwardly define as good taste?

These are delicate points which the Club, and others, always critical in such matters, are permitted

to decide, each to his and her individual satisfaction.

"Good people," said the professor, with straightforward simplicity and honest pride, "I have the happiness of presenting to you Jeannette, my promised wife."

And there was nothing for the good people but to rise and acknowledge the relation with proper and becoming congratulations.

With the exception of our occasional and somewhat waggish visitor, Dr. Osgood, whose anti-marriage principles were sustained by his fifty years' single blessedness or wretchedness, as the case might be.

"My dear friends," he said in a hollow, sepulchral voice, looking around with a lugubrious countenance, "it becomes us on this most melancholy occasion to offer our misguided brother and mistaken sister, so late entailed in worldly snares, our sincerest and profoundest sympathy and compassion."

And suiting the action to the word, he got up in a funeral gloom, and, groaning deeply, advanced and with a commiserative look, as though the most heart-rending affliction had befallen them, shook hands solemnly with Jeannette and the professor.

"Thanks, friend doctor, for your kind condolences," returned the professor, with an air of gratitude, "we accept them in good faith against our possible time of need."

"For we are prepared for all sorts of weathers," Jean added, smiling.

"And as Robert Collyer said the other evening, only so our love is deep enough to float the ship we

can bravely breast the storms, which are needful to clear the atmosphere," said the professor, coming to her support.

"Bless us!" ejaculated Sherwood, with a contemptuous shrug. "We shall have nothing now from these two demented persons, but panegyrics on love and connubial felicity. Except a couple newly married, I know of nothing that can compare in egotism, self-complacency and self-satisfaction with a couple freshly engaged. They advertise themselves wherever they may be with an obtrusiveness and persistence, and a total absorption in each other, which is—excuse me—quite disgusting; and the air of superiority which they assume toward those who have not arrived at their exalted and beatific state, is something that needs to be seen to be appreciated. Look at the professor. Should you judge the world had any farther honors or preferments to bestow on him? He glows, and shines, and scintillates all over. Ordinarily you would not take him for a man at all inclined to sentiment, or likely at any time to be attacked with the poetic mania, but it would not be in the least a surprising thing after this to see him rumple up his ambrosial locks, and mounting his winged Pegasus, amble delightedly through a mile of flowery stanzas celebrating the heavenly blessedness, and divine ecstasy of love-united souls."

"And, Jeannette," struck in Dell Falconer, in her vivacious way, "like a certain renowned woman of the platform, after six months' celestial experience, will put forth, under a sensational emblem and title, a book eulogizing the exalted joy, happiness and freedom of the married state, with a theatrical clap-trap and rapture of enthusiasm, suggestive of new brooms, which always sweep well."

"No, truly, Dell, my friend, I will not that," disclaimed Jeannette, earnestly. "'As much virtue as there is, so much appears,' is an Emersonian period worthy to become a proverb. The thing must stand on its own merits. A too frantic dilating and bolstering-up of its claims justly excites a suspicion that there is something weak and shaky at the foundation."

"Precisely what I would say of the case in point," acceded Dr. Osgood, warmly. "There is so much rant and fustian sounding in the air regarding the sacred and beautiful relation of marriage, that one is moved to wonder whether, as we have come to judge of all things so extravagantly extolled, its virtues are not a little meretricious. After a trial of six thousand years, more or less, an institution, it is reasonable to suppose, should have become firmly enough fixed in the affections and the confidence of human kind to hold by its own intrinsic merit, if it had any, without the sustaining force of law and opinion. Do we need anybody to tell us that the sun is the light and life of this terrestrial sphere, and are there any pros and cons concerning the blessing of its influence?"

"No, I presume not," responded the professor, to this abstruse query; "but there are plenty of people who will tell you in the same day that it is too warm, and they can't abide it; that it is too glaring, and

that it doesn't agree with them; that it shines too much, and that it doesn't shine enough—for even blessings cannot escape the criticisms of peevish, petulant, dissatisfied, fault-finding natures, as a reason for the vigorous defence of marriage, which you profess to regard as irrational and absurd, if it be the good that is claimed; I would refer you to the violent assaults which in these latter days are being made on that time-honored institution. When our principles are assailed, we have to rally to their support; when our sanctuaries are invaded, we cannot sit mute and unresisting."

"But that is admitting that you have assailable and vulnerable points," cunningly deduced the doctor. "Why flutter like a snared bird? No evil can befall the thing that is fixed and true. If God be with you, who can be against you?"

"God gives us the divine right to fight His battles, and the victory is sure, as we are faithful," answered the professor, coolly. "I admit the vulnerable points as being in ourselves, but not in the sacred social relation which we imperfectly sustain."

"Is that the reason of all this trouble? Why, then, we should have a law of social relation adjusted to the natures and needs of our people," returned his opponent.

"No, we should have a law pure, just and holy, and educate our people up to its standard," maintained the professor, firmly.

"Ha! a docile, tractable school you have, after centuries of training, with open divorces ranging at fifty per cent., and actual ones at ninety," chuckled Dr. Osgood, relishing the joke.

"You leave a generous margin," smiled the professor. "Ten true marriages in a hundred; that is really hopeful—that is progress, friend doctor."

"True marriage—hum!—elective affinities—psychic attractions—ah!—have I not heard somewhere somewhat of this before?" studied Osgood, rubbing his forehead meditatively.

"I must say, however," went on Professor Engel, not marking the doctor's ridicule, "that while I reverence and believe, with all my soul, in the institution of marriage, I do not in any sense approve of the reckless, impious fashion in which, in a majority of cases, its duties, relations and responsibilities are assumed. There is a kind of individual marriage, so to speak, a bringing of one's own faculties into harmony and equipoise that is necessary to accomplish before we have any right to seek marriage with another. Two undisciplined, undeveloped, inexperienced and ungoverned natures, brought together by the blind force of circumstances in the closest and most intimate association, will be convulsed by storms, embittered by strifes, overcome by temptations, and driven asunder by differences, which, with hearts more tempered with love, and minds more enlightened with wisdom, might have been avoided or controlled to higher and nobler ends; while the weak, unfortunate souls that wail helplessly into existence through them, will bear in themselves through all their marred, unsatisfied and passion-

racked days, the scars and pains of battles that should have been fought and decided before they were summoned to a world which it is their right to enter at the best estate that human and divine power can confer."

"Come, come, my worthy man, you are trenching on my ground," said the doctor, rubbing his hands complacently.

"No, I'm not. I know your ground. I'd fight shy of it as I would of a cockatrice's den," retorted the professor, indignantly. "What I want to prove to you, is, that all this conjugal trouble and struggle and infelicity of which we see and talk so much, and about which you and your party are raising such a wild hubbubboo, is not the fault of the state, but the result solely of unfitness in the candidates for the state, and that our true remedy lies, not as you suggest, and as you insist, in abrogating the marriage relation; but, in making ourselves worthy to sustain it holily, reverently, purely. I would agree with you so far, that wedlock should be an exception rather than a rule, until the world is in a condition to admit of making it universal; but this is an order which neither you nor I can establish, and the unhappy, incongruous sortings will go on adding their accumulated miseries to the burdens of humanity, God knows how long."

"Well, you will remember those in bonds as bound with them, I suppose. There is no remedy in your dispensary for these poor, galled wretches, is there? 'What God has joined together,' you know," said the doctor, with pious cant.

"There is the same remedy in my dispensary, doctor, that there is in yours, for the patient brought to you with a mutilated limb. If possible to save it, and preserve, intact, the health and symmetry of the body 'which God has joined together,' you leave no means untried to that end. But if this cannot be done—what then?"

"Why, I lop off the offending member, to be sure," returned the doctor; "but not without an inward excretion of the infernal inventions contrived by human ingenuity, prompted of the devil to trap poor unwary, witless victims to ruin. Had my patient been left to the ways of nature, I say, pitifully, he would not have been brought to this grievous strait."

The sharp, repeated tap of Dell's afghan hook upon the table commanded the disputants to order.

"Gentlemen," she said, pertly, "please be so kind as a talk down to the comprehension of your listeners. I cannot make out from the sound and fury of your words, what it is that I am to do. I'm a properly brought-up young woman, and my friends are all anxious and expect me to make a proper settlement in life—that is, to snare and catch a man with a sufficient competence to support me in becoming style. But here is one of you inveighing against marriage altogether, and the other hedging it about with difficulties and conditions that render it next to an impossibility—and pray, what is a well-brought-up young

woman on a look out for a settlement, to make of it all?"

Sherwood had got up while she was speaking, and stood balancing himself uneasily, first on one foot and then on the other, his hands thrust into his pockets in an embarrassed way, his eyes cast sheepishly down.

"You see there's so many well-brought-up young women," he said, as though he had been personally appealed to, "a fellow doesn't know what to do. He can't marry 'em all, in this country—at least not all at once—and he doesn't want to show partiality—'tisn't gallant. If the dear creatures would only settle it among themselves and take me, some of them, I'd feel infinitely obliged, but it's a dreadful responsibility to choose."

And he looked around with an affected air of timid distress.

"Generous and suffering man!" Dell exclaimed, in a fervor of sympathy. "Your condition is so much more harrowing than mine that I withdraw my case entirely, and commend yours to the consideration of these wise *savants*. Prescribe for the afflicted 'fellow,' doctor."

"There isn't much to be done for a rattle-pated pair like you and Sherwood, who are always breaking in upon our profound discourses with your distracting nonsense," responded the doctor, brusquely. "Sherwood's symptoms are those of a man jilted in early life, and being excessively vain, the disappointment and mortification have soured on him until he has acquired a chronic and almost unconscious habit of sneering and railing at everything under the sun, and it is doubtful if he is even capable of a thoroughly earnest feeling. As for you, Miss Dell—well, I question if there will be any place for you in the 'New Republic.' Finding no game for your traps you will cry with all the anguish of the moor, 'Othello's occupation's gone.' You will need to put by your interminable worsted snarling, take off your back hair, sacrifice your beloved train and dromedary's bunch, loosen your corset strings, get into an attire fit for a Christian woman, and give yourself to some hearty, serious, honest, useful work that will help forward the cause of truth and freedom, and hasten the day when we shall have no debasing human slavery to fashion or passion."

"In a word, I am to rise up, lay the shears to my hair, put on the reform dress which is neither this thing nor the other, but a little of both, seize a blue cotton umbrella and rush forth shrieking in quest of a mission," Dell said, with undisturbed good-humor. "Excuse me, Dr. Osgood, but I think I'll snarl my worsteds a little longer. When you see them taking shape in a gay-hued afghan for your favorite horse, you'll feel more kindly affectioned toward them. But, soft, what is this that Templeton is saying in low murmured aside to his charming wife?"

"And Jeannette and the professor are listening with their hearts," noted the doctor.



"We were saying only how very wonderful and amusing it is to hear you wisecracks talking so sagely of a matter you know nothing at all about," Templeton explained.

"Of marriage, do you mean?" they all queried, in a flush of confusion.

"Yes."

"Well, people must theorize, you know," said the professor. "But, come, give us a word out of your experience. Mrs. Templeton, have you nothing to say?"

"Does not my life speak?" responded that sweet-voiced lady, smiling straight into the eyes of her husband, for it was a peculiarity of this couple always to look at each other, no matter to whom they were talking—a peculiarity at which we laughed sometimes, but with a curious little thrill at our hearts nevertheless. "I think with Jeannette," she went on, "that if marriage does not commend itself in the lives of such of us as have put it on trial, no words of ours can make it fair."

"And no words are needed to give force to the beautiful example we have daily before our sight," Jeannette said, warmly. "I am not at all affected by rapturous bursts of eloquence concerning the beauty, sweetness and sacredness of love and marriage; nor do a newly-wedded pair, whom most people esteem so interesting, suggest anything to me but the greenness, rawness and insipidity of unripe fruit which may or may not mature into something rich, generous, sweet and wholesome, as its nature is. But when I see a man or woman who have stood shoulder to shoulder through the battle shocks, and the dead, dreadful commonplaces of life with unflinching affection and trust—better still, when I see a loyal couple, with heads silvered white and forms bent and tremulous with age, clinging yet to the fresh, bright love of their youth that has been the one true, steadfast thing through all the fluctuations of time, the deceptions and treacheries and temptations of the world, and is now on the brink of eternity their guiding light and comforting support—why, then, I catch a glimpse, and I am penetrated with a sense of the wonderful power, and glory, and sweetness, and holiness of the divine thing we name marriage, and I bow my head with a reverence that I yield to nothing else under God."

"Aye, aye, Jeannette," responded Templeton, in his hearty, open, honest manner. "It is age that tests the quality and brings out the flavor of love as well as of wine. But these people will not believe there is anything they do not see on the surface, and they will weigh and measure and judge always after their own stupid, foolish, superficial fashion. Let them. It gratifies them, and it doesn't hurt us. Let them talk. We have no churlish objection. In fact, we rather like the agitation. All this wordy warfare about marriage, this knocking to and fro of things true and false, this tossing up and down of things sacred and profane, will result by and by in a needed reform of very gross evils. It is as the wind winnowing the chaff from the wheat. And there is a

good deal of chaff, Jeannette, and there will need to be a good deal of wind. Let them talk—let them talk."

But "they" did not appear inclined to talk after that. Templeton's love was his religion, and when he revealed his worship, which was not often in words, scoffing and doubting seemed as irreverent and irrelevant as cursing in a church.

Even the doctor was silent, and withdrew unto himself, as Dell said afterward, as though he had been a rattlesnake touched by an ashen wand. And presently he went away, and the others, intent on their own devices, followed, ere long, his example, leaving Jeannette and the professor alone with the Templetons to talk over in confidence and sympathy the duties, and hopes, and plans, and pleasures of their new estate.

But as the lessons of wisdom and experience evolved from this talk are only valuable to those who seek them, the reporter will withhold the notes, unless specially requested to use them.

**MAKING PEOPLE HAPPY.**—A poetical writer has said, that some men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air, to every one, far and near, that can listen. Some men fill the air with their strength and sweetness, as the orchards in October days fill the air with the ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses, like the honeysuckle over the door, yet, like it, fill all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. How great a bounty and blessing it is so to hold the royal gifts of the soul that they shall be music to some, fragrance to others, and life to all! It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power which we have within us the breath of other men's joys, to fill the atmosphere which they must stand in with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves.

**A WOMAN'S TACT.**—A lady writes, we all know that when a man in anger is whipping his horse, and we remonstrate, he will sometimes continue with renewed energy, to show he will do as he pleases. He had full opportunity to do this until the formation of societies for the protection of animals; and one had to resort to novel means to prevent cruelty. She then relates an instance where she saw a driver, angry with his horses for some fancied offence, about to lash them severely. She interrupted him by inquiring the way to a certain street, to a certain man's house, both of which she knew very well. But the driver, too gallant not to answer the lady's questions, had opportunity for his temper to cool, and restored the whip to its socket without striking a blow.

THE husks of emptiness rustle in every wind; the full corn in the ear holds up its golden fruit noiselessly to the Lord of the harvest.

## INSUBORDINATION; OR, THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

### CHAPTER I.

#### AN INCIPIENT DEMONSTRATION.

"I'll not stand this any longer," said Bill Grimes.

"Nor I, neither," said Ike Wilson.

"I wonder how you'll help it?" responded Tom Peters, hammering a piece of leather to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," and filling the shop with a din that drowned all voices for the space of the next five minutes.

"There are many ways to kill a dog without choking him," broke in Ike, as the noise of Tom's hammer and ringing lapstone subsided.

"That may be, too; but you'll find old Lignumvite hard to kill, or I'm mistaken in him. He's a screamer when once raised; and I, for one, had as lief meet a bear, as to cross his path when his nap is fairly up."

"A hard bit and a steady hand have cooled many a wild colt," said Bill; "and 'll do it to the end of the world, or I'm mistaken."

"There's no use in your talking, Tom," said Ike, a little tartly. "You always were a chicken-hearted, babyfied sort of a feller, afraid of your own shadow of a moonlight night. Nobody asked for your advice, nor your help. Hardamer's an old tyrant, and his wife's as much of a she devil as she knows how to be. We've stood their kicking and cuffing long enough, and would be fools to stand it any longer. But you can go on your hands and knees to them, if you choose, and thank them for beating you; but, for one, I set my foot down here, that old Lignumvite sha'n't lay a feather on me from this day, henceforth and forever."

"Here's my hand to that," said Bill Grimes, dashing his hard fist into the open palm of his worthy associate.

"I don't like the present state of things any better than you do," said Tom, who began to feel himself in the minority; "but I can't see the use of a feller's putting his head into the lion's mouth. We can't hold our own against old Hardamer, and it would be fool-hardiness to try."

"There were many just such as you, Tom, in the glorious days of the Revolution; but all the prophesying of faint hearted croakers, was nothing. Our Yankee boys had right on their side."

"But, right don't always make might."

"Pooh! ain't here three of us, and any one of us a match for old Hardamer? Don't talk of might against right, if you please. But you needn't fatigue yourself, Tom, about the matter, if you're afraid! Ike and I can do the thing to a charm. We're not afraid of the old boy, tail and all."

"I reckon you'd find the old boy a queer chicken to deal with. But we'll let his majesty rest, if you please," responded Tom. "I, for one, have no par-

ticular friendship for him; nor any particular desire to provoke his ill-will by too much familiarity. Let's hear how you're going to manage affairs, and then I can tell you whether I'm with you or not."

"Comparisons are odious, so says the copybook, but they are useful sometimes, you know, Tom; and, much as it may offend your ears, I must drag in your friend, his satanic majesty, by way of illustration. It's an easy matter to raise him, you know; but, as there is no telling beforehand how he'll behave himself, there's no telling how a body will act in the case. Now, we have determined to raise his majesty in old Hardamer; how we shall manage him afterward is yet to be told. No sailor knows exactly how he will act in a storm; but he would be a lubber indeed if he stayed on shore until he settled the matter to his satisfaction."

"That may be all very true, Bill; but a good sailor would be sure, before putting to sea, that all was right and tight aloft and aloft; and that there was ballast enough to keep all erect in the worst storm. You know that Hardamer has law on his side, and that if he can't manage us himself, he can turn us over to a constable. I've no wish to have a taste of the whipping-post."

"This is a free country, Tom; and a pretty big one, too. I'd find my way to the Rocky Mountains, before I'd wax another cord for the old rascal, if he attempted to play a game of that kind; and I'd tell him so, too. The fact is, the law wouldn't justify him in the way he bully-rags and beats us all the while. There's two sides to a question, always—and, of course, there's two sides to this. If he'll treat us well, we'll treat him well. But, 'wisey-wersey,' if he don't."

"Well, I don't care if I join you," said Tom, who was not quite so headstrong as his fellow-apprentices, but who, when he once set his head upon doing anything, would show no hanging back.

"I thought there was something of the man in you, Tom," said Ike, seizing his hand and shaking it violently; "if we don't have a tea-party now, with old Lignumvite, I'm a fool."

"Don't let's be in too much of a hurry about it, Ike," responded Tom, who always preferred the slow but sure way.

"Strike when the iron's hot, is my motto?" said Ike.

"You're both right, and mean the same thing," said Bill. "Let's lay low until old Lignumvite cuts up one of his tantrums, and then I'm for being into him like a thousand of brick."

"Suppose we make this rule," said Tom, "that he sha'n't flog us, and that we will snub him up, the first time he tries that trick."

"Agreed," said Bill.

"Agreed," said Ike.

And the three worthies crossed hands in confirmation of the contract.

This little scene of incipient insubordination occurred some thirty or forty years ago in Baltimore, in the back shop of a neat boot-making establishment, on Market Street, the owner of which carried one face all smiles and welcome for his customers, and another all frowns and harshness for his boys. His name we will call Hardamer. As an apprentice, he had been hardly used; and having been taken while a very small boy from the almshouse, he had received no schooling previous to the time of his apprenticeship to the cordwaining business. By virtue of his indentures, he was to have been sent to school a certain number of months during his minority. But in his case, the indenture was pretty much a dead letter, for all the schooling he obtained was at night, during the last year of his service. In this time he learned to read a little, and to write a cramped, almost unintelligible hand. Soon after he became free, having the love of money deeply implanted in his mind, he opened a small shop, in a poor part of the town, and took one boy. By dint of hard work and close economy he was enabled to live upon about one-half of his earnings, and thus gradually to accumulate a small capital. His progress, however, was very slow, and it was full twenty years before he was able to open on Market Street. In the meantime, he had married a girl about as ignorant as himself, who felt her own importance growing gradually as did her husband's property. They had been ten years in Market Street at the time of the opening of our story, and were blest with a brood of six daughters, aged from seven to twenty years. These daughters, as they had grown up, had been accomplished in the arts of dancing, playing on the piano, doing nothing, etc., and in consequence of these superior attainments, had a commendable degree of contempt for all young mechanics, and an exalted idea of any one who could write "merchant," or "M. D." after his name. The three eldest, Genevieve, Genevra and Gertrude, were of the respective ages of sixteen, eighteen and twenty; and were looked upon by their mother as perfectly accomplished, and ready to make charming wives for doctors, lawyers or merchants, whichever might come forward and claim their willing hands.

We cannot say whether the reader will find them very interesting girls, but it is necessary that he should be introduced, and he must be as patient and polite as possible.

"I wonder, ma," said Genevieve, the eldest, one day after dinner, while lounging at the piano, "why pa don't quit business, it's so vulgar? I don't believe we'll ever get married while our parlor is within hearing of the shop, and the ears of our company stunned with the constant sound of the lapstone. How can pa be so inconsiderate?"

"That's a fact," said Miss Gertrude, just turning the corner of sixteen. "Doctor Watson has never

been to see me since that night when it was hammer, hammer, hammer, in the back shop all the while. I tried to apologize to him on account of it, and said it was so disagreeable; and that I would persuade pa to move away or quit business, that he was rich enough to do without work. I wish, ma, you would move up into Charles Street, so that we could live like other people. I'm mortified every day of my life at the poverty-struck way in which we live."

Mrs. Hardamer was silent, for she did not know exactly what to say. She thought pretty much as her daughters did about matters and things, but she did not exactly like to bring her thoughts out in words before them.

"The fact is," again spoke up Genevieve, "I'm almost discouraged, I'm twenty, and have not had a single direct offer yet. And I never expect to have while things remain as they are. Pa don't appear to have a bit of consideration! If he'd only move into a bigger house away from this dirty shop, or quit business, as he ought to do, and then give large parties, we might get our pick. But we'll get nobody that is anybody at this rate," and Genevieve heaved a long melancholy sigh, as she laid her head down upon the piano, at which she was sitting in abandonment of feeling.

"Never mind, girls," said Mrs. Hardamer, soothingly. "It'll come right by and by. We can't always have things our own way."

"It's a shame, ma, it is so!" broke in Genevieve, lifting up her head, and exhibiting a face now covered with tears, "and I don't care what becomes of me, I don't! It can't be expected that I should do well without any chance, and I don't care who I marry, there! Just listen now!—Rap, rap, rap!—bang, bang, bang!—hammer, hammer, hammer! Oh, it makes me sick! this eternal ringing of lapstone and hammer. I sometimes wish the shop would burn down, I do!"

"Genevieve!"

"Indeed, and I'm in earnest, ma! If you will drive your children to desperation, you'll have nobody to blame but yourselves. I'm determined that if Mr. Dimety don't offer himself before two weeks, I'll accept the first tailor or shoemaker that comes along. I'll marry, if I have to marry a drayman, so there now!"

"You mustn't give way so, Genevieve, my dear. Marrying comes natural enough; and when it's the right time, it will all go off as easy as can be. Have patience, my dear!"

"Patience!" responded the interesting Genevieve, jumping up from the music-stool and stamping with one foot upon the floor, while her face glowed like a coal of fire. "Haven't I had patience, I wonder? It's all well enough to talk of patience, patience—but it's another kind of a thing, I reckon, to see the commonest drabs of girls making the best matches, and we sitting at home with hardly a decent beau, and all because we live in such a way. I'll leave home, I will, if there ain't some change. I'm not going to be sacrificed in this way."

"And so will I," chimed in Gertrude.

"And I will too," responded Genevra.

"I wonder where my young ladies will go?" said the mother, in a quiet, sneering tone; for she was used to such exhibitions, and understood precisely how much they were worth.

"Go?" asked Miss Gertrude, with emphasis—"Go? why, go anywhere!"

"Well, suppose you go now," continued Mrs. Hardamer, who had grown a little irritated—"I don't think you will find things very different if you stay here."

"And I will go, too, so I will!" said Genevieve, passionately, sweeping off to her chamber.

"Suppose you pack off with her," continued the mother, to the other two paragona, and they likewise swept off in high displeasure.

At tea-time the three young rebels were sent for, and found asleep in their chamber. On putting their heads together, they concluded that an elopement, where there was no nice young man in question, would be rather a poor business, and fell to crying, and finally slept the matter pretty well off, in the usual afternoon nap, which was prolonged an hour or two beyond the ordinary period.

When the young ladies appeared at the tea-table their eyes, from which a long sleep had not stolen the redness, attracted their father's attention.

"Why, what's the matter with you; you've not all been crying I hope?" he said, looking from one to the other, of the three demure faces.

But neither of them felt like replying to their father's question.

"What's the trouble, Genevieve?" he continued, addressing the elder of the three.

"Nothing," she replied, in a low, moody voice.

"Nothing? Then I should think it was a poor business to cry for nothing. Come! speak up, and let me hear what's the matter. Can you find your tongue, Genevieve?"

But Genevieve's tongue had not the slightest inclination to fill its usual office.

"I don't understand this," said Hardamer, warming a little, and looking from face to face of the three girls—"Can you explain, mother?"

"Oh, there's nothing particular the matter," said Mrs. Hardamer, "only these young ladies are getting discouraged about their beaux. They think the sound of the lapstone has frightened them all off."

"The devil they do!" said Hardamer, a good deal excited on the instant. "That is, they are ashamed of their father's business, and of course of their father. I wish in my heart they were all married to good, honest, industrious shoemakers."

"I'd die first!" broke in Genevieve, passionately.

"Then you'll not be likely to starve afterward, as you will if you marry one of these milk-faced, counter-jumping dandies, about whom your foolish heads have all been turned. Please to remember, my ladies, that you are a shoemaker's daughters, and that's the most you can make out of yourselves.

If your mother had put you in the kitchen, as I wanted her to do, instead of sticking you up in the parlor, you'd have been more credit to us and to yourselves, than you now are. Remember! I'll have no more of this kind of stuff."

There was a degree of sternness about the father's manner, that showed him to be in earnest, but his daughters had been taught manners in a higher school than that in which he had been educated; and they not only felt equal to their parents, but superior to them.

"I wouldn't be seen in the street with a shoemaker!" responded Genevieve, pertly, to her father's positive expression of disapproval.

"Do you know who you are talking to?" said Hardamer, in a loud, stern voice.

"Yes, sir!" replied Genevieve, in a quiet steady tone, looking her father in the face, and drawing in her lips with an air of self-possession and defiance.

"Leave the table this instant!" he said, rising and motioning her away.

"No! no! no! father!" said Mrs. Hardamer, also springing to her feet, and putting her hand upon her husband's arm—"don't do that! don't! don't!"

"Why, do you suppose, madam, that I am going to let a child of mine talk to me in that way!"

"Sit down, sit down! she won't say so again. Ain't you ashamed of yourself, to speak so to your father!" she continued, addressing Genevieve, who still sat in her chair, apparently unmoved by the storm she had raised.

Hardamer resumed his seat, checked by his wife's interference, but by no means soothed in his feelings.

"It's a pretty pass, indeed," he went on—"when a child becomes ashamed of her father. Here I've been toiling this thirty years at an honest trade, and now my children must be ashamed of the very means by which they were raised to a comfortable condition in life. I wish I'd had my way with 'em, there'd been other kinds of notions in their heads I'm thinking."

"Well, it's no use for you to talk, pa. Your business ain't very reputable, and you know it?" said Gertrude, unmoved by the excited state in which she saw her father.

"Ain't reputable, you hussy! what do you mean, ha?"

"Why don't you sell out, pa, and quit business, or open some kind of a store?" said Genevra, following up her sisters' bold attack pretty closely.

The father was for a moment utterly confounded. His business had always been his pleasure, and it was yielding him a good income. He had never much liked the accomplishments displayed by his daughters, nor been especially pleased with the foppish, frivolous young fellows who dangled about them. Now they had left their own peculiar domain and had invaded his; and he was chafed to a degree that made it impossible for him to command himself. Springing up from the table, he resisted all attempts made by his wife to check him, and, in a loud, angry



voice, ordered the three girls to leave the room instantly. For a moment they looked him in the face hesitatingly, but they saw something there that they did not wish to trifle with, and slowly obeyed the order.

"Not reputable!—quit business!—ha!—indeed!—not reputable!" ejaculated Hardamer, pacing the room rapidly backward and forward. "This comes of making ladies out of shoemakers' daughters. Not reputable! I'll have 'em all binding shoes before a week I'll show 'em what's reputable!"

"H-u-s-h, husband, do!" said Mrs. Hardamer, in a soothing voice.

"Indeed, and I'll not hush! And it's all your fault, I can tell you, my lady! You would make fools of them, and now they're ashamed of us. Quit business! Keep a store! Not reputable! Indeed! Quite a new discovery!" and old Hardamer hurried off into his shop in a state of perturbation such as he had not experienced for years.

"How could you talk so to your father?" said Mrs. Hardamer, joining the three eldest girls in the parlor, and leaving the younger misses to take care of themselves.

"How could he talk to us about marrying shoemakers?" replied Genevieve, tartly, giving to her face at the same time an expression of strong disgust.

"If he's got no higher ideas, I can assure him his daughters have," said Gertrude. "Marry a shoemaker, indeed!"

Now this was almost too much for Mrs. Hardamer herself—for hadn't she married a shoemaker? And wasn't the father of these high-minded damsels a shoemaker? Still, she cared as little to have shoemakers for sons-in-law as did her daughters to have them for husbands. This latter consideration modified her feelings in a degree, and she replied: "Nonsense, girls! your father was only jesting. But you should remember that, in speaking as you do, you reflect upon him!"

"That's not our fault, you know, ma," said the incorrigible Genevieve. "If he will continue to follow a business that necessity compelled him to adopt many years ago, now that there is no occasion for it, he must not wonder if his children are mortified. And then to talk of putting us back to the point where you and he started from, was too much for human nature to bear."

"Genevieve, you mustn't talk so."

"It's the truth, ma, and I must speak it out!"

"It is not always necessary to speak even the truth."

"In this case it is. To talk of marrying me to a shoemaker! Give me patience to bear the thought!"

"Genevieve!"

"Ma!"

"I won't put up with this any longer. So just let me hear no more of it."

"But, ma—"

"I tell you to hush!"

"Yes, but—"

"Don't you hear me?"

"Ma, is this the way to con—"

"Genevieve, I command you to be silent!"

"I can't be silent, ma—and I won't be silent!" now screamed Genevieve, in the hysterical feminine octave. "Talk of marrying me to a shoemaker! Oh, I shall go crazy!"

"A good, honest, industrious shoemaker would be a fool to have you, let me tell you, you proud, lazy, good-for-nothing hussey!" said Mrs. Hardamer, in a voice pitched to the same key with her daughter's. "Your father is right! I've made fools of you all; but I'll bring you down, see if I don't!"

"It would be hard to get any lower, I'm thinking," remarked Genevieve, with provoking calmness. "I feel disgraced all the while, for isn't the hammer ringing in my ears eternally?"

"Yes, and the whole house is scented with leather and varnish," said Gertrude. "Who wonders that young gentlemen soon slack off? What's the use of attracting attention abroad, if receiving company at home spoils it all?"

"Will you hush, I say!"

"No, ma, I can't hush! Haven't we borne this, and met with disappointment after disappointment, until we are driven to desperation? There's that elegant young Williams, who was just on the point of declaring himself, when, as luck would have it, he must call upon me here; and then the cake was all dough, for he never came again. And last week I saw him at Mr. L—'s party, all attention to Grace Jameson, a pert minx; and he only gave me a cold nod. Don't I know the reason of all this? Give me patience!" and the disappointed lady of sixteen stamped upon the floor with her little foot in a towering passion.

"I can't stand this," said Mrs. Hardamer, completely subdued by the tempest she had called about her ears, and beat a hasty retreat, leaving the wounded dignity of the young ladies to heal as best it might.

Upon returning to the breakfast-room, she found that the younger children had finished their meal; and she set about preparing supper for the apprentices. Upon the table were two plates, each containing what had been once the half of a half-pound print of butter, but now somewhat diminished in size. One of these plates she took off, and cut the butter in the other plate into two pieces, and removed one of them. A plate of chipped beef was also taken off, and a bread-basket containing a few slices of wheat bread. Nothing except the plates and the tea things were left. From the closet she now brought out the half of a large cold Indian pone, and placed it on the table.

"Call the boys!" she said, in a sharp, quick voice, to a black girl, who soon passed the word into the back shop, and four boys, with three of whom the reader is already acquainted, made their appearance. The other was a small lad, not over eleven years of age—a puny child, with fair complexion, and large bright blue eyes. He was an orphan boy, and the drudge of the whole house and shop. One whose young heart had known enough of affectionate regard

to create in it a yearning desire for kind looks and kind words; but few of these warmed it into even an instantaneous delight.

Placing herself at the head of the table, Mrs. Hardamer turned out the lukewarm, wishy-washy stuff she called tea, and then sat in moody silence, while the boys stowed away, with a kind of nervous rapidity, the cold, heavy slices of pone, just touched with the butter, which they had to use sparingly to make it last, and washed the mouthfuls down with the not very palatable fluid.

It so happened that the warm weather had awakened into remarkable activity certain troublesome little animals in the boys' beds; and Ike had been deputed by the others to inform Mrs. Hardamer of the fact, in the hope that some speedy remedy, made and provided for like necessities, would relieve them from their annoying visitors. This information Ike had determined to convey at supper-time, but the lowering aspect of Mrs. Hardamer's countenance, for a time, made him feel disinclined to perform his allotted duty. Gradually, however, he brought his resolution up to the right point, and suddenly startled that lady from her unpleasant reverie with the announcement: "The clinchers are as thick as hops in our beds, ma'am."

"Catch 'em and kill 'em, then," was the brief and crabbed answer.

Ike was silent, but his blood rose to fever-heat.

"Short and sweet, wasn't it, Ike?" said Tom, as the boys met in the shop after supper.

"Catch 'em and kill 'em, ha! I'll catch 'em, but somebody else may kill 'em, if they choose," said Ike, giving his head a knowing toss.

That night, at bed-time, Ike appeared with a little paper box, in the top of which was cut a small hole.

"What are you going to do with that, Ike?" said Bill.

"Going to catch clinchers. Didn't the old woman say we must catch 'em?"

"Quite obedient, Ike. You're improving!"

"People ought to grow better as they grow older," responded Ike, turning up the hard straw bed with one hand, and routing the young colonies of clinchers that had settled around the pegs of the bedstead. With a very small pair of pincers he caught the nimble animals, and thrust them into his box. For nearly an hour he worked away with all diligence, assisted by the rest, until he had caught and caged some two hundred.

"What are you going to do with these, Ike?"

"That's tellings, just now. Let me alone for a day or two, and then I'll show you a neat trick."

"But, what is it, Ike?" urged Bill.

"Never mind, now, Bill. You shall know time enough."

Sealing up the small aperture in the top with a piece of shoemaker's wax, softened in the candle, Ike deposited the box in his trunk for safe keeping.

Three days after he came into the shop with his prisoners.

"There'll be some fun to-night, boys, or I'm mistaken," he said. "Let us examine our captives."

Slowly removing the lid, the little animals were found lying upon the bottom of the box, to all appearance dead. Their deep-red color had changed to a light-brown shade, and they looked more like thin, dry flakes of bran, than anything else.

"They're all dead, Ike."

"Don't believe the half of it. Just look here, and I'll show you if they're dead."

Picking up one of the seemingly inanimate thin flakes, he placed it on the back of his hand, where it could hardly be distinguished, by its color, from the skin. For a moment it lay there motionless, and then its fine legs began to quiver, and its head to move and bend down upon the skin of the hand. In a little while its head was perfectly distinguished by a small brown spot, and from this spot a thin dark line began to run down its back. Gradually this line widened, and the whole back assumed a darker hue.

"Does he bite, Ike?"

"Don't he! See how he is sucking up the blood! He's about the keenest chap to bite I ever felt."

Ike still allowed the little animal to draw away, until he was swelled up with the dark fluid, and almost ready to burst; then brushing him off, he remarked, in a low, chuckling voice, "Somebody'll know more about clinchers to-night than they've ever known before."

"But what are you going to do with these bed-bugs, Ike? You haven't told us yet."

"Oh, haven't I? Well, I'm going to let 'em have a taste of the old woman, after their long fast."

"You're joking."

"Humph! The old lady won't think so to-night."

"But the old man'll come in for a share."

"Who cares! If he will go into bad company, he must take the consequences. But he's as bad as she is, any day."

After dinner Ike watched his opportunity, and slipped into the royal bed-chamber, while all were down-stairs. Carefully turning up the bed-clothes from the foot, he scattered the two hundred half-starved bugs between the sheets, so low down, that in turning the clothes over from the top to get into the bed, they would not be perceived.

"Did you do it, Ike?" said Bill and Tom, eagerly.

"In course I did."

"They'll never find out who did it."

"No. They'll not even suspect anybody."

The garret in which the boys slept was directly over the chamber of Mr. and Mrs. Hardamer, and when they went to bed they left their door open, to hear as much as possible of what should happen below.

About ten o'clock the old folks retired, and were just about losing themselves in sleep, when they were each awakened by a burning sensation about their feet and ankles. They bore it for awhile in silence, and tried to go to sleep again; neither being aware that the other felt the same annoyance. But the

burning increased to a smarting and stinging, and soon covered nearly their whole bodies.

"I feel just like I was in the fire," said Mrs. Hardamer, who was first to complain.

"So do I," said her husband. "There must be bugs in the bed!"

"Indeed, and there can't be, then, for I looked the bed all over to-day."

"There must be, by jingo!" exclaimed Hardamer, in reply, reaching suddenly down and scratching his leg with all his might.

"Something's the matter!" said the old lady, rubbing with a like earnestness, and then creeping out of bed.

A light revealed about twenty lively fellows, who had, in the short time allowed them, filled themselves pretty well, and now stood out in full relief from the snow-white sheets. These were caught and dealt with according to law. The bed was examined, and in the belief that there was not another live animal on the premises, the worthy couple again betook themselves to rest.

But they were soon forced to turn out again, smarting, burning and itching all over. Thirty or forty more of the ravenous little creatures were discovered and killed, and the bed and bedstead again thoroughly hunted over.

Again did they seek to find rest; and again were they forced to leave their snug retreat. This time they abdicated their chamber and sought for repose in another room and in another bed. Here they were more fortunate, and after a few efforts to drive from their imagination the idea that bugs were all the while creeping over them, finally succeeded in falling into a sound slumber, from which they did not awake until daylight.

At breakfast time, while the boys were disposing of their cold pone, and weak, warm rye coffee, Mrs. Hardamer asked if they were troubled much with bugs during the night.

"Not at all, ma'am," said Ike, with a grave countenance.

"I never was so troubled with them in my life," said Mrs. Hardamer.

"I didn't feel any, did you, Bill?" said Ike.

"I wa'n't at all troubled," responded Bill, in a voice that trembled with suppressed mirth.

"Well, I had to go into another room. I never saw so many in a bed in all my life! They must have all come down in an army from the garret."

"There's a pretty large army of 'em up in the garret, that I know," said Ike; "but they kept pretty quiet last night."

"Well, I'd thank 'em to keep on their own side of the house," responded Mrs. Hardamer, with an expression of disgust; for the idea of having bugs from the boys' dirty beds creeping over her was by no means a very pleasant one.

That day the garret had a thorough overhauling. The bedsteads were taken down and scalded, and some thousands of bugs slain. Upon a close inspection of the sheets of her bed, the old lady discovered

a number of what she thought the skins of bugs. These she gathered up carefully, and threw them into boiling water. She was a little surprised to see many of them stir, which created some vague suspicions in her mind; but there the matter ended. After this the beds in the garret were regularly examined every week during warm weather.

## CHAPTER II.

### A MOVEMENT NOT TO BE MISTAKEN.

"DID you ever see such a proud, lazy, stuck-up somebody as Genevieve is?" remarked Ike, one day, to the boys in the shop.

"I do believe she's ashamed of her own father, because he's a shoemaker," responded Tom.

"Humph! I know she is!" said Bill.

"And there's Gertrude, too. She never thinks of knowing me in the street on Sundays. But I guess I always speak to her as polite as a dancing-master," said Ike. "I like to cut the comb of such people."

"Ain't you afraid to do so?" asked Tom.

"Afraid, indeed! And what should I be afraid of? She can't help herself. Suppose she tells the old man? She'll only get a flea in her ear for her pains. He's not going to do anything."

"Jim said he heard Millie say, that all three of the fine young ladies had a high-top-tea-party with the old man and woman about the noise of the lapstone when they had company. Old Hardamer was as stiff as you please, and said he'd set 'em all to binding shoes before a week, if they didn't take care."

"I wonder if that's a fact! Are you sure Millie told you so, Jim?"

"All I know about it, Ike, is, that Millie said so, and I 'pose she knows," said the little fellow, in half apparent reluctance to make any communication on the subject.

"Ah, very well!" responded Ike. "They shall have lapstone enough after this. But, won't I lay it on with a vengeance, when the young doctors, and lawyers, and counter-hoppers are about!"

"They're what they call accomplished, ain't they?" said Bill Grimes. "What do they mean by that, I wonder?"

"You're green, Bill, if you don't know what accomplished means."

"I reckon I do know, Ike, what it means. But I can't for my life understand what it means when applied to old Lignumvitæ's three oldest daughters! If it means to play on the piano, why the wife of black Jake, the barber, is accomplished, for Jake says she can play the forty-piano to kill. And she can beat either of our young ladies, if I'm any judge of music, for I heard her once, and you know we hear them until we're sick and tired. If it means to dress up in all kinds of flim-flammeries, Jake's wife is just as accomplished, for she sports as much finery as they do. Or, maybe it is to sit all day in the parlor, and do nothing; if so, Mrs. Morton's

Spanish poodle is just as much entitled to be called accomplished as they are. I must find some new meaning to the word before I can understand its application."

"Nonsense, Bill! you're soft in the upper story. To be accomplished, means to dance, and talk poetry, and all that sort of thing. A perfectly accomplished lady can talk nonsense, and to save your life you can't tell it from good sense, it will come out so gracefully. She will tell you that you are a fool or a puppy in terms that leave you at a loss to know whether she means to compliment or insult you. A queer animal, I can tell you, is an accomplished lady."

"Of course, then," said Bill, "our up-stairs misses are not accomplished ladies."

"No, nor never will be, in full. They can ape a few of the graces, but can never be accomplished inside and out. A shoemaker's daughter, Bill, always seems to hear the sound of the lapstone, and it makes her both look and feel awkward. She will do well enough, if she is content to be herself; but the moment she tries to step above the path in which she walks easily and naturally, she will get on uneven ground, and wobble from side to side like a duck; everybody will laugh at her."

"That's a law of nature, Ike."

"Of course it is, Bill. Shoemakers' daughters are as good as anybody else's daughters, until they grow ashamed of being shoemakers' daughters, and then they ought to be despised, and are despised."

On that same night it so happened that the girls had company, and as it was in the summer time, all the doors in the house were open for the free circulation of air. The boys, of course, did not work at night, and the girls fondly imagined themselves freed from the dreadful annoyance of the hammer and lapstone. But they were not to be so highly favored.

"Where are you going to-night, Ike?" said one of the boys to this young ringleader of mischief.

"I'm going to stay home, I believe."

"Stay home! Why what's in the wind, Ike? It's a new kick for you to stay at home at night."

"Why, didn't you see that the girls were all furbelowed up at supper-time. They're going to set up for company—doctors, lawyers, merchants, etc."

"Well, what of that?"

"Nothing, only I want a pair of shoes, and must beat up the soles to-night."

"You're not in earnest, Ike?"

"Indeed, and I am though. I want these young gentlemen to hear the sound of the lapstone."

"The old man'll walk into you, if you try that trick."

"The Iron Chest Society meets to-night, you know, and he never stays away."

"True enough; but the old woman'll be into you."

"Well, suppose she is; the mischief will all be done before she can waddle into the back shop."

"But I wouldn't if I was you, Ike."

"Wouldn't you, indeed! But I would, though."

"As long as the girls hate the sound of the hammer so badly, I'd let 'em alone."

"Why, what's come over you, Tom? You're grown mighty feeling all at once! But you needn't preach to me, I can tell you! I know what I'm about. Won't I make the old stone ring a merry tune, though!"

As Ike had indicated, about eight o'clock a young Mr. Willis, who had just opened a dry goods store came in to see Miss Genevra; and shortly after, a student of medicine, a wild rake of a fellow, who had an idea that old Hardamer had a few of the "gooseberries," as he called them, dropped in to renew an acquaintance recently made at a party with Miss Genevieve. His name was Anderson. A Mr. Wilkins also called; but as he was a young shoemaker, just in business, who did not think himself above shoemakers' daughters, he met with a very cold reception.

"It's quite a pleasant evening, Miss Gertrude," remarked Mr. Wilkins, the last comer, as he seated himself beside that young lady.

"Yes, sir," she responded, in a chilling tone, and with a face as free from smiles as a wintry sky.

"Not much danger of a gust, I reckon," he continued, glancing out of the window.

"No, sir."

"It's been rather an oppressive day."

"Yes, sir."

"Have you been to the museum, lately?" continued Wilkins, varying his attack. "They have an Egyptian mummy there—the first ever exhibited in this city."

"No, sir," replied the monosyllabic lady, as coldly and indifferently as possible.

Still, Wilkins was not to be driven off into silence, although he felt awkward and embarrassed.

"That's a beautiful painting there of the death of Virginia."

"Yes, sir."

"Were you ever electrified?"

"No, sir."

"You've no idea what a strange feeling it produces. You feel just as if your shoulders were jerked apart. How singular it is, that in a circle of even twenty, every one feels the shock at the same instant. They electrified a big negro there the other night. It was fun, I assure you. Mr. Peale charged the machine pretty strongly, and asked the fellow to put his hand on a knob. He, of course, did as requested, in all obedience. 'Now take hold of that chain a minute,' said Mr. Peale, and the negro obeyed. I thought the whole company would have died laughing to see the fellow jump and roll up his eyes. He couldn't understand it at all. 'Shut your big mouf, Mr. Pieter,' he said, shaking his fist at the two laughing portraits in the room where the machine stands. 'You've no 'casion to laugh.'"

Even this failed to interest the young lady, and she did not accord a single word in response.

During this vain effort on the part of Mr. Wilkins to get up a conversation, the tongues of the other



girls were running at a rapid rate; and as they grew more and more animated, their voices were raised to a higher pitch.

"He's a splendid writer, though, ain't he, Mr. Anderson, that Mr. Byron?" said Genevieve. "Oh, I've a passion for him!"

"Lord Byron is certainly a poet of splendid powers," responded the young student.

"He's a lord, then, is he?"

"Oh, yes, miss."

"Well, I declare! I didn't know it before. I shall admire him more than ever."

"You've read his 'Bride of Abydos,' I suppose?" said Anderson.

"I haven't got that far, yet," replied Genevieve, blushing a little.

"Then there's a treat yet in store for you. His 'Bride of Abydos' is one of his most beautiful productions."

"I'll read it to-morrow, then; I won't wait till I get to it. He's the author of 'Grey's Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' ain't he?"

"Yes," said the polite student; "and it is one of his finest pieces."

"I've always admired that. Ain't it elegant where he says,

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air?"

"Indeed, it is," responded Anderson, a little cooled off, but the thoughts of the old man's "gooseberries" warmed him up again.

"You're fond of reading poetry, Miss Genevieve?"

"Oh, I dote on it! It's a passion with me! I could read poetry from morning till night."

Rap, rap, rap, bang, bang, bang, suddenly came ringing up from the back shop with startling distinctness.

"Goody gracious, me!" said Genevieve, suddenly thrown off her guard, and rising to her feet.

Anderson, with easy politeness, endeavored to carry on the conversation, as freely as if there was no deafening sound of lapstone and hammer ringing through the room. But not only Genevieve, but all the girls were terribly annoyed.

"That's quite a familiar sound," remarked Wilkins, in a quiet tone.

Gertrude looked at him as if she could have annihilated him.

"Your father is pretty busy now, I believe?"

"Sir!" said the young lady, with an offended air.

"Can't you give us something on the piano, Miss Geneva?" said Mr. Willis, who felt for the girls, and suggested the idea of music, as an antidote to the annoying sound below.

"Yes, I will play, if you wish me to," responded Geneva, moving quickly toward the instrument.

"What will you have?"

"'Washington's March,'" said Willis.

Instantly Geneva struck the keys with full force, introducing the drum whenever she could manage to

give it a deafening bang, and thus succeeded in drowning the noise of Ike's hammer. But marches, like everything else, must have an end, and in the pause that succeeded, the ears of the poor girls were agonized by the terrible sound below.

Another tune was quickly called for, and during its performance Genevieve left the room, and descended with rapid steps to the back shop.

"What do you mean, sir, you insolent puppy, you?" she half screamed to Ike, who, seated on his bench, with a shade over his eyes, was still hammering with all his might.

Ike looked up with a simple, bewildered air, but made no answer.

"What are you filling the house with this eternal din for, I want to know?"

"Nothing, Miss Genevieve, only I'm making myself a pair of shoes. You see, I've got none fit to wear," poking up at the same time his foot, on which was an old shoe the toe of which gaped like the mouth of a catfish.

"Then why don't you make your shoes in the daytime, and not disturb everybody in the house at night?"

"'Cause I ain't got no time in the day."

"I'll tell pa on you, so I will," said the incensed young lady.

"Why, I ain't done nothing, Miss Genevieve," replied Ike, as demurely as possible. "But, if it disturbs you, I'll do it in the morning." And, so saying, he replaced his hammer upon his bench, pushed the stone under it, and threw off his pasteboard shade.

"Don't let me hear any more of this, remember that, sir!" and the offended beauty swept off so quickly as to lose the sound of Ike's humble "No, miss."

"It worked to a charm!" he exclaimed, as soon as Genevieve had retired, and hurrying on his jacket, he blew out the candle, and in a moment or two was in the street.

On the next morning, after breakfast, old Hardamer went into the back shop, and standing before Ike, addressed him in a loud, angry tone, with, "What were you doing here last night, I want to know?"

"Only hammering out a shoe-sole."

"Well, what business had you hammering out a shoe-sole at night, this time of year?"

"I wanted a pair of shoes, sir."

"That's a lie, sir! for, it's not two weeks since you made yourself a pair."

This was a poser, for it was a fact.

"You only did it to disturb the family, you imp of Satan! But I'll learn you a trick worth two of that! I'll let you see that you can't play off your pranks on everybody."

And, before Ike had time to do anything, Hardamer was laying it over his back and shoulders with a heavy stirrup. The old fellow was a cruel hand to flog when once excited, as the scarred and seamed backs of the boys bore ample testimony; and he was terribly passionate whenever he met with opposition.

Recovering himself from the surprise and confusion of so sudden an attack, and recalling his resolution to resist, Ike suddenly sprang from his bench, and driving his head full into the rotund abdomen of his master, sent him tumbling over backward into the corner among the lasts and rolls of leather.

Uttering a fierce oath, Hardamer sprang quickly to his feet, and made toward Ike, who stood calmly by his seat, waiting for the result of his bold innovation upon ancient usages. Blind and mad with passion, the short, thick, old fellow, plunged like an enraged bull toward Ike, who coolly stepped aside, and by just advancing his foot a little, allowed him to tumble heels-over-head into the other corner of the shop. There he lay for some moments, so bewildered as to scarcely know whether he was on his head or his feet. But he soon began to understand the position of matters a little more clearly, and seeing Ike still standing boldly up in front of him, he rose up, with a last in each hand, and, in the twinkling of an eye, launched them, one after the other, at Ike's head. But that chap had as quick an eye as his master, and readily dodged them.

"Two can play at that game, remember!" said Ike, picking up a last and brandishing it in his hand.

For a moment Hardamer was utterly confounded. Implicit submission to his will, and the privilege of thrashing any one of the boys whenever he pleased, had been prerogatives which no one had questioned for twenty or thirty years.

"Do you dare to threaten me? you scoundrel!" he at length said, moving toward Ike, his face dark with anger.

"Stand off, sir!" said Ike, retreating.

But Hardamer pressed forward, and, finding that warning would not keep off his master, Ike let fly a last at his head. It just grazed his ear. In an instant the old fellow grappled with him, and they rolled over together on the floor. Bill and Tom looked on with anxious interest, both resolved to aid Ike, according to the compact, if there was any chance of his master's getting the best of the battle. All at once they saw Ike grow black in the face, and were shocked to perceive that both of Hardamer's hands were tightly clasped around his throat.

"The old scamp will kill him!" exclaimed Bill, springing forward and throwing himself upon his master.

"Choke him off, Bill!" cried Tom, joining him on the instant.

Not taking the hint as quickly as Tom thought the nature of the case required, he clasped his own hands with a vigorous grip around Hardamer's throat, and held on, until the master's hold relaxed from the neck of the now almost insensible boy.

Ike quickly revived, and the three boys retired from their not very pleasant proximity to the body of their master, and ranged themselves side by side in an attitude of defiance.

"I'll murder the whole of you!" shouted Hardamer, rising to his feet, mad with passion. "What

do you mean? you scoundrels! Go to your work this instant! and you, Ike, walk off up-stairs. I've not done with you yet."

"There's no particular use in my going up-stairs," said Ike. "Because, you see, I'm not going to allow you to touch me again, I'm a'most too old for that now."

"Hold your tongue, you scoundrel!"

"Well, I was only saying that—"

"Hold your tongue, I say! Off up-stairs with you!"

"Can't go, sir," said Ike.

"We might as well all understand each other at once," now broke in Tom. "We've all resolved that we won't stand your eternal beatings any longer. We've had enough; and, as Ike says, are too old for that kind of fun, now. If you'll treat us well we'll work; but if you don't, we'll raise the very devil; so there now!"

Here was a state of things, the possibility of the existence of which had never entered the mind of Hardamer, and he felt utterly at a loss how to act. If he had followed the impulse by which he was prompted, he would have dashed in among them and knocked right and left with blind fury, but he could not forget that these three nimble chaps before him, in whose determined faces there was no evidence of fear, had but a moment before proved too much for him.

"I can have you all cowed by a constable," he said, in a calmer voice.

"We have calculated all that," replied Tom, more respectfully, "and are prepared to act in that case, too."

"I should like to know how you'd act in the officer's clutches. I guess you'd not like his cowhide much."

"I can tell you how we'll act," said Tom, in a determined voice. "We'll never wax another cord for you as long as we live. Mind, sir, we're not to be fooled with!" he continued, anxious to impress his master with a sense of their indomitable resolution; and thus avoid future contentions, which none of the boys had any desire to enter into.

Hardamer turned upon his heel and went into the front shop, while the three rebels retired, each to his respective seat, and resumed their work. He was as much at a loss to know how to act, as they were to know how he would act. At one moment, he resolved to avail himself of the law which provided for the punishment of refractory apprentices; but the determined manner of the boys caused him to hesitate. Although he was in pretty easy circumstances, he by no means considered himself rich, and had no idea of dispensing with the services of three well-grown and pretty industrious boys. This turmoil in his mind, accompanied with its troublesome indecision, continued for many days, during which time the boys worked steadily and quietly. Gradually the keen mortification, and chafed feelings of Hardamer, wore away in some degree, and the boys began to feel safe.

(To be continued.)

## RELIGIOUS READING.

## HIS WORD SHALL NOT FAIL.

AM I dark in mind about myself—about other men—about the world? Do I feel sometimes as if God had not spoken expressly to man? As if the problem of life were yet unsolved, and in fact insoluble? As if human creatures were little more than ghosts and shadows—man truly walking in a vain show, every man at his best state altogether vanity? Then it will be wise and well to let the word of Christ come to me, and dwell in me richly as a word of revelation—as the opening out and public declaration and verification of things which had been hidden from the beginning of the world. I must, that is, try to vanquish and cure such a state of intellectual dependency, by remembering how much Jesus Christ has revealed—how far, how very far, He has transcended and surpassed all other teachers by what He has said, and by what He has done; how, especially, He has “brought life and immortality to light by the gospel,” thus translating dim conjecture into firm and clear certainty. I must remember, and realize as a fact about which there can be no dispute, that it is His hand alone that has drawn the veil from the invisible world and the future life, so that now, if not all the glory of that high state, there yet shines out upon us the fair vision of the Father's house with many mansions, which can be seen by the lowly, and the suffering, and the weary, and the dying, all the world over, if only their eyes are thitherward.

Am I—not doubting the revelation or its preciousness—doubting and desponding much about myself, my wretched self? finding few signs of grace? observing little progress through the years? feeling little but hardness within? fearing that I have no part nor lot in the matter? Then let me remember the word of Christ as a word of redemption, of complete, assured salvation. The Gospel is not an argument, a process, an education, a curriculum, a growth merely, although all these things are in it. It is a redemption, and those who receive it are redeemed. It is saving the eyes from tears, the feet from falling, and the soul from death. It is the annulling of penalty, the blotting out of sin forever, the slaying of enmity and the kindling of love, the death of the old man, the creation of the new. If this be so, then what have I to fear? If I find no virtue nor any good in myself, I find the more in Him, and by His complete redemption I am warranted in believing that all His own goodness will become a

growth in me, through righteousness unto eternal life. If, when I look more narrowly, my very virtues, or what seemed so, darken into sins, do I not see, may I not at least see, and most clearly when things are at the worst, the light of a Saviour's face beaming compassion on me in my helplessness and misery, as He says: “Believe, and thou, too, shall be saved. Come unto Me, thou weary one, and heavy laden, and I will give thee rest.”

Am I, although calmed with forgiveness, very weak, and as to my own feeling, although unfit for continuing the struggle of the nobler life? Then let me take some strong promise adapted to the need, and drink it up as a fainting man would drink a cordial, until I am refreshed; let me seize it as a sinking man would grasp a strong staff if it were offered to him, and lean upon it and be borne through.

Am I sorrowing? And can I forget that word of Christ which has sounded so sweetly in so many mourners' ears, in so many desolate homes, over so many graves—“Let not your heart be troubled?”

Am I myself now in the very process of passing away from earth and time? “Warned by God,” by some sensible sign, by some inward utterances more and more audible of the sentence of death, am I now beginning to turn my face away from the interests and the homes of earth, and, in spirit, sometimes to part company with the nearest and dearest companions of the way? Ah, then, do not I the more need to take Him at His word who has said: “I will not leave; I will not forsake. I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also?”

Thus, the thing is to find and bring in the word of Christ which is suited for the time, for the day, for the need, for the mental state, for the moral struggle, for the peculiar providence, and make that master and occupant of the house.

And yet there will be times when there is no sharp consciousness at all, no sense of distinct and peculiar needs, and still the word of Christ may dwell richly within. It is everything to have a real faith in Christ and in His blessed Gospel, and a real sense of the love of God therein, to be answered by our love and obedience forever. Life with some has few turns and changes, inward or outward, but with Christ and His word in the heart, it will be, in the main, what life ought to be, a passing from darkness into light, a growing through grace into glory.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

## MRS. DALTON'S STRATEGY.

BY SARAH HART.

MRS. DALTON sat before the glowing fire—for the bright spring days were a trifle too cool to do without it—but her usually cheerful face wore a troubled expression, as if her mind was seriously perplexed. And indeed she was troubled, for that morning had brought to her the intelligence that Florence, her eldest daughter, a bright, beautiful girl of sixteen, was fond of the company of those whom her mother would not have chosen as companions for her daughter. The intelligence had come in

a way, too, that was deeply mortifying. Mrs. Dalton was in a store where were several other ladies, when a group of girls passed.

“There goes Lida Herring and her crowd,” remarked one of the ladies.

“What a brazen-faced girl she has become,” remarked the other. “I think if I had a daughter I should be careful she did not associate with girls who are so ill-behaved.”

“But mothers do not always know,” replied the other. “I dare say some of those girls' mothers do not know

anything about their behavior on the street, nor the company they are in. I often see Florence Dalton with them, and they say that her mother is, or tries to be, very particular with her."

The conversation was continued, but Mrs. Dalton heard no more. She quietly walked out of the store, and turned homeward.

Mrs. Dalton was a wise woman. She knew her daughter's disposition too well to rush to her with the intelligence she had gained, for she was a headstrong girl—slow to take advice, and quick to take offence. She knew that if she asserted her authority, and forbade all intercourse with these girls, that her daughter might look upon it as only antagonistic to her own wishes, and there might come of it either open rebellion or else strict vigilance and clandestine meetings.

"No. Florence must be made to see for herself why I wish her to break away from such associates," she said to herself. "I know that underneath all her frivolity and self-will there is good common-sense. I must find some way to appeal to that."

For more than an hour she sat there in deep thought. Then suddenly her face brightened, as if a happy idea had come to her; but she said nothing relative to the matter when, in a few moments, her daughter entered the room.

Mrs. Dalton was a widow in easy circumstances. The care of her two children had been a pleasant task, and she rather prided herself upon her and their good name. The bare possibility that anything should sully that had given a sting to her sensitive spirit. How bitter then must have been the reality.

"Have you any engagement for this morning, Florence?" said Mrs. Dalton, a few days after this had occurred.

"Nothing, in particular, mother. I was going out, but it makes no difference. Why, do you want me?"

"I was going to select flowers and ribbon for Katie's hat, and wanted you to go with me, and give me the benefit of your taste," she said, smiling.

"Very well. I'll be ready soon."

It was a bright, sunny day—just such an one as comes after the spring rains have housed us up for days together—and crowds of people, gayly dressed, were on the streets—some for business, some for pleasure, some for the sake of being there—to see and be seen. Florence met and bowed to several girls and young men who were strangers to her mother; but that lady asked not a question concerning them. She was patiently waiting for her time to come.

"Let us go in here," said Mrs. Dalton, stopping before a fashionable refreshment saloon.

They entered, and ascended the broad stairway to the ladies' parlor, and Mrs. Dalton took a table near a window, which commanded a full view of the street and promenaders below.

"What a delightful place this is!" exclaimed Florence. "I think I never was here before."

"It is very pleasant, indeed," said her mother. "But, here comes the waiter with our refreshments; I think you will find that part of it as delightful as any, and more substantial, after our shopping expedition. We have a full view of all the passers-by," continued Mrs. Dalton, after a pause. "I always like to watch faces and forms. Look, Florence, do you see that group of idlers lounging around that corner?" Florence looked, and her face flushed, for she recognized several faces there. "Do you

know why they lounge there?" The bright face grew more flushed; but, meeting the calm, loving gaze fixed upon her, she could not dissemble, so she answered nothing. "Let us watch and see," said Mrs. Dalton.

Soon there came sauntering along a bevy of girls, all about the age of Florence, and most of them were her acquaintances. As they passed the corner they appeared not to notice the idlers there; but the most casual observer might have seen that nearly all gave some sign of recognition. One held her fan in a coquettish manner—another gave her handkerchief a toss—another sent a gay ribbon over her shoulder, and similar tokens were passed by the others; to all of which the young men (?) answered in some manner, and the girls passed on. The young idlers looked after them with jeering looks and vulgar grimaces, that made Florence's cheek crimson with indignation.

"Oh, mother! are young men so lacking in principle as that?" she exclaimed.

"Rather say, my daughter, are young girls so lacking in all that makes young womanhood respected. Those girls challenged those actions by their own behavior."

"I think, if those young girls could see what we have seen, they would not behave in like manner again," said Florence, warmly.

"You saw their actions, Florence; but the thoughts of their hearts were even more base and impure. No young man can maintain his purity of heart very long by associating with such companions; nor can a young girl long retain her charm of maiden modesty by such a course. But, come, dear, if you are rested, we will go on."

That evening, as Mrs. Dalton sat at her window watching the full moon

"Coming slowly

Through the silence deep and holy,"

she felt a hand upon her shoulder.

"What is it, dear?" she inquired, when she saw it was Florence.

"Oh, mother! I must tell you. Do you know I have walked down the avenue with those same girls we saw to-day, and was to go again to-day; and I knew they practised all those arts to attract attention. Oh, mother, I shall die of shame!" and the slight form shook with anguish.

The mother drew her child toward her till the fair head was pillowed on her breast. But she said nothing. She thought it better that the storm should spend itself first.

After a time the flood of mortification subsided, and Florence told her mother how these things had seemed nothing to her but girlish freaks—told her, too, of things the others had told her they had done, until Mrs. Dalton trembled to think how terribly endangered her daughter had been.

"These seeming trifles, my dear," she said, when Florence had ended her story, "are the beginning of greater evils, and are the steps which lead young girls from purity and virtue. I have known girls to become outcasts from society, whose first faults were a fondness for admiration and a love of fine clothes. I trembled with fear when I knew you had become fond of the promenade."

Long and confidently conversed the mother with her daughter that night. Nor was it the last confidential talk between them, but only the beginning of a new bond.

Mrs. Dalton's strategy proved an entire success—for her daughter learned to choose her associates from those who held modesty and purity of character in high esteem.



## EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

## SPRING WEATHER.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

IF all the sweet, wild winds that blow  
Across the world in spring—  
If all the little flowers that grow,  
And all the birds that sing—  
If one and all were met together,  
What would *they* say about the weather?

So low the soft south wind would blow,  
Its voice we scarce should hear;  
And yet 'twould bid our hearts rejoice,  
'Twould banish clouds of fear;  
And soft south wind, and west wind going,  
Would whisper to the small flowers growing,  
Till they should lift their little heads  
And shine and smile together,  
And wisely say, "We never saw  
Such rare, such radiant weather;"  
And each bright birdling swooping down,  
Would sing away some lurking frown!

So all the merry winds that blow,  
And all the buds of spring,  
And all the birds, on all the boughs,  
Alight, with ruffled wing,  
Would blow, and bloom, and sing together,  
"We never knew such radiant weather!"

The silver bracelet of a shower  
May deck Dame Rose's wrist,  
Yet still she leans her wet cheek out,  
Shy, waiting to be kissed;  
In merry dance, the winds together  
Shout out aloud, "What joyous weather!"  
And Robin winks his bold, bright eye,  
Gay, blithesome, little rover,  
And each sweet flower, laughing, says,  
"I would he were my lover;"  
And Rose and Robin say together,  
"Oh, merry winds, what fair May weather!"

## A POSSIBILITY.

## THE THOUGHT OF A MOURNING MOTHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

MY little baby is buried to-day;  
Gone—down in the depths of the churchyard  
clay,

Up in the sky so dim and gray;  
Who will take care of my little baby?

Who will kiss her?—her waxen feet,  
That have never walked, and her small hands sweet,  
Where I left a white lily, as was meet.

Who, who will kiss my little baby?

Who will teach her? her wings to fly,  
Her tiny limbs their new work to ply,  
Her soft, dumb lips to sing gloriously,  
Oh, who will teach my little baby?

I have a mother—who long ago died;  
We speak of her now with our tears all dried;  
She may know my pretty one, come to her side,  
And be glad to see my little baby.

Christ, born of woman, hear, oh, hear!  
Thine angels are far off—she seems near.  
Give Thou my child to my mother dear,  
And I'll weep no more for my little baby.

Surely in Heaven, Thy saints so blest,  
Keep a mother's heart in a mother's breast;  
Give her my lamb, and I shall rest  
If my mother takes care of my little baby.

## THE RIGHT.

LIGHT after darkness,  
Gain after loss,  
Strength after suffering,  
Crown after cross,  
Sweet after bitter,  
Song after sigh,  
Home after wandering,  
Praise after cry.  
Sheaves after sowing,  
Sun after rain,  
Sight after mystery,  
Peace after pain.  
Joy after sorrow,  
Calm after blast,  
Rest after weariness,  
Sweet rest at last.  
Near after distant,  
Gleam after gloom,  
Love after loneliness,  
Life after tomb.  
After long agony  
Rapture of bliss!  
Right was the pathway  
Leading to this!

## WAIT AND SEE.

WHEN my boy with eager questions,  
Asking how, and where, and when,  
Taxes all my store of wisdom,  
Asking o'er and o'er again  
Questions oft to which the answers  
Give to others still the key,  
I have said, to teach him patience,  
"Wait, my little boy, and see."

And the words I taught my darling,  
Taught to me a lesson sweet;  
Once when all the world seemed darkened  
And the storm about me beat,  
In the "children's room" I heard him,  
With a child's sweet mimicry,  
To the baby brother's questions  
Saying wisely, "Wait and see."

Like an angel's tender chiming,  
Came the darling's words to me,  
Though my Father's ways are hidden,  
Bidding me to wait and see.  
What are we but restless children,  
Ever asking what shall be?  
And the Father, in His wisdom,  
Gently bids us, "Wait and see."

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

## SHAVING JACK.

"THERE'S something going on," said Aunt Lois, and the click of her needles stopped. "They'd never be as still as this if something wasn't going on."

"They're reading, most likely," answered Mrs. Barclay, the mother of one of the children referred to by her sister.

But Aunt Lois shook her head. "There's something going on, you may depend. Katy's a perfect witch when she gets started, and I saw this morning that she was let loose. She'll be into everything if you don't look after her."

"There's no harm in the child," said Mrs. Barclay. "Only boiling over with spirits."

the image of a sharp razor. But her fear was groundless. Katy had not done lathering Jack when she glided into the chamber.

"What on earth are you doing?" she exclaimed, not able to conceal the mirth that twitched at the corners of her mouth,

"Only shaving Jack," replied Katy, with much gravity. And she went on rubbing the brush over Jack's face.

Mrs. Barclay turned the key in her husband's shaving case to make sure of the razors, and then went back laughing to Aunt Lois.

"She's a limb," said Aunt Lois, "if there ever was one. I don't know what will become of her."

"There's no harm in the child," answered Mrs. Bar-



"Exactly! Boiling over with spirits. You've said it. But when a kettle or a child boils over, there's apt to be mischief. So I'll just take a look after her."

Aunt Lois put by her knitting and went out quietly. In a few minutes she came back with a broad smile on her kindly face.

"Well, I'll give up!" she said. "That child beats me out!"

"What is she doing?" asked Mrs. Barclay.

"Shaving Jack!" And Aunt Lois sat down, fairly shaking with laughter.

But Mrs. Barclay did not join in her mirth. A slight pallor came into her face, and she ran out of the room hastily. At the word shaving there arose in her mind

clay. "She's only bubbling over with spirits. No one will get blue mouldy while she is about."

"I reckon not," said Aunt Lois, dryly, as her hands began moving again, and the sharp click of her needles sounded through the room.

## THE CLIMBING PERCH.

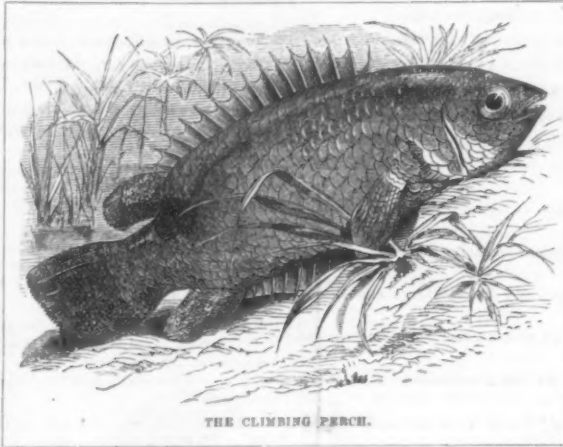
THE Climbing Perch is best known as an inhabitant of rivers and ponds in most parts of the East Indies, and is about six inches long. Unlike other fishes of which we have any knowledge, it can live for several days out of water, and has the power of ascending trees, which it does, it is asserted, for the purpose of obtaining

food. Hence its common and scientific appellation—*scandens*, or climbing. In all its parts, this singular little fish is peculiarly fitted for performing the feat from which it derives its name. From its gill-covers project numerous little spines or prickles, which are used as hands to cling to the tree. To facilitate its progress over the bark, its body is lubricated with a very slippery mucus. In climbing, the fish, turning its tail to the left, and resting upon the small spines of its lower fin, pushes itself forward by expanding its body, at the same time closing its gill-covers, that they may not impede its progress; then re-opening them it attains a higher point. Thus, and by bending the spiny rays of its back fin to the right and left, and fixing them in the bark, it is enabled to perform its curious journey. Both the lower and back fins, so necessary for certain portions of this climbing operation, can, at other times, be snugly packed away in cavities left for that purpose in the animal's body.

But it is not as a climber only that this fish is remarkable. In the countries in which it abounds the smaller water-courses or ponds dry up in the hot summers. When they begin to fail, the little animal creeps up the banks and "slowly makes its way over the earth to some larger stream. Though sometimes compelled to travel in this way by day—and it has been met within the glare

of noon, toiling along a dusty road—its journeys are usually performed at night or in early morning, whilst the grass is still wet with dew." Climbing Perch are plentiful in the Ganges, and the boatmen have been known to keep them for five or six days in an earthen pot without water, using daily what they wanted, and finding them as lively as when just caught.

There is one other fish, found in the fresh waters of tropical America, which shares with the Climbing Perch its independence of its "native element." This fish is very abundant in Guiana, where it is much prized by the natives, who are passionate lovers of the fish, on account of its fatness. It is called the Hassar, and is one of the few fishes known to construct nests. It is a small fish, seldom exceeding eight inches in length, of a greenish-brown color. Perhaps the most curious part of the economy of this fish is the fact that



its nest is not placed in the water, but in a muddy hole just above the surface. This, however, accords with the qualities of the fish, which has the power to travel over land from one pond to another. During the dry season the Hassar frequently burrows in the mud, remaining there until the welcome rain sets it free or until it is removed by some hungry native, acquainted with its habits and energetic enough to dig for it.

## HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

### NURSES.

**SAYS** Dr. George H. Hope, in his little manual "The Doctor Comes!"

There are five qualifications we require in a nurse—Sobriety, Cleanliness, Firmness, Gentleness and Patience.

**SOBRIETY.**—All I shall say on this point is, if, unfortunately, you cannot resist temptation, do not come near us; the sick room is no place for you; we dare not trust you.

**CLEANLINESS.**—Be always very clean yourself, and keep the room sweet. A very little thing will spoil the appetite of a person already sick. Never let anything offensive, any dressing from a wound or burn, remain in the room. Let every vessel be emptied as soon as it is done with, well washed out, and left in the open air. Change the air frequently by opening the window; remember, bad air will poison a person as surely as bad food. The poison of fever is dangerous or not accordingly as you weaken it with fresh air—just as you make spirits weaker by adding water. Do not leave food in the room if the patient cannot eat it. Do not let the drinking-water stand long without being changed, as it absorbs whatever gases there are in the room, so that when the pa-

tient drinks, you are actually putting back into his stomach the poison which has been thrown out through the skin.

**FIRMNESS.**—Remember firmness is not rudeness. You cannot expect a suffering patient to know as well what is best for him as those whose brains are clear. Therefore if a certain thing is best to be done, do it; do it kindly, but do it; he will thank you for it afterward.

**GENTLENESS.**—Whatever you have to do for the patient, be gentle. In cases of rheumatism and broken limbs, you must change the clothes, however painful the process, but do it gently, and cause no needless suffering. With care all jerks and knocks may be avoided. And lastly,

**PATIENCE.**—Never forget the difference between yourself and the person under your care. Did you never yourself feel irritable and restless even when you were well? Have there not been some days when you had so easily been put out, so cross that you have been almost ashamed of yourself? How, then, must it be with the person taken suddenly from an active life and compelled to lie still in one position—or with one whose whole body is racked with pain? Never lose patience, however sorely tried; bear with these trials for awhile, and by and by you will have your reward.

## A PAGE OF VARIETIES.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

BUSINESS neglected is business lost.  
 IDLENESS is the grave of a living man.  
 HE has hard work who has nothing to do.  
 SHUT your ears when evil things are said.  
 LEARNING makes man fit company for himself.  
 A GRAIN of produce is worth a pound of craft.  
 VIRTUE and happiness are mother and daughter.  
 WISE men make more opportunities than they find.  
 FINE gold fears not the fire, nor solid stone the water.  
 THE error of a moment is often the sorrow of a whole life.  
 HE who spends before he thrives, will beg before he thinks.  
 A GOOD word for another is easily said and costs us nothing.  
 SMALL faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater.  
 LET your promises be sincere, and such as you can carry out.  
 A MAN had better be poisoned in his blood than in his principles.  
 BENJAMIN WEST said, "A kiss from my mother made me a painter."  
 A PRUDENT man is like a pin; his head prevents him from going too far.  
 YOU cannot jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side.  
 WHENEVER you doubt whether an intended action be good or bad, abstain from it.  
 ONLY what we have wrought into our character during life can we take away with us.  
 DID you ever do anything wrong without, sooner or later, being in fear, shame, or sorrow on account thereof?  
 SAYS an ancient writer: "when a man dies, people say 'what property has he left?' But the angels say to him, 'what good deeds hast thou sent before thee?'"  
 PERSONS who are always cheerful and good-humored are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper amongst all who live around them.  
 IN most quarrels there is fault on both sides. A quarrel may be compared to a spark, which cannot be produced without a flint as well as steel; either of them may hammer on wood forever, but no fire will follow.  
 NEVER do a good action from the expectation of gratitude. If gratitude follow, so much the better—you are so much into pocket; but gratitude or not, always do the good action when the opportunity presents itself.  
 THE good of human life does not lie in the possession of things which, for one man to possess, is for the rest to lose, but rather in things which all can possess alike, and where one man's wealth promotes his neighbor's.  
 WHAT good does scolding do? It does no one the least service, but it creates infinite mischief. Scolded servants never do their work well. Their tempers are roused, as well as the mistress's, and they very often fail in their duties at awkward moments, simply to spite her and "serve her out." Very wrong in them, doubtless; but human nature is frail, and service is a trying institution. It does no good to husband or child, for it simply empties the house of both as soon as is possible.

## SPARKS OF HUMOR.

"THE best way to keep cool," said a witty person, "is not to get warm."  
 A LOAD of wood given to a poor person, warms you almost as much as it does him.  
 HE who pokes his nose everywhere, will sometimes poke it between a thumb and forefingers.  
 EVERY minnow wants to be a whale; but it is best to be a little fish when you have but little water.  
 THOSE who marry old people merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves in hopes that some one will come and cut the halter.  
 A RIVAL of a certain great lawyer sought to humiliate him publicly by saying: "You blacked my father's boots once." "Yes," replied the lawyer, unabashed, "and I did it well."  
 MRS. PARTINGTON has been reading the health officer's weekly reports, and thinks, "total" must be an awful malignant disease, since as many die of it as of all the rest put together.  
 "You have not one drop of the great Napoleon's blood in your veins," said testy old Jerome, one day in a pet to his nephew, the emperor. "Well," replied Louis Napoleon, "at all events I have his whole family on my shoulders."  
 A LITTLE girl was one day reading the "History of England" with her governess, and, coming to the statement that Henry I. never laughed after the death of his son, she looked up and said, "Whatever did he do when he was tickled?"  
 "How do you get along with your arithmetic?" asked a father of his little boy, who answered and said: "I've ciphered through addition, partition, subtraction, distraction, abomination, justification, hallucination, derivation, amputation, creation and adoption!"  
 A COUNTRYMAN was complaining of the trouble a drunken man had given him. "How do you know he was drunk?" said a bystander. The countryman indignantly replied, "What could he be else, when he asked for the shoe-horn to put his hat on with?"  
 THAT was a sorry case of a tailor who dunned a man for the amount of his bill. The man said he was sorry, very sorry indeed, that he could not pay it. "Well," said the tailor, "I took you for a man that would be sorry, but if you are sorrier than I am, I give under."  
 A CLERGYMAN in a strange parish wishing to know what the people thought of his preaching, "interviewed" the sexton, and asked him what the people said of Mr. Jones, his predecessor. "Oh," replied the sexton, "they say he isn't sound." "Well, what do they say of the new minister?" "Oh, they say he's all sound."  
 AN editor in Illinois talks in this way: "If you owe but a single dollar, go and pay it; when there is so little money, we ought to keep it moving around lively. Jim owed us, and we owed Bill, and Bill owed Jim. Jim got mad because we made him pay one morning last week; but we paid Bill, and Bill paid Jim, and Jim went to bed that night as happy as a clam, with just as much money as he had in the morning, and three men out of debt."  
 FITTING FOR COLLEGE.—"That's where the boys fit for college," said the professor to Mrs. Partington, pointing to a schoolhouse.  
 "Did they?" said the old lady, with animation. "Then if they fit for the college before they went, they didn't fight afterward?"  
 "Yes," said he, smiling and favoring the conceit, "but the fight was with the head, not with the hands."  
 "Butted, did they?" said the old lady.



## EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

## OUR PICTURE.

OUR beautiful engraving continues to give unbounded satisfaction. We are constantly in receipt of letters from subscribers expressing the highest pleasure and delight, both with the Magazine and picture. Here is one of them:

"I received your beautiful picture of 'FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY' I have desired so much to tell you how grateful I felt to you for the exquisite gift. When I sent for the HOME MAGAZINE the picture was no inducement, in fact I thought very little about it, for so many of the gifts offered with the various periodicals and papers of the day, prove to be entire failures and are—to say the least that can be said of them—vexatious in the disappointment they occasion. I desired the Magazine for its own essential value, because it wears to us always the face of a valued friend; having had it in the family for years we should find it lonely work getting on without it, but when the picture came I unrolled it before several friends, and my astonishment was only equalled by theirs. The expressive silence which followed—when all gazed as though spell-bound upon the beautiful vision—was far more significant than words; this was succeeded by a burst of enthusiastic admiration: says one lady, 'Oh! I must have one of those at once, it is worth far more than the price of the book.'

"To me it proves an invaluable treasure: when wearied and anxious with many cares, I go and look upon the sweet faces of these Heaven-born sisters, my soul is soothed and comforted with an ineffable sense of restful peace; to a heart sorely tried, more precious is it than are fine 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.' Yesterday there was quite a friendly gathering at my home and the subject of 'papers and pictures' was introduced. Several remarked that they had subscribed for papers or periodicals—some of them first-class—and, of course, one great object being to secure a fine *chromo* or engraving, their disappointment and disgust may be imagined when they learned how complete was the failure, then you may be sure it was with no little pride I produced my picture; the results equalled my expectations: I was delighted—not, of course, at their chagrin—but at my success. I must confess to a slight experience of wicked satisfaction in telling them that if they had done wisely and sent for the best magazine in the country, they would have been as happily disappointed as I; to which they meekly and unanimously assented. Several, who are called good judges of the fine arts, thought it 'a most beautiful production,' 'such delicacy of outline combined with the rare grace and symmetry of the group, with the perfect expression,' made it, they thought, 'a perfect picture.' If they could have seen it before subscribing for other works, I am confident every one would have gladly given their names at once for *Arthur's Home Magazine*."

"Now these complimentary items, combined with a knowledge of the fact of so many other periodicals failing to meet the expectations of subscribers in this respect, determined me to carry out my original desire of making grateful acknowledgments to you, not that I think them at all necessary to your happiness or prosperity, but because the humblest may utter thanks, and words of grateful encouragement come not amiss to those who even in high positions are carrying wearisome burdens in the heat of the day."

## A PICTURE OF THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

(See Engraving.)

A lady stands within a mansion grand,  
Where wealth has left on every side its trace;  
She holds a faded picture in her hand—

A painted sketch done with artistic grace.  
She looks on it with eager, earnest eyes—  
A glance which seems of pleasure yet of pain;  
She gazes long with smiles and then with sighs:  
This picture brings her childhood back again.

She sees an humble farm-house, bare and brown,  
Sheltered beneath a canopy of green;  
Great elms and willows droop their branches down,  
While lilacs grow at will untrimmed between.  
The grass is long and tangled, and the flowers  
In hidden nooks and by the fence grow wild;  
And rose-vines clamber up in leafy bowers:  
It is the home she lived in when a child.

Upon the unlatched gate there swings a girl,  
Whose scanty dress shows feet and ankles bare;  
Whose locks, half in disorder, half in curl,  
Float, as she swings, far out upon the air.  
"And which is I?" she asks in murmurs low,  
"The woman I am now, so worn and wise?  
Or this wild nut-brown maid of long ago,  
Who lived as free as any bird that flies?"

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"And which is home? My heart is telling me  
This humble farm-house is my home in truth;  
And when in dreams my fancy wanders free,  
It ever turns to this dear home of youth."  
The lady looks with earnest, yearning gaze;  
She smiles with pleasure, then she sighs with pain;  
Then turning sadly, sighing still, she lays  
The picture back among the rest again.

E. B. D.

## "HELPING OTHERS."

Says a thoughtful and observant writer: Let us remember that the best way to confer a lasting good is to help others to help themselves. And most of us have realized the wondrous power there is in kind and encouraging words.

If people do as well or better than we expect them to, it is not very hard work—or ought not to be—to tell them so. And oh! the magic power and strength that lies in a few kind and appreciative words, only those who know who have toiled faithfully and waited long.

## POISONOUS LAMP SHADES.

Green glazed lamp shades contain arsenic and sugar of lead; the heat reduces this in time to an impalpable powder which the slightest breath or wind detaches into the atmosphere, when it is breathed into the lungs and is at once conveyed into the circulation, giving a variety of disagreeable symptoms to those who habitually sit around such shades, which symptoms will promptly disappear if the shades are removed. So says Dr. Hall, and it will be well for those who use green lamp shades to notice whether any members of the family are affected in an unusual way during the evening when sitting near the lamp.

## INSUBORDINATION.

As promised last month, we commence in this number the publication of a story written by Mr. Arthur over thirty years ago. It has been frequently asked for of late, and we now give it to our readers with only a slight revision. Since the time in which the scene of the story is laid, the apprenticeship system in this country has entirely changed. An indentured apprentice can hardly be found at the present day.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D.—In sending MS. to an editor, say whether you wish pay for it or not, so there can be no mistake. If you wish pay, fix a price at which you are willing to sell the article submitted, and you will be much more likely to find a purchaser.

—No; Mr. Arthur is not a Spiritualist. Was never in a Spiritualistic circle or meeting in his life, and never expects to be. He regards the whole thing as disorderly and hurtful.

H. G.—You will find all about it in Chambers's Encyclopedia. If you do not own that, or some other work of the kind, get one as soon as possible.

CLARA.—We are not surprised at your disappointment. "Can a young man marry who has an income of only \$1,000 a year?" Yes, if he can find a wife to his mind who is willing to live in the modest way that that sum will provide.

ELLA P.—We are sorry that you feel aggrieved and consider our failure to answer your long letter a discourtesy. There is a limit to an editor's ability to meet the demands upon his time and attention. His duties are to the many and not to the few; and when he is called upon to enter into the wants and wishes and purposes of a single individual to the neglect of his work for the many, it cannot be otherwise than that he must disappoint the individual. It would have taken hours of our time to do what you asked—hours that we could not spare. Your case interested us; and if we could have had the opportunity of speaking with you face to face, would have taken great pleasure in answering as best we could your inquiries.

ANNA.—Wait a little longer. You need more practice. Study good models; and above all, do not let a desire to shine in literature be your end, but a desire to do good. Use whatever gifts you have for useful work, and not that you may be praised and admired.

—"Is the drama evil?" Yes, if it is made the minister of evil; but good if it is made the minister of good. There is no more harm in looking at a play than there is in looking at a picture. All the evil or good lies in the use or perversion of painting or acting. The play moves the observer more deeply than the painting, and therefore the actor is more powerful with the masses than the painter. Let us not therefore, denounce the stage, but seek to purify it and make it an agent for good.

—"Do you consider the life of an author well paid?" Our questioner does not say whether he means well-paid pecuniarily, but no doubt that is his meaning. If an author writes a good book, the public generally appreciate it sufficiently to make him at least a fair return in money for his time and trouble. If he writes for the press, and can not only write readily and rapidly, but well, out can obtain a sale for all his productions, he stands as fair a chance of making a living as any one in any other trade or profession. He may fill the first three conditions but fail in the fourth, because the supply of really good writing is so much greater than the demand. Again, he and his friends may think that he writes well, but publishers may decide otherwise; and then, of course, his time is thrown away as far as pecuniary profit is concerned. There is really no royal road to success in literature any more than there is to learning. And the one who would succeed must expect, after having fully decided that authorship is the proper bent of his genius, to devote at least as many years in an apprenticeship to his business as he would if he were to become a doctor, a lawyer, a housebuilder, or a machinist—not a few years of desultory writing in spare moments—but of hard reading, study and practice, first in thinking and then in the expression of thought. Having given these years, he may make a tolerably good living as an author; it is even possible that he may suddenly accumulate a fortune by a lucky stroke of his pen; but it must be borne in mind that the profession is already overcrowded.

A CORRESPONDENT writes, "Can you tell me the authorship of 'The Angel of Patience,' in your April number. For years it has upheld me, yet I have vainly sought to know the author's name." Can any of our readers give the desired information?

A SUBSCRIBER.—In "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES" Charity is the central figure. Her arm is around the neck of Faith, who leans against her, while Hope stands on the other side with eyes raised confidently upward.

AN INVALID writes, "I must thank you for 'THE CHRISTIAN GRACES.' I cannot feel lonely with those beautiful faces upon the wall to bear me company and point me upward to what I may attain." And adds: "I cannot tell you how much I enjoy your magazine nor how greatly I find it improved this year. It comes to my sick room like a gleam of sunshine on the face of a dear friend. Especially do I enjoy your Evenings with the Poets."

MAGGIE E. K.—We bind the "Home Magazine" for \$1.75 per year, and return volume postage paid.

## PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

### BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS FOR LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

We refer our readers to the series of elegant illustrations of fashionable patterns of garments for ladies, children and misses, inserted in this number of our magazine.

The patterns in question are issued by the widely celebrated firm of E. Butterick & Co., of 555 Broadway, New York, and are in every respect reliable. The adaptability will be thoroughly appreciated by those who have been worried with the many clumsy articles in that line which during the past few years have been inflicted upon the public, and their appropriateness and elegance are unequalled. They are in all required sizes, and each pattern is accompanied with a printed label which gives full and explicit explanations regarding the proper manner of cutting; and if those directions are carefully followed, no trouble in fitting can possibly ensue. The directions are likewise so lucidly worded that parties who have had no experience whatever in the art of dressmaking, can by their assistance cut out costumes in the most satisfactory manner. Ladies having large families to provide with clothing would save much time, labor and money, by purchasing the Butterick patterns, and to all fashionable dressmakers they are especially desirable. These patterns are cut by a peculiar system which has been proven by many trials to be absolutely perfect, and as an additional security, each one of them has been tested on the form of a living model. To insure handsome and well-fitting costumes it is positively essential that the patterns by which they are made should be correct in all their details. That those of Messrs. E. Butterick & Co. possess the qualities desired, the unanimous verdict of the people has fully demonstrated. Their patterns embrace all the different styles of apparel now in vogue, from the simplest to the most elaborate garments, and they may be obtained directly from the general headquarters at 555 Broadway, New York, or from any of their numerous agents who are stationed in almost every town and village throughout the country. We would say in conclusion to our lady readers everywhere, that if they wish to appear to good advantage either at home or abroad, on the promenade or the drive, in city or country, at levee or dining, at ball, opera, theatre or wedding, they should purchase patterns which will ensure to them attractive toilets, and we know of none which will so completely fulfil every expectation, as those of Messrs. E. Butterick & Co.

### Mr. Arthur's New Books by Mail.

CART ADRIPT, \$2.00.

THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP, \$2.00.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS, FRESH AND FADED, \$2.50.

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF GENTLE HAND, and other Stories for Children. Elegantly bound and illustrated, \$2.00.

We will send by mail any of the above new books by T. B. Arthur, on receipt of the price. As they are only sold by canvassing agents, they cannot be had at the bookstores.

For \$4 we will send "ORANGE BLOSSOMS" and "CART ADRIPT," or "MAN-TRAP," or "GENTLE HAND." For \$3.50 any two of the \$2 books. For \$5 we will send the three \$2 books. For \$7 we will send the four books.

### Our Premium Pictures.

Each new subscriber has a choice, free, of one of our elegant Premium Engravings. They are:

THE CHRISTIAN GRACES.

RED-TIME.

THE ANGEL OF PEACE.

THE WRATH OF IMMORTALS.

## ADVERTISERS' DEPARTMENT.

**WEDDING CARDS.**—The neatness and elegance displayed this season in invitations for Weddings, Parties, etc., has caused universal comment and reflects much credit on "Dreks," our leading Stationer who furnishes so many not only in our own city, but throughout the country and who justly deserves the appreciation accorded his artistic establishment.

**SUNLIGHT GAS BURNER.**—This new burner is giving great satisfaction. We have had it in use for some time at our home and office, and can speak understandingly of its merits. For sitting room, library, office, or indeed for any room in which a clear, strong light is wanted, it has no equal. It is for sale in this city by Dreer, Smith & Dreer, S. E. corner of Tenth and Arch Sts.; and we advise all who wish the light of an Argand from an ordinary burner to try the "Sunlight."

**WHISKY DRIPS.** By Detective Officer James J. Brooks, of the U. S. Revenue Service, Philadelphia; William B. Evans & Co., 740 Sanson St. — The great trouble with a large class of our temperance literature is that it is written by inexperienced persons, who, while their intentions are of the best, still from a real ignorance on the subject on which they write, only succeed in producing goody-goody sort of books, which after all do not touch the heart of the matter, nor attract a wide or intelligent class of readers. "Whisky Drips" is not a book of this sort. It is emphatically a temperance book, but does not draw on imagination for its facts, nor on sentiment for its arguments. It unveils the secrets of the "whisky ring," and reveals to all who have the curiosity to seek to know, the tricks and dodges of illicit distillers. While it is filled with terrible truths, its pages are yet enlivened by incidents and anecdotes, which alone should secure its popularity. See advertisement of this book on another page of this magazine.

**CHOICE FLOWER SEEDS.**—We must thank Mr. Henry A. Dreer for a choice assortment of flower seeds, comprising, as we find on examination, all the best varieties for garden cultivation. Mr. Dreer's seeds are always reliable, as we know from long experience with them. He offers to the public every variety of flower seeds which are really deserving of attention. The character and variety of his seeds for the kitchen garden are already too well established to need any further praise; while it is simply wonderful to read the lists of roses, dahlias, gladiolas and other plants and bulbs, which he keeps on hand. We would refer our readers to his advertisement on another page.

**CARPETINGS.**—Take notice of advertisement of G. B. Snyder & Co., on first page of this issue. We can recommend this house to parties wishing to purchase goods in their line. They will always be waited upon courteously, whether purchasing or not. They have always on hand a large and well-selected stock of the newest and best patterns of rich colors, and the goods will be as represented. They also give a liberal discount to churches and clergymen.

**EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS** throughout the country will find in the stock of Bargh, Warren & Co., whose advertisement will be found in this number, a full and complete assortment of news and book papers, Manila, colored cover and poster papers, and every kind of papers used for job printing. We recommend this house to our friends, with full confidence in their ability and fairness.

**ICE CREAM AND DINING-ROOMS.**—Any one who wishes a first-class Meal, can find it by calling at the Dining-Rooms of George W. Jackson, No. 15 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. These Dining-Rooms are for the accommodation of both ladies and gentlemen, and at them will be found oysters prepared in every style, plover, partridge, and all the delicacies of the season. Mr. Jackson will also furnish the very best cup of tea or coffee to be obtained in the city.